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REV. EZRA KELLER. D.D.

First President of Wittenberg College.

B I O G R A P H Y

OF

REV. EZRA KELLER, D.D.,

FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF

WITTENBERG COLLEGE.

BY

REV. M. DIEHL, A.M.,

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES IN WITTENBERG COLLEGE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. S. SPRECHER, D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF WITTENBERG COLLEGE.

SPRINGFIELD, O.:
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P R E F A C E .

EVER since Dr. KELLER's death, the inquiry, "Will not his Biography be published?" has been uttered again and again. This inquiry has uniformly been answered in the affirmative.

The part performed by the writer, in furnishing this book to the reader, was not undertaken in accordance with his own wishes. In common with many others, he felt that the "Life" of this good man would be of immense value to the Church, but the hope was cherished that some other hand would prepare it for publication.

As so many years had elapsed since his decease, and the work was still unperformed, moved by the solicitations of his friends, I complied with their wishes. No unauthorized liberties have been taken with the journal. Written amid the toils of a busy life, a revision was necessarily required. "The clearing of the meaning of some sentences, by an occasional transposition in the order of its members" — the substitution of more appropriate words for those which had been used "in the process of rapid composition, and which had imperfectly expressed the author's thought" — the softening here and there of a term, which, although proper in a private journal, nevertheless

(iii)

by the public might be regarded as too strong, and the omission of what was not needed to bring out the life of the individual ; these are the freedoms which in the execution of his task he has felt at liberty to indulge. Care has however been taken, in every instance, strictly to preserve the author's ideas and set forth his views.

Of the Biography of a man so holy, the Church should not be deprived. To say that he was one of the *best* men with whom it has been our privilege to be associated, is certainly no exaggeration. If God should not make the Life of so eminent a Christian a blessing to immortal souls, it would seem strange indeed. If this be its mission (for which we pray), we shall be richly rewarded for our labor.

M. D.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Reasons for making a record of his life—His parentage—Place of his nativity—Birth—Father's family—Attends a German school—First religious impressions—His grandfather—His father's hireling—Powerful convictions—Conversion—Love for perishing sinners—Impressed with a sense of duty to preach the gospel—Advised to postpone the matter—Convictions increase—Numerous difficulties—Incurs his father's displeasure—His unyielding determination. - - - - 27

CHAPTER II.

HIS EDUCATION.

Commences his studies with Rev. A. Reck—Attends catechetical instruction—Unites with the Church—Goes to Pennsylvania College—Death of two kind friends—Teaches some classes—Sophomore year, preaches his first sermon—Graduates—Remarks to students. - - - - 38

CHAPTER III.

THEOLOGICAL COURSE AND MISSIONARY LABORS.

Commences the study of theology—Resolutions—Willingness to labor among the heathen—Appointed a home missionary—Departure from the seminary—Matrimonial engagement—Sets out on his tour from his native valley—Difficulties and dangers—Returns with enfeebled health. - - - - - 53

CHAPTER IV.

MISSIONARY LABORS, ETC.

His marriage—Receives and accepts a call from the Taneytown charge—
Attends the meeting of the Synod of Pennsylvania—Presents a report
of his labors—Extract of the report. - - - - - 65

CHAPTER V.

HIS MINISTRY AT TANEYTOWN.

Enters his first charge with a deep sense of his responsibilities—Chronic
affection—Obliged to cease preaching—Birth of his first-born—Death
of same—Death of his sister—Wife's illness—Distressed by the wick-
edness of the ungodly—Conference at Woodsboro'—Preciousness of
the doctrine of atonement—Death of a missionary—Edified by read-
ing the life of Dr. Spener. - - - - - 83

CHAPTER VI.

HIS MINISTRY AT TANEYTOWN.

Enjoys sweet communion with God—Reads the Life of Henry Martyn
—Of David Brainerd—Flavel on Keeping the Heart—Death of his
father-in-law—Resolutions—Thoughts about his own death—Death
in the community—Escape from danger—Delightful communion
season—Social presence of the Holy Spirit—Call to Hagerstown—
Valedictory Sermons. - - - - - ; - - - - 100

CHAPTER VII.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Introductory sermon—Installation—Death of an infant daughter—Visits
the sick at the almshouse—Passes the graveyard at a late hour of the

night—Recognition of friends in heaven—Meeting of Synod—Visit to Taneytown—Political excitement—Revival of religion—Father's illness—Brother's sickness and death. 120

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Participates in temperance movement—Happiness in doing good—Loss of a Sabbath—A precious revival—Death of Gen. Harrison—General Synod—Visit to the grave of his infant—Communion season—Installation of Rev. J. Winecoff—Father's happy death—Preached at the laying of a corner-stone—Visits Gettysburg and Taneytown. - 140

CHAPTER IX.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Dying words of Halyburton—Meeting of Synod—Resolution—Assists Rev. S. W. Harkey during a precious revival in Frederick—Domestic affliction, and blessed results—Happy Christmas—Triumphant death—Resolutions of the new year—Suicide—Extensive revival of religion in Hagerstown—Much wisdom required during such seasons—Death of Rev. R. Wynecoof—Accessions to the Church. 154

CHAPTER X.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Death of an inebriate—Temperance convention—Secret societies—Visit to Chambersburg—Bedford Springs—Meeting of Directors of Seminary at Gettysburg—Visiting the sick—Death of a pious young man—Self-denial of St. Paul—Revival at Funkstown—Union in the Church essential to the promotion of revivals—Precious revival in Pennsylvania College—Thirty-first birth-day. 166

CHAPTER XI.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Death of three ministers—Affliction and death of a young lady—Effect of sacred music—Invited to accept a theological professorship in a new institution in Ohio—A blessed death—Sweet communion with God in private prayer—Unusually happy state of mind—Birth of his fourth child—Sickness of a deluded Roman Catholic. 181

CHAPTER XII.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Opportunity of praying with a sick man neglected—Conference meeting of his congregation—Fire at midnight—An effort to deceive him—An humble Christian underrating herself—New Year reminds of the past—Unable to preach, but Sabbath not lost—Death of a Methodist minister—Visit to Ohio—Difficulty in deciding the question—Happy spiritual state—Accepts the professorship—Motives by which he is influenced—Great sacrifice for the glory of God. 196

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Death of his little daughter—Sick man in despair—Illustration of faith—Addresses the Alumni of the seminary at Gettysburg—Remarks at the grave of his first-born—Solicits subscriptions for beneficiary education—Visits the dentist—Closes his ministry at Hagerstown. . 214

CHAPTER XIV.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY.

Departure from Hagerstown—Sabbath at Pittsburg—German churches—Old and new measures—Death of Rev. W. A. Wadsworth—Com-

mences his labors as professor—Contrast—Lehman's Church—Self-examination—Social worship—Extravagancies of protracted meetings. 230

CHAPTER XV.

INSTITUTION AT WOOSTER.

Removal of institution spoken of—Prof. Keller travels over the field—Columbus—Dayton—Cincinnati—Xenia—Springfield—Germantown—Meeting of joint Synod—Solicits funds for institution—First subscription—First books for library—Erroneous views on the subject of liberality—Meeting of Synod and Board of Directors—Resolution for the removal of institution passed. - - - - - 242

CHAPTER XVI.

SCHOOL SUSPENDED, ETC.

Exercises of the school suspended—Dr. Keller appointed to seek a permanent location for the institution—Preached the funeral sermon of Rev. J. Clapp—Filled an appointment made by him—Visits Synod of the West, at Fort Wayne—Participates in the organization of the Miami Synod—Goes to Maryland, closes his business—Returns to Ohio. 254

CHAPTER XVII.

MOVES TO SPRINGFIELD, ETC.

Moves his family to Springfield—Takes charge of several congregations—Necessity of constant watchfulness—Remarks suggested by the twinkling stars—Organized a congregation—Closing year—Edified by reading the lives of Luther and Melancthon—How error is refuted—Institution located at Springfield—Numerous cares and labors—A so-called Old Lutheran—Survey of college ground—Lovely spot—Sweet communion with God. - - - - - 268

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS MINISTRY AT SPRINGFIELD.

Attends meeting of General Synod—Sabbath at Hagerstown—Delayed by sickness at Chambersburg—Preaching in a barn during a thunderstorm—Our national blessings—Marks out the site for the college building—Preaches a funeral sermon of Gen. Jackson—Annual report to the Board of Directors—Uniformity in public worship—Death of Rev. J. B. Reck—Received the title D. D. 286

CHAPTER XIX.

SCHOOL OPENS AT SPRINGFIELD.

Small beginning—Happy close of a toilsome week—Sabbath at Cincinnati—Close of first session—Both his teachers leave—Receives a letter from Rev. L. Knight—Unexpected aid in time of need—Aids Rev. A. Reck at a protracted meeting in Germantown. 301

CHAPTER XX.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND PRESIDENT OF COLLEGE.

Second Session—Increase of students—Greatly encouraged—Called an “Old-Measure man”—Sickness—Accepts Presidency—First vote—Excessive labors—Conference meeting—Revival at Croft’s Church—Weak, but strong—Perplexity relieved—Scene on the grounds of the college. 313

CHAPTER XXI.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND PRESIDENT OF COLLEGE.

First sermon in college building—Grace of God—Visits Jewish Synagogue—Death of the first student—Praying for a revival—Indications

of the Spirit's presence—New year—Interesting conversion—First revival in Wittenberg—Revival in charge of one of his pupils. - 325

CHAPTER XXII.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND PRESIDENT OF COLLEGE.

Happy in meditating on the glory of Christ—Mother's illness—Visits her—Her confidence in Christ—Farewell—Impression that this was his last visit to the home of his childhood—Change of views in some of his Ministerial brethren—Emotions excited by a visit to his former fields of labor—Facts impressed upon his mind—The last record of his journal—Last words recorded—Preaches with increased solemnity—Last sermons. 337

CHAPTER XXIII.

SICKNESS, DEATH, ETC.

Illness—Fervent prayers—Hope of his recovery—Reply to physician—Gradually declines—Asleep in Jesus—Farewell to his family—Expires—Tolling bells—Resolutions of students—Funeral—Lines written on the occasion—Died in the midst of a revival. 346

CHAPTER XXIV.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

His intellect—As a theologian—As a preacher—In his family—His energy—Family record. 356

A tribute of affection to the memory of Rev. Ezra Keller, D.D., a funeral sermon by Rev. F. W. Conrad, preached at Hagerstown, Md. - 365

INTRODUCTION.

THE history of a true Christian life should be a subject of deep interest to every rational mind. Indeed, there is no greater evidence of the natural alienation of the heart from God, than the fact that, while men are deeply interested in the study of the inner and outer world of nature, and will prosecute with the greatest enthusiasm the examination of any fact illustrating a law of matter or of mind, their philosophical curiosity is so seldom excited by those religious phenomena which tend to prove that, over and above all that God is doing in nature and providence, he is carrying on in our world a work of grace, producing and fostering a life in the souls of his people transcendently more important than that of the natural minds and bodies of men; a work "into which angels desire to look," which attracts all the sympathies of Heaven, in its commencement and progress; a work which is performed "to the intent that unto principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known the manifold wisdom of God." The Christian, consequently, while he appreciates that love of truth with

which men explore the heavens and the earth in the pursuits of science, will never forget that the greatest of God's works is the conversion and sanctification of human souls; that the greatest displays of moral wisdom, goodness and power are made in the operations of divine grace. While he pursues with interest the history of the mental and moral development of the great men of the world, he will not fail, with the angels of God, to rejoice more "over a single sinner that repents," to follow with more intense interest the progress of a work of grace in the humblest child of God, and to find in the changes and events, the conflicts and victories, the sorrows and joys, the fears and hopes, there transpiring, matter of more importance and instruction, than in the rise and fall of despotic kings and princes, or of wicked empires and nations.

With persons of this character, this book will meet a hearty welcome. Those who are enjoying the benefits of Wittenberg College will be deeply impressed with the evidence of the faith and prayer with which its grounds were consecrated and its foundations laid, found in such records as these: "Yesterday I aided in the survey of the college grounds. I walked so much that my weariness amounts to suffering. This is a lovely spot for the location of a literary institution. It requires some faith to believe, that in after years it will be an academic grove to which hundreds will re-

sort to drink at the pure fountains of knowledge, and then go forth into the world to do good, to bless mankind. And yet I have faith to believe that this will all be realized. If my eyes shall not be permitted to behold these blessed results, yet when they shall be closed in death, others will see them, and rejoice, and bless the Lord for what he has done in rearing such an instrumentality of blessings." Those who are permitted to live amid the monuments of Dr. Keller's labors, and to think of the thousand students who have been partly educated in this institution; of the fifty-eight ministers who have gone forth from its theological department, and of the forty-two graduates who have passed from its walls; of the hundreds now enjoying its intellectual and moral benefits, and of the churches and other blessed instrumentalities which have arisen under its influence—must naturally desire to know the history of that power which originated and directed all this, and the development of that spirit which has infused itself into so many minds, and left its impress upon such vast and varied interests.

Those who elsewhere came into personal contact with him, and felt the force of his presence in his words and acts, will be pleased to have the opportunity of discovering the secret of that character which so effectually commanded their respect and reverence, and of examining the sources of that moral power

which produced such great and salutary effects upon their hearts.

To those who had not the privilege of the acquaintance and ministry of this great and good man, I would say, you have here the biography of no ordinary Christian. I have never yet met the man for whom I had so profound a reverence, and whose memory I cherish with so sacred a respect. I never met a man of such moral power. Every one felt this to be his distinguishing characteristic. His was a practical character in the best and highest sense of the word; practical not merely in the sense of great skill in the exhibition of practical truth, or of fine natural abilities for the conduct of affairs, sanctified by grace and devoted to the interests of the Church; but a practical character resulting especially from great development of conscience, profound loyalty to God and duty, high attainments and unwearied exercises in moral goodness. From a natural constitution and temperament which, if unsanctified by grace and unconstrained by divine love, would have resulted in the most intense selfishness, he became one of the most open, noble and generous spirits I ever knew. With natural affections and passions almost ungovernably strong, he became one of the most perfect examples of self-control, giving free play to the impulses of his warm and energetic nature in the cause of truth and righteousness;

while he habitually watched over all the tendencies to selfishness with the most uncompromising decision.

I had not as frequent intercourse with him as some of his other friends enjoyed, having been connected, after our separation as students, with a different Synod, and located in a different State. But I had opportunity, perhaps, from this circumstance, specially to notice and to become peculiarly impressed with the remarkable growth in the excellent qualities of his spiritual character. Thus I observed marked evidences of his great simplicity and sincerity. In his straitened circumstances while a student at college, there was a severity almost amounting to moroseness, in his disposition ; an effect not as salutary as poverty often produces on more advanced Christians ; but one most natural upon a strong spirit chafing with, and resisting the fetters that clog and confine its activities. Years after, when he had come into the possession of his patrimony, I found him as remarkable for an open and joyous temper, as he had been for severe and morose feelings ; the spirit freed from humiliating limitations, was not swollen with pride, or contracted by selfishness ; not engaged in indemnifying itself for past privations, by more intense self-indulgence, as is usually the case with worldly men in a similar change of circumstances ; but like the true subject of special grace, humble in proportion to the increase of pros-

perity, kind and tender according to the augmentation of its power, generously going out to meet its fellows in their wants, and seeking opportunities to relieve suffering and promote the happiness of others, as its means of doing good increased.

At college, in the excitement of feelings of rivalry and ambition, but too common among students, he was led to treat a fellow-student with injustice. "To err thus was human;" but to make reparation as he did "was divine." He not only apologized immediately on his discovery of the error, and did all he could to repair the injury he had done; but years after, when the other party had entirely forgotten it, as one of the transient acts of student life, so tender was his conscience, that he continued to cherish his regret for the act, and to repeat the confession of the wrong; and I was amazed to hear, on becoming his successor here, that he was in the habit of alluding to that matter in conversation with students, stating it with all the circumstances most unfavorable to himself, and using it as an illustration of the blinding influence of passion. Such was the childlike simplicity and Christian humility of this great man, at the very period when he was the object of a more reverential regard, and was wielding a moral influence far greater than any of his fellow-students ever expect to possess!

With his character for decision and determination

all who knew him were deeply impressed. I will only mention one instance from personal recollection. A neighboring congregation was in a state of great dissension, almost on the verge of ruin, when he was invited to come to their aid. In order to carry out the provisions of the constitution and effect the legal election of a pastor, he believed that, at the risk of being greatly misapprehended, and of making himself many enemies, while he could not possibly derive any personal benefit from the result, it was his duty to occupy the chair at the congregational meeting. Most men would have shrunk from such a position; but he was not only willing to occupy, but actually sought that post of difficulty—was appointed to preside over the meeting, succeeded in effecting the constitutional election of another brother as pastor, and then wrote to him, stating the circumstances, expressing the utmost confidence in the eventual union and harmony of the Church, and almost commanding him, in the name of the Great Shepherd, to accept the charge, and save a congregation. The result, which fully justified his expectation and prediction, was no doubt connected, as an effect, very closely with the moral influence of his presence and actions on that day.

With equal faithfulness and tenderness would he watch over the reputation and usefulness of his ministerial brethren. As nothing could deter him from

the effort to save a congregation when in a dangerous condition, so nothing could prevent him from acting when the character and interests of a clerical brother were endangered. On one occasion, I remember, a report most injurious to the character of a minister was put in circulation. His friends and church members, fearing to involve themselves in difficulties, hesitated and delayed to inform him of it. At length it reached the ears of Dr. Keller, and swiftly as the next mail proceeded was the information carried to that brother, and it came just in time to make it practicable to have the matter thoroughly investigated and exposed as a base and vile slander.

But his great characteristic was beneficence. There was formerly a student here who was remarkable for his active benevolence. "He went about doing good." Wherever there were difficulties between brethren in the Church to be adjusted, requiring peculiar patience and effort, wherever distress was to be relieved, sorrow to be comforted, or money to be raised for benevolent purpose, there John Ruhl would generally be found, a ready, prompt and indefatigable laborer. Many are aware that he afforded a most striking exemplification of the Christian spirit, of both the passive and active virtues of the Christian life, and that he died while engaged in the effort, at his own ex-

pense, to excite, by lectures at different points, a deeper interest in foreign missions—a work to which he had devoted himself. I one day asked this dear brother to tell me the history of the change which I knew had transpired in his spiritual state, conducting him from a condition of habitual gloom to almost uninterrupted cheerfulness. “Ah,” said he, “I learned the secret of true happiness from Dr. Keller. I was a most unhappy man; constitutionally melancholy, I was before my conversion, often sorely tempted to self-destruction, and so strong was this natural tendency, that even after that blessed change, I enjoyed very little of that enduring peace and comfort which the Gospel promises. While I was lamenting this my sad experience to him, he said, ‘Brother Ruhl, I was once in a similar condition, and I have recovered from it just in proportion to my increased activity in doing good; be as busy as you can be in doing good, and you will be happy.’ I have tried it, and verified his words.”

Dr. Keller could, with the utmost propriety, give such advice. I shall never forget the impression this made on my mind the last time we met. It was at Chambersburg during his last visit to the East. He spent a Sabbath with us, and preached on “doing good—on the duty and practicability of doing good.” I need not say he spoke eloquently, and that

he made us feel that he was speaking what he knew from experience, and that he practiced what he preached. He always did this. But in the discourse, he gave some views and illustrations of the practicability of doing good, which filled us with awe, and almost made us fear that we had never fully believed in the power of the Gospel.

His soul was then ripe for heaven. There was a solemnity about him which deeply impressed us. On the Monday following, I conducted him, in the course of conversation, to the cemetery of the Presbyterian Church, as one of the most beautiful spots in the place, and was engaged in pointing out some of its beauties, when he requested me to be seated with him on one of the tombs, as he desired to speak to me on a very important subject. He then expressed his fear that a great reaction against the progress of evangelical truth and religion was approaching. He seemed to be impressed with the feeling that many brethren who had formerly been warmly in favor of the doctrinal views of our American Lutheran Church, and of revivals of religion, were, in some measure, losing their confidence and interest in them. He alluded to the numerous evidences which we possessed, that the revival of religion which our Churches connected with the General Synod had enjoyed, for the last twenty-five years, was a real work of God, and, after pointing

out the guilt and evil of neglecting so great a blessing, he most solemnly asked me, in that sacred place, to pledge myself to be faithful to evangelical truth and religion ; said that he did it because he had reason to believe that a very great trial to the souls of ministers was approaching, and that nothing but the greatest watchfulness of spirit, and the utmost decision of character, would be proof against the delusions that were coming upon the Church. The solemnity and earnestness with which he spoke did not fail to make a deep impression on my mind—an impression which I trust will never leave it. And when I shortly after heard of his death, I could not but feel that I had been in communion with one who was walking, in every sense of the term, on the very borders of heaven.

In view of a collection which we had promised to take at the approaching New Year, on behalf of his Church, it was arranged that he should write a description of his Church and its wants. Knowing his punctuality, I wondered, when New Year came, that I had to take the collection without having his letter to read to the people. After his death, the following letter was sent to me by his bereaved wife, stating that he had finished it on the Saturday before his last sickness, but that, in accordance with a rule of his life, never to mail a letter at the close of a week, if, by retaining it until Monday, he could transmit it without

the use of the Sabbath mail, it was laid aside, and was discovered only after his death. As it is the very last thing that dropped from his pen, is full of his spirit, and is an interesting description of the early state of the congregation and college which he had founded, I will insert it as it came from his hand :

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 10, 1848.

REV. S. SPRECHER, A. M.:—

Very dear Brother : I write to you now, not to *remind* you of the promise of an effort for our Church, at the ensuing New Year, for you will not forget it ; but to give you a few facts, by which it will appear to all that they are doing what is really needful to the cause of Christ. Donations should flow from a *sense of duty*, and not from the impulse of generosity.

1. Our Church is nearly as large as the Methodist of your place, and built externally in the same shape, only that we have but one row of *high* windows above the first story, in place of *two* rows.

2. The first floor is divided into a vestibule, lecture room, and school room in the rear.

3. The vestibule is in a rough, unplastered state. The lecture room has *one coat* of plaster, and is seated, with a stand for a pulpit. The school room is in the condition of the lecture room, and is used for the grammar school of the college. The lecture room I use as a recitation room of my classes ; we also use it for worship. *We have no other place.* There are wide folding doors between it and the school room, which we throw open to accommodate our hearers.

4. The second story is *entirely unfinished*. Its windows were

boarded shut until last winter, when sash was put in. There are also no stairs yet made to go up, and it has no floor laid ; and yet this part of the church we need badly.

5. I regarded it as a bad stroke of policy to begin a *small* and poorly-built church in a town of the size and growth of Springfield, and where our institution is located. It has 4,200 inhabitants, and an *annual* growth of 1,500 persons. We therefore began a good church, and have left it incomplete so far. We had only \$200 to begin with. Four of us undertook it, on our personal *responsibility*—gave our obligation, etc. It was built three years ago.

6. We have still a debt of \$1,200, in a loan from the institution's vested funds, the interest on which we must pay annually.

7. We now need this part of the church for our public exercises in the institution and the ordinary worship of the Sabbath. We have about ninety members, apart from the members of the institute, which are about fifty.

8. If we could have more help from abroad—say some \$400—we could undertake to complete it so far as to occupy it in a rough, unpainted state. I hope your kind people, and those of Hagerstown will furnish this. I have offered, out of my own pocket, to build a pulpit. I have preached in a stand for *three* years, and I am anxious once more to be so fortunate as to have a *pulpit* from which to preach the gospel : just a wooden pulpit, as that of Ezra of old. The members here are willing to do their duty. The ladies work every week one half day to help to pay the interest.

I wish you would read the letter of the lamented Hoyt, in the *Observer* for November or October.

We are all well except myself. I have been feeble for five weeks; still able to attend to most of my duties, but with pain.

We have a good attendance in the institution—more than we can well accommodate; and *above all, and better than all*, there are blessed symptoms of *Jehovah's presence with us*. Three of our students are under conviction. One of our candidates for the ministry professed last week to have experienced the power of godliness, *for the first time, in his soul*. He had been brought up in the strict *orthodoxy* of the ——— Synod. O what a future Church—ministry and laity—would we have without revivals! The Lord save us from such a calamity!

Accept my kindest regards for your family and my acquaintances in Chambersburg, and my best wishes for your spiritual prosperity and that of your dear people. I could not but speak frequently of the delightful state of things in your Church. It appeared to me as a green fresh spot in the midst of a vast dreary region. All the glory be to God.

Yours truly, EZRA KELLER.

He died as he had lived, defending the doctrines of evangelical religion, and rejoicing in any evidence of the revival of it; and went to heaven in the midst of a revival.

Prof. Diehl, who was most intimately associated with him in his labors, is well qualified to write his life, and by incorporating a large portion of his journal, has presented to the reader not only his personal experience, but his views and opinions on many most important subjects.

SAMUEL SPRECHER.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Reasons for making a record of his life—His parentage—Place of his nativity—Birth—Father's family—Attends a German school—First religious impressions—His grandfather—His father's hireling—Powerful convictions—Conversion—Love for perishing sinners—Impressed with a sense of duty to preach the gospel—Advised to postpone the matter—Convictions increase—Numerous difficulties—Incurs his father's displeasure—His unyielding determination.

DR. KELLER did not commence making a regular record of the events of his life, until he had reached the years of manhood, and entered upon the responsible work of the gospel ministry. The reasons for commencing such a record, he has given us in the following language:

“In the first place, I am desirous to record, with feelings of gratitude, the kind dealings of my Heavenly Father with me, one of his sinful and sinning creatures; for I consider my life a series of vivid exhibitions of Jehovah's love and patience with men

“Secondly. I have lately been much benefited by the perusal of the diaries of good men, such as Baxter, Taylor, Brainerd, Harlan Page, and others; and I thought, perhaps, when I shall have fallen asleep, these notices of my experience and actions might be beneficial to some who may survive me. I may even leave children and relatives behind me, who may have an opportunity of perusing these pages. O that they may prove a warning to the impenitent sinner, a word of admonition to the lukewarm Christian, and a great comfort to the distressed and disconsolate. I desire to be useful while I live, and greatly promote the glory of my Redeemer. But when I shall have gone the way of all flesh, I wish that, for the praise of God, it may be said of me as of Abel, ‘He being dead, yet speaketh’—speaketh of the precious salvation of Christ, purchased for a world of perishing sinners. Especially do I desire, after my demise, to be useful to *mine* whom I may leave behind. And in reference to all the good that may result from anything that I *have* done, or *may* do, I would say, ‘Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name, O God! be the glory and praise, for ever and ever—Amen.’”

The biography of our beloved friend and brother, we will give, as far as possible, in his own language, feeling assured that this will make it doubly interesting to all who may give it a perusal.

His journal is introduced with the following statement concerning his parentage, and the place of his nativity :

“I was born near Middletown, Frederick county, Maryland, on the 12th day of May, 1812. My grandfather, whose name was Jacob Keller, was a native of Germany. In accordance with a custom common among the Germans, my father received the name of my grandfather. My mother’s maiden name was Rosanna Daub. She was a daughter of Mr. J. Daub, of Middletown Valley. I was baptized on the 21st of June, 1812, and named Ezra. As my father was a farmer, I was brought up in that honorable occupation. This, no doubt, was much to my advantage, in preventing me from contracting habits of idleness, and preserving me from evil company. My native home was near Middle Creek, which, in a semi-circular form, half surrounded my father’s farm. On the opposite side of this creek, rose a high hill, covered with rocks, and shrubbery, and trees. Along the banks of this beautiful stream, I whiled away many a pleasant childhood hour: and I shall never forget its limpid water, crystal ice, and playful fish. Nor can the green meadows, the grain-clad fields, the variegated flowers, the rocks and hills, and shady bowers, which encircle it, ever be obliterated from my memory. Among them did I often hunt, and fish,

and drive the cattle, and plow the sand, with my barefooted companions. These hallowed days, and scenes of childhood's innocent mirth and enjoyment, are still fresh in my memory, and sweet to my soul, amid the calamities, sins, and cares of maturer life.

“My parents, five sons, and one daughter, constituted my father's family. I was the third son. One of my brothers died in infancy, and another was drowned in the old homestead spring, when about four or five years old. Happy couple! so early taken away from the evil to come.”

No other incidents of his life are recorded, until he was about twelve years of age. At this period, he tells us, he was sent to a German school. Whether he had, previous to this time, attended any school, we are not informed. Although the advantages enjoyed by the children of his day were exceedingly limited, it is probable this was not his first appearance in the character of a school-boy.

The teacher of this German school, he describes as a devotedly pious man, who catechized the children much, and taught them the importance of daily prayer to God. The religious and devotional exercises of this humble Christian, he observes, “had a salutary effect upon my mind. I was led to repeat those prayers, morning and evening, with great punctuality and devoutness. I believe that I, at that time, en-

joyed the favor of God; and I have no doubt I was brought into this happy condition through the instrumentality of this pious instructor. But, notwithstanding I had sufficient reason to conclude that, for some time, I felt the preciousness of the Divine favor, yet, some years afterward, I greatly apostatized. Nor need this be a matter of great astonishment. In my father's house, there was an absence of those religious exercises which should find a place in every family. No prayer was offered to God in the presence of the children. My mother, I am persuaded, was truly pious; but my father, although a nominal member of the Church, I am fearful, at this period, had not experienced the regenerating power of the Christian religion. Frequently have I heard my mother expostulate with him, when they little suspected me to be within hearing.

“My grandfather was a godly old man, to whose prayers, in his closet, I have often listened with great delight. He frequently spoke to me on the subject of religion, and pressed its claims upon me. But, at an early period of my life, he was called to his rest, and I was deprived of the benefits of his Christian counsel, instruction, and encouragement.”

Of the boyhood of Ezra Keller, but little can be gathered from the records of his own pen. From all the information which we could obtain from the

sources to which we have had access, he seems to have been a modest, retired, unassuming, sober-minded boy. Manly in all his deportment, firm in the principles which he had adopted, with a kind and generous heart, he was an example worthy of the imitation of youth.

His primary education was greatly neglected. His thirst for knowledge, however, began very early to be developed, and to the slaking of that thirst all the energies of his nature appear to have been directed.

How long he continued to live in the faithful discharge of his Christian duties after he first hoped that he had found peace through the merits of his Redeemer, is not expressly stated. The dates and circumstances mentioned indicate that it was not less than *one*, and not more than *two* years. But longer or shorter as the period may have been, it was followed by a relapse into sin. It may be proper to state that he had not yet made a public profession of the Christian religion.

To what cause he primarily attributes his spiritual declension, may be learned from the following remarks: "Through the influence of ungodly company I became exceedingly wicked by the close of the fifteenth year of my life. I was often moved to repentance by the Spirit of God, while engaged in reading his word, or listening to a preached Gospel. But not

enjoying the restraints of family religion or pious company, these impressions soon passed away, and my heart became more obdurate from day to day. About this time my father employed a pious hireling, by the name of William Lingenfelter. He was a poor, illiterate, crippled young man. He never retired at night, nor arose in the morning, without engaging in prayer and devotional exercises. He talked much with me on the subject of religion. The evidences of a change of heart—the trials and comforts of the children of God—the hopes of the true Christian—were favorite topics of conversation with him. These conversations, although conducted in all the simplicity of an uneducated youth, brought back my former feelings, and greatly restrained me in the indulgence of my wicked propensities. One evening during the winter of 1827-8, he proposed going to preaching, which had been appointed in the neighborhood. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone in brightness, and the stars twinkled in the clear firmament. After the opening exercises were concluded, an elderly man arose, who preached with much simplicity and pathos. The subject discussed was, ‘The Christian life and its blessed reward.’ An arrow was thrust into my heart and fastened there. We walked home over the fields, in the silvery beams of the fair orb of night. My levity and mirth were gone.

Everything was still and solemn, above, beneath and around me. To get rid of my convictions I was unable—to yield to them I was too proud. In this state of mind, with some variations, I lived for a number of months. I was convicted of sin, but not fully aware of my forlorn condition. On a beautiful Sabbath morning, in the spring of 1829, I was reading one of Thomas Shepard's sermons, placed in my hands by my affectionate mother. My own condition was most vividly described. I saw myself as a condemned sinner; I felt that to continue in that state would be intolerable. I left the house, and retired to my father's barn. There, upon bended knees, I solemnly consecrated myself to the service of God. From that moment my feelings were changed. The dark clouds which had so long hovered over me were dispersed; the heavy burden which had weighed down my soul was rolled away, and I was permitted to rejoice under a sense of my acceptance with God, through my blessed Redeemer."

No sooner has he experienced the power and preciousness of God's forgiving love, than the great prevailing feeling of his soul becomes a desire to do good to his perishing fellow-men. A feeling than which there is none more common in the heart of one who has recently been made a subject of saving grace. To this feeling he gives expression in the following

words: "I very soon began deeply to sympathize with my neighbors in their ignorance and sinfulness. The question, How can I do most to profit their immortal souls? weighed heavily upon my mind. One day, while employed in my accustomed labor, and revolving this question in my mind, I was forcibly impressed with the duty of devoting myself to the work of the gospel ministry. I regarded it as a call from God, and resolved, if possible, to obey it. I first mentioned my conviction of duty to my mother. She advised me, as I was yet young, to postpone the matter one year. I took my axe, and followed the company to their work, willing to obey her counsel. During the year I prayed much in my closet, in the barn, in the field, and wherever I could find a place for retirement. I carefully read the Scriptures, and became more and more convinced of my duty to preach the gospel. Before the expiration of the year, I also became acquainted with the Rev. A. Reck, by whose ministry I was greatly blessed. I revealed my feelings to him, and solicited his advice in the matter. He encouraged me to persevere in the purpose which I had formed, and advised me, as soon as arrangements could be made, to go to Pennsylvania College, to secure an education. When I mentioned this suggestion to my parents, they at first consented to send and support me. Soon, however, some of my rela-

tions, having discovered my intention, endeavored to dissuade me from the thought of consuming so much time in my preparatory studies, which they considered entirely unnecessary. According to their views, but little study is needed to make a man an efficient minister of the gospel. But all their arguments failed to produce conviction in my mind. When all their efforts with *me* had failed, they beset my *parents*, and to my bitter disappointment gained their end. All my pleasing hopes were now suddenly blasted. Entirely to abandon the idea of preaching the gospel, was a thought I could not brook for a single moment. In this state of mind I found no rest day or night. My unhappiness increased to such a degree that I could neither labor, eat nor sleep. I was weary of life—of the world. I was several times strongly tempted to lay violent hands upon myself. I felt that all my prospects of usefulness were blighted, and it would be better for me to die than live. I am astonished that I escaped the snare of the devil. At last I applied to Rev. A. Reck for a home in his family. To my great gratification, he consented to my proposition. In some measure, this revived my drooping spirits. Having hired a wagon and loaded my few articles of furniture and clothing, I left my father's house for the first time, inexperienced, penniless and almost broken-hearted. I was intent upon the work of the ministry

but obstacles beset me on every side. My father had become so much displeased at my perseverance, that he would no longer give me a friendly word or look. My mother gave her consent through necessity, fearing I might otherwise become deranged. My other relatives very strenuously opposed the course I had adopted. In the name of the Lord I left my father's house without a friendly farewell. My heart was full of sorrow, but my spirit was fixed on the work before me. Like Ezra of old, I 'had prepared my heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments.'"

CHAPTER II.

HIS EDUCATION.

Commences his studies with Rev. A. Reck—Attends catechetical instruction—Unites with the Church—Goes to Pennsylvania College—Death of two kind friends—Teaches some classes—Sophomore year, preaches his first sermon—Graduates—Remarks to students.

“IT WAS the 20th of March, 1830, that I commenced my career as a student, under the direction of Rev. A. Reck, who is truly a man of God. For his kindness to me, I can never be sufficiently grateful, but pray that he may receive his reward from our common Father in Heaven.

“In my studies, I enjoyed but little comfort, and met with poor success. I was constantly harassed by the fear that I might not be welcome, although treated with the utmost kindness. The feeling that my clothes were not suitable for an inmate of a minister's house was a source of great annoyance to me. The fact that I had no means to defray my expenses, gave me much uneasiness of mind. My parental relations produced in me a deep mortification of soul. I could not get rid of the impression that I was blamed by all. From all these causes, I passed through a season of great mental suffering.

“In the meantime, I attended a course of catechetical instruction, and in the month of April, I was admitted to Church membership, by the rite of confirmation, and partook, for the first time, of the Lord’s Supper.”

In regard to this period of his life, Father Reck, by whom he was confirmed, has said: “He walked with God, and was exemplary in piety to all his youthful companions. He was about eighteen years of age when he united with the Church of God.”

He remained in the family of Father Reck about four months. At the expiration of this period, we find the following statement, expressive of the feelings of his troubled heart: “Weary of living thus in the world, I resolved to travel as far as my feet would carry me, that I might be removed from the sight of all who knew me. Compassion for my dear mother restrained me from carrying my resolution into effect. I determined to make one more effort to obtain my father’s permission to go to Gettysburg; for I was yet a minor. I went to him in the field where he was plowing, and addressed him in the most friendly manner; but he answered me not a word. He would not even stop his plow to listen to my request. I turned away, and wept. Repulsed by my father’s silence, I resolved to present my request to my mother. After some importunity, she consented to my

proposition; but it was with tears. I left the house fully resolved to proceed without delay. When I had advanced a short distance, I paused, looked back, and beheld my mother gazing after me, apparently weeping. This produced a great conflict in my mind; but I summoned all my courage, and proceeded as far as Middletown. The following day, I started on foot for Gettysburg. The distance from Middletown to Gettysburg was about forty miles. At the close of the day, I found myself at Pipe Creek, in the vicinity of Taneytown. Here I tarried during the night, and, with the return of day, I resumed my journey. Before noon, I reached the point of my destination. Fifty cents in money, a scanty supply of clothing, and a few books constituted the whole of my effects.

“I presented to the professors a letter of introduction which I had received from my pastor, Rev. A. Reck, and was received and treated with the utmost kindness and Christian courtesy by them. This afforded some comfort to my heart, which had been so deeply depressed.”

How sad must have been the feelings of his soul during this long and solitary pedestrian journey, made in the heat of summer! How often must he have paused under the refreshing shade of some wide-spread tree, by the way side, to rest his weary body, and shed the tears wrung out by the bitter anguish of

his heart. Here we behold the manifestations of that indomitable perseverance which characterized his whole future life. Who but the youthful Keller, or some kindred spirit, would not have yielded and given up the task under such an accumulation of difficulties? The question with him *now*, as well as during his *future history*, was, Does duty call? When this question was settled, no obstacle seemed insurmountable—no sacrifice of personal ease and comfort too great. What an instance of unwavering faith and confidence in God is here presented to us! He is almost penniless; his friends, who could have supported him, have turned their backs upon him; he knows not where to look for help: but, fixed in his purpose, listening neither to the suggestions of doubt nor fear, he presses forward, relying upon God alone. With such an example before him, what young man, persuaded that he has been Divinely called to the ministry, need yield to the feeling of despondency? He who calls you to his service, will also provide a way for your support.

The journey to Gettysburg alluded to in the preceding pages, was made during the last several days of the week. Of the manner in which he spent his first Lord's Day in this place, we find no record in his journal. But the Sabbath having closed, and the following morning come, we behold him, without delay,

entering upon the work which had brought him hither. That stately edifice, the college building, which now attracts the attention of the traveler, had not, at that time, been erected. The exercises of the institution were conducted in a building owned by the citizens of Gettysburg, and previously used for the purposes of an academy. In this building he met his instructors and applied himself to the duties assigned him. Of his life as a student, he has noted down comparatively but few incidents. All that is said of the commencement of this career, is the following remark: "On the 17th of August, 1830, I began my studies in the gymnasium at Gettysburg. The instructor to whom I commenced reciting, was Wm. M. Reynolds." Although he mentions the name of no other teacher, yet, undoubtedly, ere long, he also attended the instruction of others. In a few days, he found that it was necessary, for the prosecution of his studies, to purchase a Latin Reader. As the whole amount of his funds was not sufficient to make this purchase, he felt perplexed. From this perplexity, he was soon relieved by some fellow-student, who kindly offered him the needed assistance. As his wants arose, from time to time, some unexpected means were found for supplying these wants. Annual collections were taken for him in the congregation at Middletown, by his former pastor; while the good wife of Father

Reek, aided by other members of the Church, made him various articles of clothing, and sent them to him from year to year.

His mother and sister supplied him with some funds, but they were obliged to do it secretly, without the knowledge of his father.

He records the very kind treatment he received from Messrs. Wingart and Jacobs, sen.;* but immediately adds that they soon left "to make a tour to the South, with the hope of improving their health. Instead of their return to our midst with renewed health, we received the mournful intelligence of their early death. In consequence of their decease, I felt forsaken; for I was yet young, and needed friends who could afford me spiritual comfort."

In regard to the remainder of his first session at this institution, his journal presents only a blank.

All that he has told us of the winter session of 1830 and '31, he has compressed into the following brief paragraph: "During this entire session, I have felt the absence of my Heavenly Father and best Friend.

* David Jacobs was principal of the classical department, and Mr. Wingart was a theological student. Their health was delicate, and, advised by their friends, they set out on a tour through the Southern States. The hope was cherished that traveling would greatly benefit them. Instead of recovering, they continued to decline; and instead of their return to make their friends happy, the sad news of a premature death spread a gloom over the circle of their acquaintance.

I did not enjoy that sweet communion with him which it was both my privilege and duty to realize. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' The feelings of his soul seem to have been in unison with the external world of nature. But when the chilliness of winter passed away, and the warmer beams of a summer sun revisited our earth, a corresponding change occurred in his spiritual experience. Of this blessed change, he has given us the evidence under date of May 14, 1831, in which he tells us: "I have lately enjoyed the power of religion more than for a number of months before. My soul often seems to commune with the ransomed in heaven."

But this precious season of spiritual sunshine was not prolonged to the end of summer. For in July, already, we find him complaining of the hardness of his heart, and seeking the causes to which to attribute it. His language now is, "O how hard is my heart! Prayer has become an irksome task, and the Bible an uninteresting book. This unhappy state of mind I must attribute to the nature of my studies; to my extreme poverty, which impels me to over-intense application, and to my own negligence."

This period of sadness was again followed by a season of rejoicing, for ere long he represents himself in a happy state of mind, and fervently prays for the Holy Spirit to continue His gracious operations upon

his soul. This fluctuation of the religious emotions, this succession of light and darkness, of joy and sadness, experienced by him, with some variations in their degree and the length of time during which they continue unchanged, is only what is felt by every child of God. Some ascend higher upon the mount of communion, and tarry longer than others. Some descend deeper into the valley, and are detained longer than others. But entire freedom from these fluctuations cannot be expected.

In autumn, 1831, he entered the freshman class, so that but a little more than a year was consumed in his preparatory course. During the winter of his freshman year, he tells us the Institution was blessed with a revival of religion. But he only makes the general statement that "a few of the impenitent were hopefully converted, and professors of religion were greatly revived." Almost a year rolls away before we find any further record of his life. During this year he taught some classes in the preparatory department. In his next appearance before us, he has become a member of the sophomore class. The labor of teaching, in connection with the regular studies of his class, was more than his constitution could bear. He ruptured a blood-vessel in the vicinity of the brain, which brought him to the very verge of the grave. He expected the attack would prove fatal.

In this condition he was led to examine his heart; and although he felt that he could confidently commit his soul into the hands of his blessed Saviour, he could not close his eyes to the short-comings of the past. He looked upon his affliction as designed by God for his spiritual improvement. The prayer of his heart was, "O may I never forget the lesson taught me by this affliction. I have been admonished to live in constant expectation of my latter end. Thanks be to God for his sparing mercy and timely admonition."

During the vacation in the spring of 1833, in the month of May, while yet a sophomore, he made his first effort to preach a regular sermon. Of this effort he has given the following account: "I was compelled by an emergency to preach my first sermon. I had often spoken at private meetings, but never from a pulpit. On Sabbath morning, I walked from Middletown to St. John's Church, a distance of six miles. I had a deep sense of my own inability. I looked up to heaven, and implored Divine assistance. I ascended the pulpit with so much trembling and confusion of mind that I could scarcely read the hymns. My text was Eccles. ix, 18: 'Wisdom is better than weapons of war, but one sinner destroyeth much good.' In one part of the discourse the audience wept aloud. The Lord was with us, and to His

name be all the praise. Surely, 'the weakness of God is stronger than man.' "

Through the remainder of this year, he still performed the additional labor of teaching a number of classes. The vacation between his sophomore and junior year he spent in his native valley. He preached four times. One sermon he preached in Middletown, to a congregation numbering a thousand. "The effort," he has observed, "was a great trial to me, but afterward I felt much strengthened."

The winter session of his junior year he describes as a blessed period in his Christian experience. In his own language, he tells us, "I was permitted during this session to enjoy an unusually precious nearness to my God. How delightful to the soul to hold sweet communion with the 'Father of Spirits.' "

The only labors of the vacation in the spring of 1834, of which he has made any mention, are thrice preaching the gospel.

If his father's feelings had undergone any change toward him at this time, it was that of increasing bitterness, as is indicated by the following record of his own pen: "My father still continues very unfriendly to me. He has forbidden me his house in an angry tone of voice. This has given me many gloomy hours." When any allusion is made, in his journal, to this subject, it is never in the way of complaint, or

in a spirit in conflict with the fourth commandment, but only to express the deep sadness of his heart occasioned by it.

Of the incidents of his life and experience during the summer session of 1834, he has left us in ignorance. The vacation which followed he spent, in part, in preaching the gospel of glad tidings to perishing sinners. While thus engaged in laboring for his master, he tells us, "I had much joy in believing;" and then adds the following brief petition: "Keep me faithful, good Lord."

He has now entered upon his senior year, and another session has passed without any record to tell its history. During the spring vacation of this year he was industriously employed on the work to which he had devoted himself. Of the truth of this remark, we have the evidence in the statement that he preached no less than eighteen times. Of one of these efforts he has left us the following notice: "I preached once to the colored people of Middletown. On this occasion I felt unusually happy in calling sinners to repentance. I received many tokens of love from friends and strangers. I was much strengthened in the inner man. O Lord, make me useful!"

The last session of his college days presents to us some diversity in his religious experience. The record made June 6, 1835, reads as follows: "I feel

very happy this evening. I have resolved, by the help of God—1. To spend, during this session, Saturday evening, after supper, in devotional exercises, to prepare myself for the enjoyments of the holy Sabbath; 2. I will endeavor more studiously to avoid levity in feelings, words and actions, which is the besetting sin of many students.”

How different were his feelings, indicated in the foregoing paragraph, from those described in the succeeding:

“*Aug.* 23. The light of this Sabbath morning brought no light to my cheerless soul. I feel miserable on account of my neglect of devotional exercises. This neglect has been occasioned by my being so much absorbed in the preparation of an address for the ensuing commencement.

“This morning, I heard a sermon on the narrative of Naaman, the leper. It suited my case. I felt that I was leprous, and should be healed. I was cheered in hearing of the ability and willingness of Christ to heal all who will resort to him by faith. When I consider how depraved I am, I almost despair of ever inheriting the crown of life. But Christ is my refuge, and in him will I trust. O Jesus! deliver me from all evil.”

Until the end of his college course, he continued teaching in the preparatory department. On the 16th

of September, 1835, in connection with seven of his classmates, he received the first degree in the Arts. Connected with this occasion, he makes the following remarks: "I, at this time, enjoy a considerable degree of spiritual strength and comfort. It is matter of much gratitude to Almighty God, that, by his kind permission, I have been able to obtain a collegiate education. This is more than I expected when I first came to this place. 'The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad.'"

The following remarks may be profitable to young men engaged in educational pursuits:

"During my collegiate life, I have learned the following lessons:

"1. Never to despair of success when in the path of duty. I came to college penniless, and without a pledged support; and behold now I am honored with its graduates.

"2. That a student is exposed to much danger, both bodily and spiritual. He is in danger of *sinful ambition*, or a thirst for *mere* distinction as a man of talent or learning; he is in danger of *committing suicide*, or undermining his constitution and destroying his bodily health; he is in danger of losing *all vital Godliness*. How great, therefore, is his danger!

"3. To promote personal holiness and progress in

study, a judicious division of time, so as to give everything a proper proportion of it, is absolutely necessary. When such a division has been made, it must be constantly and regularly observed. The first and last part of the day should be devoted to religious exercises. My usual hour for retiring has been nine o'clock, and for rising, four o'clock." These hours he observed till the close of his life.

The hours employed in teaching—the cares and perplexities arising from the circumstances by which he was surrounded, necessarily caused Mr. Keller to labor under many disadvantages. In his class, however, notwithstanding all these untoward circumstances, he sustained a respectable standing. His talents were far above mediocrity. He was more profound than brilliant. He was not accustomed to indulge in fanciful speculations, but dealt chiefly with the realities of things. He was naturally thoughtful; when his mind was fixed on a subject, it grappled mightily for the truth. As a member of the institution, he occupied a high position. The subject of his graduating address, assigned him by the faculty, was, "Conscience." This fact might suggest the estimation in which he was held by them. His influence for good upon the students cannot be fully known in this world. The same Christian character which threw such a luster around his future life was already

strongly developed. His piety was not of a doubtful character. No audible voice was needed to tell that he was a Christian; his whole life was an evidence of the fact. All who were thrown into his society felt that they were in the presence of a holy man. No student was more universally respected, and more highly esteemed than he. By all who became intimately acquainted with him, he was greatly beloved. It may not be amiss to mention a circumstance which is related to have occurred about this time. It shows the utter distaste which he had for everything like levity. With a company of young ladies and gentlemen, he was invited to spend the evening. While others were happily enjoying the hours in conversation on such topics and of such a character as is usual on such occasions, he sat alone, apparently in deep meditation. At length one of his classmates asked him what subject was so much absorbing his thoughts? His reply was, "I was just wondering how young ladies and gentlemen of so much sense and so much intelligence, could talk so much nonsense." He was habitually serious, but not morose. Humility and kindness were elements of his character; to pride and ostentation, he was a stranger.

CHAPTER III.

THEOLOGICAL COURSE AND MISSIONARY LABORS.

Commences the study of theology—Resolutions—Willingness to labor among the heathen—Appointed a home missionary—Departure from the seminary—Matrimonial engagement—Sets out on his tour from his native valley—Difficulties and dangers—Returns with enfeebled health.

AFTER a vacation of six weeks, which he spent in Middletown Valley, and in which he preached nine times, he returned for the purpose of entering the theological seminary. "In my efforts to preach the gospel, during this time," he says, "I enjoyed much comfort and spiritual strength. I feel a growing desire to prepare myself for the gospel ministry. May the Lord give success to all my efforts to qualify myself for this responsible work!"

On Nov. 3, 1835, he writes as follows:

"This week I commenced the study of theology. I am very sensibly impressed with the sacredness of my employment. I greatly need the light of the spirit to lead me into all truth. With this conviction, I adopt the following rules for my future guidance:

"1. That I will read the Bible with more attention, reverence, and prayer.

“2. That I will avoid a dogmatical spirit in forming my theological views.

“3. That I will endeavor to cultivate love to God and love to my neighbor more than I have in the past.

“*Nov. 14.* At this time I enjoy comfort and peace of mind, although occasionally a cloud obscures my vision of the excellency of my Saviour and the bright glories of heaven. To-day, I once felt tired of the world, while thinking of my circumstances relative to my parents, which always spread a gloom over my mind. I have indeed been the child of misfortunes—a man of many sorrows. But, nevertheless, my Redeemer! I will serve thee, though ‘earth and hell my way oppose.’

“*Nov. 26.* During the last eight or ten days, I have been unusually blessed with peace and comfort in my soul. I must still occasionally complain of evil passions which belong to this ‘vile body.’ Lord, save me ‘from the body of this death!’

“*Dec. 30.* I have just returned from my native valley, where I spent my Christmas holidays. During my absence, I have preached four times. I experienced a sore trial in parting with my former pastor, Rev. A. Reck, and family, who have moved to the State of Indiana. They were friends to me in my forsaken condition. May the Lord reward them for

their beneficence to me! To him, under God, I owe it that I have become what I am. He was a father to me; and his amiable wife, a mother. Peace and prosperity attend them in their new home. Amen."

"*Feb.* 6, 1836. My soul is unusually happy in God. This joyful state of mind is the result of clearer views of the atonement, which I have obtained by an investigation of that subject. O! what a vivid display of disinterested benevolence is exhibited in the mission of Christ to earth! By *grace* are we saved—are *we* saved. Salvation is the gift of God. We are bought with a price; therefore should we glorify God in our bodies and souls, which are his.

"I have also been pondering the question, whether it is my duty to proclaim the gospel to the perishing heathen. I think I am willing to do anything that the Lord may require of me. If, at the end of my theological course, I have the same conviction of duty as at present, I think I will enter upon a missionary life. O Lord! make me what thou wilt have me be.

"*Feb.* 25. Last night we had a terrible thunder-storm, which is an unusual thing in this season of the year. God speaks awfully in the deep-mutterings and heavy peals of thunder, and the furious rage of the elements. Surely we are in his hands! Of late I have enjoyed much sweet communion with my

Saviour. At times, I have a great conflict with the 'sin that dwelleth in me.' Last Sabbath, I preached with comfort to myself, and apparently with much effect upon my audience. This morning, I feel dejected and melancholy. The foe of my peace is preying upon my soul. The cause of humanity, or the abolition of slavery, is pressing itself upon my mind; and yet I fear to advocate it, for it is much gainsayed and hated. This is a source of great anxiety to my soul. O Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?

"*April 12.* I have just returned from Middletown, where I preached several times. I have lately suffered much from dejection of spirits, induced by a number of adverse events—especially by the removal of Rev. A. Reck from his former charge. But I hope these gloomy clouds will soon be dispersed, and bright sunshine encircle me again.

"*May 27.* I have just closed the spring vacation, during which I preached twenty-five times. I often felt comforted in the work of the Lord. But sometimes I felt discouraged, when I remembered my deficiency in knowledge and piety. O that I could serve God with purer motives and greater efficiency! I desire to be his in body, soul, and estate. Bless me, O Lord God of Hosts! Amen.

"*June 22.* This morning, I enjoyed a season of delightful communion with my blessed Saviour. I

have just read President Edwards' treatise on the Affections. It is an excellent work. I agree with him in regard to the 'witness of the spirit.' I trust I have had this witness from the time of my conversion, and feel its power this morning. How sweet the assurance that we are 'accepted in the Beloved!' Through it alone can we cry, Abba! Father! Preserve, O Lord! evermore this confidence in my soul, that I may have 'joy in believing.'

"*August 10.* On the 26th of July, I unexpectedly received an appointment as itinerant missionary to the Western States, from the Synod of Pennsylvania. This appointment, after due reflection and prayer, I accepted. Yesterday, I received license to preach the gospel, and also my instructions from the executive committee of the missionary society. O that I may prove worthy of this holy office, and adorn this high vocation! It is not without some feelings of misgiving that I enter upon this mission. My health is precarious, and the undertaking arduous. O Lord! bless and prosper me in this needful work!

"*August 25.* To-morrow I intend to leave the seminary, to enter upon my missionary tour. This is a great trial to me; for it is a delightful spot, and ten thousand pleasing associations cluster around it. The affections of my heart are set upon it. Six years ago, I came here with tattered garments, a few books, and

several shillings; and here the Lord has greatly blessed and promoted me. He did not suffer the barrel of meal to waste, nor the cruse of oil to fail. He filled my hands with plenty, and satisfied my soul with his goodness. And now I leave—a minister of the gospel. How wonderful, O Lord! are thy ways—how strange thy doings! How mysterious thy providences! ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits.’ Farewell! beloved Seminary; thou paradise of my early joys! Peace be within thy walls! For my brethren and my companion’s sake, I say, Peace be within thy walls forever! Adieu! Pennsylvania College; the place of dear remembrance. May Heaven prosper thee, and thy future career be glorious! Farewell! Gettysburg; I came to thee a dejected pilgrim, and with thee I found a pleasant home. May the Lord bless thee with health and prosperity, and a great revival of gennine religion! Even so, Lord! if it seem good in thy sight. Amen.”

From Gettysburg, Mr. Keller went to Frederick, where he made the following record:

“*Frederick City, Aug. 27.* Yesterday evening, I attended Divine service in the church at Gettysburg, where prayers were offered up in my behalf. By these exercises my mind was much affected. When we returned to the seminary, the students assembled

in the hall, where we united in devotional exercises for the last time. I then bade them a last farewell. Several of them accompanied me part of the way to town. Here we parted, weeping aloud. How many dear brethren I have left at the seminary! Some of them I may meet no more on earth. How sweet the hope of meeting in heaven! I went to the hotel, to await the hour for the leaving of the coach the following morning. I was taken to my room, and retired. But I could not sleep, for I was too much excited. Although I am now thirty-three miles distant from the scenes of last night, they are still vivid before my mind. O Lord! bring us together in peace again."

In this city and county, he spent several weeks. Part of this time was employed in publishing the news of salvation to the perishing.

"*Sept. 12, 1836.* I remained in Frederick county two weeks before I set out upon my missionary tour. During this brief sojourn, I preached six times. Twice I occupied the pulpit of Dr. Shaeffer in Frederick.

"Yesterday I entered into a matrimonial engagement with Miss Caroline Routzong. This engagement I made after long and prayerful reflection on the best way of becoming useful in future life. One of the conditions specified in this marriage contract was the

willingness of Miss Routzong, after becoming my wife, to go wherever, in the providence of God, my field of labor might be assigned me.

“Connected with my departure from this valley, I experienced many painful emotions. To part with my aged mother (who was strongly opposed to my embarking in this work), and with my disaffected father (who *would* not yet give me the hand of common friendship), was a great trial to me.

“To-day I turned my back upon the vale in which I spent my childhood days, not knowing whether I shall ever again be permitted to see its sloping hills and winding streams. Be it so ; if I only may at last enter that better country which I seek.

“During this tour,” says he, “I endured many hardships, in consequence of the severity of the winter, and the newness of the country through which I, for the most part, traveled. In crossing streams, I was several times in great danger of perishing. I crossed the Kickapoo River where the water was ten feet deep. I sat in an Indian canoe, holding the reins in my hand while my horse swam after the canoe. My blood ran cold in my veins when I had reached the shore, and looked back upon the furious stream. At another time, I crossed the Wabash when it had overflowed its banks, in a shattered ferryboat. Several yokes of oxen were on the boat ; they became

restless; the drivers, who were half drunk, commenced abusing them, and the boat was nigh upsetting in the midst of the river. But the good Lord delivered us out of the danger. On the 1st of January, 1837, in company with another gentleman, I crossed a prairie seven miles in extent, near Urbana, Champaign county, Illinois. We were both near freezing. It was a gloomy hour; I felt sick at my stomach; had great difficulty in breathing; was very chilly and drowsy: and yet I was afraid to yield to sleep. We could see nothing but the canopy above, bounding, in immense distance, the grassy plain beneath. We spurred our horses. My companion fortunately had with him a vial of the decoction of cayenne pepper. We drank its contents; and, perhaps, owe our deliverance to it. At length we reached the forest, and found a house and blazing fire to shelter and protect us. Here, with a grateful heart, I offered up thanksgiving unto the Lord.

“At Alton, I became acquainted with Rev. — Lovejoy, who was afterward killed by a mob for denouncing slavery and Catholicism. He was a man of correct views, a sound mind, and a good heart. When I afterward heard of his murder, with true sincerity of heart, I exclaimed with David: ‘O Jonathan! thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me.’

“On the second Monday of February, I left St. Louis to return homeward. I was apprehensive I would have a severe spell of sickness, as I was suffering all the symptoms of an approaching fever. The river was not yet free of the ice which had congealed upon its bosom. Few boats were running, and these were generally of an inferior order. I was obliged to take passage on a shattered steamer, and I am surprised we did not perish amid the many dangers of the Mississippi. We were seven days on our way to Louisville. Here I stopped and went into the country, among some of my relatives, with the hope of recruiting my health. I derived but little benefit from my visit. On Sabbath I preached, although I felt very unwell. On Monday I resolved to endeavor to get home, and accordingly returned to Louisville, and took a steamboat for Wheeling. The boat had gone but a short distance when I became very sick. Fortunately I found two physicians on board, who were very kind to me. To be sick on a steamboat, amid a crowd of strangers; annoyed by gambling and profanity; harassed by the noise and quivering of the vessel, is exceedingly disagreeable. We reached Wheeling on Friday afternoon, and on Saturday morning took the stage for Cumberland, although I was quite hoarse and feverish. On the 26th of February, exhausted and suffering, I found myself

once more in my own native valley. For several weeks after my return, I was confined. At length, after suffering much from rheumatism, I became able again to ride abroad and preach, although my hoarseness still continued.

“*March 23.* Since my return I have constantly been suffering, more or less, nevertheless I have preached thrice, and once administered the ordinance of baptism. I have been much perplexed in regard to the question of duty. I have been unable to decide whether it is the will of God that I should return to the West and labor there. My health is bad, and my dear mother cannot bear the thought of my locating so far from her. And yet I made a conditional promise to settle at Quincy, Ill. O Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?

“*April 20.* Since the last date I preached twelve times at different places, and once administered the ordinance of baptism. I have visited St. Thomas, and the congregation connected with that charge. A unanimous call was extended to me by those churches. I do not think it my duty to accept this call, inasmuch as I fear the labor would be more than I could endure; and beside, I still have a desire to locate in the West. My health is somewhat improved; but my mother insists on my compliance with her wishes as long as she shall live, holding me to a promise of that

kind, which I imprudently made many years ago. I am in great perplexity to know my duty, but I will rely on God, assured that he will direct my steps aright.

April 23. I am now attending a protracted meeting at Smithsburg, at which I have preached five sermons. It has been a precious season to many souls.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSIONARY LABORS, ETC.

His marriage—Receives and accepts a call from the Taneytown charge—Attends the meeting of the Synod of Pennsylvania—Presents a report of his labors—Extract of the report.

“*April 25.* To-day I was married to Miss Caroline Routzong. I have thus assumed new cares and responsibilities. May I have grace to meet them.

“*May 16.* Since the above date I have preached thirteen times. I have had much difficulty in choosing a field of labor, which has made me restless and gloomy. To-day I most unexpectedly received a call from the pastoral charge in and around Taneytown, which presents a field of great usefulness to an efficient minister. There seems to be some indication that the hand of Providence is in this matter. After much reflection and prayer, and hearing the report of a committee which was sent to me, I concluded to accept the call, and for the present abandon the idea of locating in the West. I trust I have been influenced by proper motives in this decision. If I have erred, O Lord forgive, and show me clearly what is thy will concerning me.”

The Synod of Pennsylvania, under whose direction

Mr. Keller had traveled and labored as a missionary, held its annual meeting in the city of Lancaster during the last week of May, 1837. At this meeting he presented a minute report of his ministerial labors during the time he was engaged in that work.

The following extract of this report was printed in connection with the minutes of the Synod :

*“Fathers and Brethren:—*In obedience to the instructions of the Executive Committee of your Missionary Society, directing me to give your reverend body an account of my travels and ministerial labors while employed as your missionary, I beg leave respectfully to submit the following report.

“Your Executive Committee directed me to commence my tour at the close of September, 1836, and continue in the States of Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, so long as would give me sufficient time to meet the Synod on Trinity Sunday, thus assigning me about seven months to labor as your missionary. But, for various reasons, and particularly that I might return a few weeks before the meeting of the Synod, I entered upon my journey in the beginning instead of the close of September.

“The first week I arrived at Wheeling, on the Ohio River, a town of considerable commercial importance, with a population of about eight thousand. In this place there are about six hundred Germans,

mostly Protestants. These people are under the pastoral care of Rev. J. Swartz. They have heretofore worshiped in a school-house; but have already commenced a spacious brick church, and are making active exertions to have it finished. With this congregation there is connected a flourishing Sunday-school. The pastor seems to be a man of much devotedness and activity, and is evidently doing much good among this people. Here I preached in the morning, in the German language; in the afternoon in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the English language. In Wheeling I also became acquainted with a few English families of Lutherans, in one of which I baptized an infant. These people are anxious that an English Lutheran congregation should be organized in the place.

“The second week I reached Circleville, Ohio, where I stopped to spend the Sabbath. Here I met our worthy Brother J. Roof, for whom I preached thrice, and delivered an address to his interesting Sabbath-school. I also became acquainted with a number of our brethren of Ohio. All received and treated me with great kindness, and seemed to be much gratified that the Synod of Pennsylvania was endeavoring to supply the wants of our members in the West.

“The third week I went by way of Chillicothe and

Cincinnati to Hopeful Church, in Boone county, Kentucky, where the Synod was in session. I was anxious to meet this body, in order to obtain all the information I could respecting my field of labor. Having spent a few days with the brethren of this Synod and preached several times, I departed before they had adjourned, and traveled through a thinly inhabited country, directing my course toward Louisville. I stopped on my way at Jefferson, and spent a Sabbath with Mr. Jæger, for whom I preached thrice. It was a communion season, and one of great solemnity and interest. The Protestant Germans of Louisville are under the pastoral charge of Rev. G. H. Brandau. Here I did not stop to preach, but passed on to New Albany, where I crossed the Ohio, and entered the State of Indiana.

“The first place at which I arrived was Rockford, in Jackson county, where I found a settlement of Swiss of about fifteen families. Most of them have been living here three or four years, and more are expected to settle in the neighborhood. They are generally piously disposed, but have no one to break unto them the bread of life. They are exceedingly desirous to have a minister, who would preach statedly and catechize their children. I remained with them several days, preached once, and visited some families who were sick. What is very commendable in these

people is, that they are in the habit of meeting every Sabbath for divine worship, where a few hymns are sung and one reads the Church service. They requested me to tender their sincere thanks to the Synod for the visit and service of your missionary, and also entreat you to consider their condition.

“From this place I proceeded northward into Shelby county, where I was told were some destitute congregations. But before I reached there I heard they were under the pastoral care of Rev. A. Miller; so I passed on into Marion county. Here, four miles north of Indianapolis, I met with Rev. A. Reck, a venerable father in our Zion, who, after having long labored to build up the Church in the East, emigrated in the spring of 1836 into this State, with a view of doing something in his master’s cause in this great valley. He has already organized a congregation in his immediate neighborhood of about fifty members. They have put up a comfortable house for divine worship in sight of their pastor’s dwelling. Here I had the pleasure of being with him at his first communion. Sixteen were confirmed, and about fifty united in partaking of the Lord’s Supper. At this place I preached thrice and baptized one. It was a season of great interest to the members, and of novelty to many spectators, it being the first time these ordinances were administered in this neighborhood.

“I next visited a settlement of European Germans, twelve miles east of Indianapolis, of about twenty families. They are generally in good circumstances, and some of them well educated; but as to religion, they seem to be in a deplorable condition. I felt a great desire to preach for them, and made application to that effect, but they seemed to be reluctant to hear me except on the Sabbath, and the reason they gave me was that they could not spare the time; and as I had an appointment for the Sabbath at another place, I was compelled to leave them, after having traveled many miles through rainy weather, over bad roads, and encountering high waters, without being permitted to preach one sermon. This was painful to my mind, and a strong evidence that they need some one to lead them in the path of duty. Their condition is indeed deplorable. Their children are growing up without religious instruction, and are likely to become as wild as the country in which they live.

“The next neighborhood I visited was sixteen miles north of Indianapolis, near Germantown. There live about thirty members of our Church, from different States in the Union. I preached for these people in a private house. They are visited occasionally by Mr. Reek, who will perhaps soon form them into a congregation.

“From this place I went into a German settlement

in Hamilton county, five miles west of White River. In this neighborhood live about twelve Lutheran families, originally from Pennsylvania, and many who are of German descent, but not members of the Church. This settlement is quite new; the people have no chairs, not even benches. They appear, however, to be hungry for the bread of life and receive it with a ready mind. I preached to them with great satisfaction in a little cabin, and afterward baptized two infants. I had reason to believe that the truth made a deep impression on their minds. Many tears flowed, and they appeared to be very anxious to obtain a minister, and promised to put up a house for worship, if they could obtain some one to teach them.

“From this settlement I returned to Indianapolis, and on my way preached in the evening at Abbesville. In Indianapolis I preached to a small congregation, which has recently been organized by Mr. Reck.

“Another settlement I visited in Marion county is on Little Eagle Creek. Here are about twelve families of Lutherans, all of whom can understand the English language. To these people I preached in a private house.

“From this I went to Boone county, where I found a number of Lutherans from East Tennessee settled about six miles south-east of Lebanon. These people

have been visited occasionally by Rev. E. Henkel, a member of the Indiana Synod, who speaks of taking up his residence among them. I preached to them in a cabin. In the afternoon I rode to Lebanon, where I preached in the evening to a large and attentive audience in the court-house. I found one member of our Church here from North Carolina, who was much pleased to hear a minister of his own faith. The roads in this part of the country I found so exceedingly muddy that I could not travel more than ten or twelve miles a day.

“From Lebanon I proceeded in a north-western direction through Boone and Montgomery counties. Stopping over night in a little town called Columbia, and inquiring for a place to preach, the bar-room of my host was offered; here I spoke to the people. From this place I went on to Bauer’s settlement, which is composed of Pennsylvania and European Germans, who, I was informed, were Lutherans. But I found most of them to be of Mennonite descent, and belonging to no church. I was told that about twelve families of Lutherans originally lived here; but some have removed, and others have joined other churches, so that there are but few Lutherans remaining. These people had never been visited by a Lutheran minister until I came among them. I preached to them twice in a private house.

“The next place I visited, was Lafayette, a flourishing town on the Wabash. Here I found about seven members of our Church, who despair of getting a minister, and now speak of uniting with other Churches. May God raise up laborers for our people! I would here remark, that since I left Indiana, I met with a gentleman, a citizen of Logansport, Bass county, who informed me that, in that place, were many European Germans, who were Protestants. These should be visited.

“From Lafayette, I went down the Wabash to a little place called Attica, which I reached on the 12th of November. Here I found it necessary, for myself and my horse, to rest a short time. At Attica, I found twelve members of the Lutheran, and about an equal number of the Reformed Church, chiefly from Maryland. During my stay here, I preached six times, visited all the members at their houses, and preached once in the neighborhood. At Attica, a minister is much needed and desired. The people are willing to receive one either of the Lutheran or Reformed Church. They are hungry for the bread of life, and care not who breaks it unto them.

“From this place, I went to Perryville, a beautiful town on the Wabash. In this place and its vicinity, I found fifteen members of the Lutheran, and a few families of the German Reformed Church. I re-

mained with them a week, preached four times, visited most of them at their houses, and baptized two infants. Most of these people are from Ohio, are wealthy, are anxious to hear a minister, and would contribute liberally to his support. Perryville is situated in one of the finest parts of the State, is growing fast, has but one organized Church, and would be a fine situation for a Lutheran minister. No German is needed at this place, nor at Attica.

“While at this place, I heard of a settlement of Lutherans in Fountain county, but could not visit them in consequence of bad roads and high water.

“From Perryville, I intended to go to Chicago, on Lake Michigan, where there are many Germans; but the roads were so bad, and the weather became so severe, that I thought it best, after having obtained advice from others, not to venture on this journey. I therefore crossed the Grand Prairie, and touched on the Illinois River at Fort Clark. This was the most wearisome journey I made in my whole tour. It was of six days' length, across the prairies of Illinois, which are so extensive and bleak, that the violence of the wind and the intensity of the cold are almost insupportable during the winter months. Sometimes for twelve or twenty miles, the traveler sees no house, nor tree, nor shrub—nothing but a vast, extensive

plain, on which wanders the lonely wolf and the beautiful deer.

“The first settlement of Lutherans I found in Illinois, is seven miles north of Peoria, on Farm Creek. In this neighborhood there are about sixty families of European Germans, twelve of whom are Lutherans, and the rest Mennonites. These people were visited by Rev. Mr. Heyer, in the spring of 1836. I continued with them five days, visited most of the families, preached twice, confirmed one, administered the Lord's Supper to twenty-nine, and baptized four infants. These people were hungry for the bread of life, and it was pleasant to break it unto them. On both days, the Lord was evidently with us, and blessed his ordinances and the preaching of his word to those that enjoyed them. These people formerly met on the Sabbath for Divine worship; but this excellent practice they have relinquished. They wish their thanks to be given to the Synod, for the kindness which has been manifested in ministering to their spiritual wants; and they earnestly petition for more ministerial aid.

“From this, I went fourteen miles further north, where I found about fifteen members of our Church on Blue Creek, some Europeans and Virginians. With these people I remained two days, preached twice in a cabin, administered the Lord's Supper to

eleven persons, and baptized three infants. This settlement had never before been visited by a German minister.

“While here, I heard of more members of our Church. Black Partridge, Hennepin and Attawa, are said to be settlements of Lutherans; and at the latter place, I was credibly informed, there are upward of a hundred members. These people are very anxious to have a minister. I would have visited them had it not been so late in the season; but the weather and roads were such at this time, that it would have been dangerous for a stranger to attempt the journey. I therefore resolved to go south, and first visited Peoria, a flourishing town, situated at the mouth of a lake of the same name. In this place I found about twenty communicant members of our Church, who had never been visited by a missionary. I continued among them one week, preached five times, and baptized two infants. If a minister would locate in this place, he could preach for the settlements above mentioned, and would thus have a large field of labor and of usefulness. Into this part of the State, many Germans will yet emigrate; and therefore it is important that these people should be attended to.

“From this place, I traveled twenty miles southeast, and reached a settlement on the Mackinaw River, eight miles from Pekin. I arrived here about

the 20th of December. The weather became suddenly so excessively cold, that I had to continue two weeks in this neighborhood. During this time, I found fourteen members, all Europeans. I preached for them five times, baptized six infants, and administered the Lord's Supper to nine persons. These people greatly need the constant preaching of the gospel, for the majority are very indifferent about their salvation.

"I next visited Beardstown, on the Illinois River. It was now the 7th of January. In this place and its neighborhood were about two hundred and fifty Germans, mostly Protestants. Here I unexpectedly met the Rev. W. Bolenius, from West Pennsylvania, who came to this place last July, and has organized two congregations, to which he now attends. Wickedness abounds here to an alarming extent: the Sabbath I was there, four hundred hogs were slaughtered, and this, I have been told, is of frequent occurrence. I hope and pray our dear brethren will do all they can to save these people from their immorality and wickedness. I continued here but two days, and preached twice.

"I now left the Illinois River, and visited Quincy, on the Mississippi. This town and its vicinity have about sixty families of European Germans, mostly Protestants. They are, like many others in the West,

entirely destitute of gospel ordinances, though they are a people who rightly appreciate and value the privileges of religion, and greatly desire the stated means of grace. They were much deceived last summer by a certain Mr. Hohnholtz, who came among them in the garb of a Lutheran minister. They received him with open arms, supposing him to be what he professed. But it was soon discovered that he was a notorious drunkard and liar, and, by his wicked deeds, he brought himself into prison. He is still strolling through the West, a deceiver of the people. With the people of Quincy, I spent ten days, visited most families, preached six times, delivered a lecture on temperance, and baptized four infants.

“From Quincy, I went to Alton, having been previously informed that some Germans resided there. On my way to this place, I found five or six families of European Germans, living in the vicinity of Atlas, on Snycarte River, Pike county. I did not stop to preach to these people, as I resolved to return; but circumstances frustrated my design.

“At Palmyra, in Missouri, there are eight or ten families of European Germans. I had the great pleasure of finding the Rev. N. Rieger at Alton. This gentleman came last summer from the Basle Missionary Institute, for the purpose of laboring among his countrymen in the Valley of the Mississippi. He has

spent the winter in this place, where there are about sixty Germans, most of them unmarried, and not permanent residents. He intends to enter into another field in the spring. He seems to be a man of the right spirit, having a love for souls, and is willing to labor for their salvation.

“In St. Clair county, there are more Germans than in any other county in the West. I did not, however, visit those settlements, and the reason was, because the report which your former missionary gave of their disposition and character so displeased many of them, that a missionary in the service of your Synod would scarcely find a reception among them, and much less be beneficial to them. This they have avowed in the public prints. Mr. Rees, from Basle, is located in this country, and is doing much good.

“The next place I visited was St. Louis. Here I became acquainted with the Rev. G. W. Wall, who came from Basle in company with Rev. Mr. Rieger. The congregation at St. Louis has no pastor at this time; Mr. Wall preaching only as a supply. But I suppose he will soon be elected, and become their regular minister. This congregation is large, there being about four hundred communion members. For some time past, they have worshiped in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and are doing so yet: but they intend to build a house for themselves next summer.

Recently a Sabbath-school has been organized in the Presbyterian Church, for the benefit of the Germans. It already numbers one hundred and twenty-five scholars. Here they are taught the English language, and also made acquainted with the gospel. Children and adults attend.

“From St. Louis, I purposed going to St. Charles, and then up the Missouri as far as Boonesville; but I was informed that Messrs. Heyer and Nioce, who were sent into this country by the Bannen Missionary Society of Germany, were now laboring in St. Charles, and the surrounding country. I was also credibly informed that the Rev. Mr. Garlich was actively engaged in a German settlement at Pinkney and Marthasville; and I, therefore, did not deem it necessary for me to visit that part of the State. The Rev. Mr. Picker is located in a German settlement on Apple Creek, and I hope is doing good. At St. Louis, I met with Rev. Mr. Posthauer, a licentiate of your body, who was on his way to Jonesboro', in Union county. Thus, all the German settlements in this section of country, of which I had any certain information, being supplied, I found I could now close my tour without liability of censure. I was anxious to close at this point for two reasons: 1st. I was by this time completely worn out by the various hardships of my journey; 2d. I had determined to

return to the West, and make it my future field of labor. In this, however, I have been disappointed. I reached my home about the 1st of March, after having been engaged six months in your service.

“The following statements are a summary of my mission: I traveled, at a moderate computation, three thousand miles; preached eighty sermons, and lectured frequently; baptized twenty-four; confirmed one; administered the Lord’s Supper to thirty communicants; collected for missionary purposes, \$38 56.

“The results of this mission, which cost me so much toil and anxiety of mind, eternity alone can fully unfold. My earnest prayer has always been, that my labors may be useful to those to whom I was sent to minister.

“I would now, in conclusion, beg leave to suggest to your body, not to assign to your future missionary so large a field of labor. The people in the West have been imposed upon by unworthy men. This has made them suspicious of strangers; and every man who comes among them, however good his credentials, must remain some time before he can secure their confidence. A man who has three States to traverse, cannot stay long in one place: he cannot become acquainted with the character and wants of the people; and though he may preach the truth faithfully, the impression seems evanescent.

“I would also recommend that your next missionary be directed to pay particular attention to the State of Missouri; for it is highly probable, that within its bounds there are many Germans who have never been visited.

“May the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls abundantly bless and prosper you in this great and important enterprise, is the prayer of your humble servant.

EZRA KELLER.

“*May* 24, 1837.”

CHAPTER V.

HIS MINISTRY AT TANEYTOWN.

Enters his first charge with a deep sense of his responsibilities—Chronic affection—Obliged to cease preaching—Birth of his first-born—Death of same—Death of his sister—Wife's illness—Distressed by the wickedness of the ungodly—Conference at Woodsboro'—Preciousness of the doctrine of atonement—Death of a missionary—Edified by reading the life of Dr. Spener.

AFTER his return from Lancaster he commenced making arrangements to enter upon his duties in his new field of labor. He moved to Taneytown, Carroll county, Md., on the 1st of June, 1837. This was his first pastoral charge, and he entered it deeply impressed with the weighty responsibilities which he was assuming. That such were the feelings of his heart is indicated by the following brief record, made in his journal the day following: "O Lord, my spirit is greatly burdened with the responsibilities of a minister and pastor! Strengthen me, that I may be useful among this people."

The charge at this time was composed of four congregations: one in Taneytown, one in Emmitsburg, and two in the country. For a minister in a feeble state of health, the work was consequently very

arduous. That it was too severe for Mr. Keller, the sequel will show.

During the first summer he applied himself with fidelity to the various duties of his sacred office. In the month of October, the Maryland Synod met at Emmitsburg. At this meeting his ordination took place, as is stated in his journal:

“*Oct. 17, 1837.* This evening I was ordained to the holy ministry, in connection with Rev. F. Springer and Rev. C. Martin. It was a very solemn occasion. It is the firm purpose of my heart to preach and labor as a minister who handles not the word of God deceitfully.”

On the 22d of April, 1838, he administered the Lord's Supper to one of the congregations of his charge. The occasion was one of great solemnity. In his own soul feelings of sadness mingled with emotions of joy. “To-day,” he says, “it became my painful necessity to announce to my people that I must for the present desist from preaching on account of the state of my health. I have had an affection of the throat ever since my return from the West. Last month it proved to be a permanent and violent inflammation of the larynx, which is threatening the destruction of my bodily constitution. This was a severe trial to my feelings. For me to cease preaching, is to cease to be happy. Whether, in the provi-

dence of God, I shall be able to resume this delightful work, is considered doubtful by my physician. I am no longer able to converse with ease and comfort. I was obliged to request my people not to call and see me, as conversation with them might prove very injurious to me. O Lord, give me grace to endure this trial of affliction."

May 22d was the birthday of his first-born son, which he mentions as a day of joy to both parents. On the day of his birth this child was solemnly dedicated to the Lord, with the fervent prayer, "O may he live before thee!" But how short-lived the joy occasioned by this event! How like to much of earthly joy! A few short weeks, and suddenly all their expectations are cut off. June 10th was a day of sadness in his household. The record made on the evening of this day reads thus: "We have just returned from the burial of our dear babe, who died this morning, after much apparent suffering from violent spasms. He fell asleep gently this fair Sabbath morning, and thus entered that fairer Sabbath on high. I could never fully realize, before this, how severe such a bereavement is. I read to his mother the history of David's child who, in the providence of God, was taken from him." In connection with this allusion to the death of his first-born infant son, the following lines are inserted in his journal:

Thou art gone, my precious one!
Gone to the spirit land!
Methinks I see thee there,
Amid the angelic band;
Removed from earth away,
Ere a tear had dimm'd thine eyes,
To live and sing and stray
'Mid the flowers of Paradise.

But I would not call thee back
To sin, and grief, and pain,
To tread life's thorny path
With her sorrowing sons again;
For it is a cheerless ray,
And a thousand ills are near,
And every joy its sadness hath,
And every smile its tear.

Thou art gone!—thy laughing eye
Shall beam no more for me—
No more thy mother's heart shall wake
To that voice of childish glee;
And he who blessed thee oft,
His future pride and joy,
No more shall twine thy sunny curls,
And bless his darling boy.

Yet that eye of love again
On my longing sight shall beam,
And the little hand shall clasp my own,
In my soothing nightly dream.
And oft that thrilling tone
Will haunt my soul at even,
When I sit and weep alone,
Like a spirit's voice from heaven.

Farewell, my gentle boy!
Soft be thy cradle bed,
And soft the winds that sigh
At eve around thy head!
Sweet be the early flowers
That spring upon thy breast;
And kind and true the angel bands
That guard thy lonely rest.

After he had quit preaching, his health continued to decline. Advised by some of his friends, he went to the city of Baltimore, with the hope of there finding a physician by whose skillful treatment his health might be restored.

“*Baltimore City, Aug. 15.* I am here in search of medical aid. As I found no relief from other expedients, I concluded yesterday to have my uvula amputated. The operation was performed by Dr. Smith; it was exceedingly painful. I am now so much reduced that I am unable to walk without a staff; I am dwindled away to a mere skeleton, and feel very gloomy and disconsolate. I intend to return home to my dear afflicted wife as soon as I am able; but perhaps I shall not enjoy this privilege. ‘Lord, spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.’”

How soon this pleasure was afforded him, we are not informed; his next entry is dated Oct. 10, and reads as follows: “I have returned from Baltimore,

but my throat is not improved. Last week I resolved to try the efficacy of the Thompsonian or Botanic Practice; under its influence I have been improving, and have now the hope of being restored to health. I am now convinced that my disease has its origin in a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, and a disturbed circulation of my blood." His journal does not inform us whether he continued to make use of the remedies of that system of medicine; but he seems from this period gradually to have recovered his usual degree of health.

"*Nov. 5.* Yesterday I preached for the first time since the month of April; my health is much better, and I hope I shall be able to preach again without interruption. I felt very happy in delivering the message of my Master to lost sinners, and very thankful in the enjoyment of this blessed privilege. During my sickness I learned many lessons, which I trust, if my life be spared, will hereafter render me more useful.

"*Dec. 8, 1838.* To-day my only sister, Elizabeth Derr, was buried. On the evening of the 6th, a messenger arrived, having come in great haste to inform me that she was ill, bearing the request that I should visit her immediately, as she was very anxious to see me. I was still under medical treatment, lying upon my couch, weak and emaciated. To me this was

doleful news, for it was a dark and dreary night. I started early the next morning, but ere I reached home, I learned that she had died before the arrival of the messenger, very anxious to see me before her departure from earth. They deferred sending for me to so late an hour, on account of the feelings of my father toward me. Her death occurred in the twenty-sixth year of her life; she was married about two years previous to her decease; she left a babe a fortnight old—a sweet babe, who was dedicated to God in holy baptism on the day of its mother's burial. Dear sister, I am distressed for thee. 'Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.' She felt very much opposed to my locating in the West, because she could not bear the thought of so distant a separation from me; and yet how soon we had to be separated for life, without even a parting word or prayer. Could I but have been present to take an affectionate farewell and commend her soul in prayer to God! It is a source of consolation that she died with a good hope, through grace, of salvation. About two years previous to this event she made a profession of the Christian religion, and from that period she gave satisfactory evidence of increasing piety; her end was peace. In heaven again I expect to meet her, where the separations of death will be unknown. But not-

withstanding these blessed hopes, the burden of such a bereavement is very great to me in the enfeebled state of my health. The good fruits of such afflictions our Heavenly Father permits us in some measure to taste already here below. It was so in the death of my dear sister. It was made the occasion of my father's reconciliation to me. To-day he spoke to me the first *friendly* word for six years; the *first word* for *some* years, although I was often at his house. Thus how true is it, that blessings come with afflictions. Could sister have known this, as one of the results of her separation from us, what a cause of rejoicing would it not have been to her pious soul!

"Feb. 17, 1839. A few days ago my wife became so severely afflicted that her life was despaired of; it was a gloomy day to me. Having already supplicated the throne of grace in her behalf, I went into my study, and again poured out my soul in prayer to Almighty God; when I returned to her room I found a happy change had suddenly taken place; I confidently believe the Lord heard my prayer, and spared her life in answer to my earnest supplications. Thanks be unto his excellent Name, for his goodness and loving kindness to me.

"Since November last, I have been able to preach but once a week; but I hope my Master will give me strength to labor more abundantly for his glory.

“*June 10, 1839.* One year has now rolled into eternity since my dear little Martin Luther died. He has now been one year with our blessed Saviour in heaven. O! may I, at the close of my years on earth, meet him with great joy in yonder bright and glorious world which he has so soon been called to enter.

“*Nov. 29, 1839.* My wife was partially, but not entirely restored to health. In May last, I took her to her father’s house, to try other medical treatment. Near the close of August, she became convalescent, and in September, she gained strength sufficient to walk alone.

“Our second child, a daughter, was born on the 15th day of October. She seems to be a fine, healthy child, for which we have great reason to rejoice and be thankful.

“To-day, I was permitted to bring my dear wife home again, which, in consequence of her long-continued and severe illness, I had almost utterly despaired of. But the Lord, in his great goodness, has interposed, that I might not have sorrow upon sorrow. I am once more permitted to feel at home in my own house, which had, for so long a time, been desolate and gloomy.

“*Dec. 8.* It is now just one year since my dear sister died. Why has it been, O Lord! that I am spared longer than she? Doubtless, by thy special

favor, in order that I might be useful to thy needy Church. O! may I be enabled to live, so as to accomplish this great and important end.

“*Jan. 1, 1840.* To-day, I attended a temperance convention in Westminster, where I delivered an address. A county temperance society was organized. May it be an instrument, in the hand of Providence, in checking and rolling back the tide of intemperance now sweeping over our beloved land, and carrying its thousands annually into the tomb!

“My fervent prayer to Almighty God, on this, the first day of the new year, is, that I may be more useful during the present than the former years of my life.

“Since I located in Taneytown, up to the present date, I have preached two hundred and seventeen times; attended thirty-two funerals, at many of which I preached in both the English and German languages; confirmed one hundred and eighty-seven; baptized eighty-six infants, and eleven adults.

“*Jan. 5.* To-day, I preached twice, and enjoyed much freedom and comfort in proclaiming the gospel to perishing sinners.

“*Jan. 10.* Last evening, I preached at the private residence of one of my members, on the subject of prayer meetings. I have, during the last eight or ten days, enjoyed the blessed consolations of piety more

copiously and constantly than usual during the past few months. I have been reading Albert Barnes' Notes on 1, Corinthians, which I find exceedingly valuable. The examination, by the aid of these Notes, of the tenth chapter, has been very profitable to me. Holiness, pure benevolence, and consequent self-denial, that he might, by all means, save some, were the distinguishing traits of Paul's character. O! that the same dispositions may characterize my life and ministry. I thirst for more love to God, and more love for blood-bought souls. I feel that I am 'bought with a price, and should therefore glorify God in my body and spirit, which are his.'

"*Jan. 12.* This is the Holy Sabbath, and I have twice published the gospel of good tidings to men. I have not had as vivid and deep impressions of the importance of spiritual things as on some previous Sabbaths. My desires for the salvation of men's souls are too languid. We had visitors from abroad, who tarried with us over Sabbath. The house of worship was cold, and the people were not comfortable. These may have been some of the causes of my improper state of mind. I would, however, feel ashamed to present these to my Judge as a proper ground of justification. Alas! how soon are we unfit for duty! how strong is the tempter's power! and how deceitful and desperately wicked are our depraved hearts! O Lord!

pardon thy servant in this thing, although he be unworthy.

“*Jan. 14.* To-day, I preached a funeral sermon at the interment of ———, who died at the age of thirty-three years. His sickness was but of six days. I am afraid he was unprepared for the eternal world; his relations are exceedingly wicked. How sad for his poor family! Surely ‘man was made to mourn.’ One of his neighbors was so much intoxicated that it became necessary to lead him out of the church during the funeral services: into what an alarming depth of degradation has not sin brought man!

“*Jan. 20.* During the last several days, I have been very much distressed by the ungodliness of the wicked in our community. The recent fall of snow has afforded a most favorable opportunity for the indulgence of their unholy desires and passions. A few nights ago, the quiet of our village was disturbed by a large gathering to participate in the exercises of a fashionable ball. For the second time during this season, we have now been afflicted with this evil, which is prevailing so alarmingly all around us. What Christian heart is not pained by these scenes of profligacy and crime! With the Psalmist, I feel ready to exclaim, ‘Rivers of waters run down my eyes, because they keep not thy law.’

“Yesterday, I was enabled to preach with comfort

to myself, and, I hope, with profit to my hearers. I felt, as I humbly trust, the momentous importance of the truth I uttered. May the Holy Spirit seal it upon the hearts of the audience.

“*Jan. 26.* During the morning exercises of this day, my heart seemed hard: God appeared to have withdrawn his presence. In the afternoon, I enjoyed the visits of his love, and was consequently prepared to preach with seriousness and considerable power. The power was of God.

“*Feb. 3.* In proclaiming the gospel of glad tidings to perishing sinners to-day, I enjoyed much pleasure. O! what a glorious work is not that of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

“*Feb. 5.* I have just returned from the funeral of a young lady, who, after the brief illness of three days, was summoned into the presence of her Maker and Judge. How suddenly are we cut down! and yet what faint impressions these solemn providences leave upon our minds!

“*Feb. 7.* To-day, I baptized an infant, who departed this life a few hours after it had been consecrated to Almighty God. Happy child! thou hast been removed from the evil to come — thou hast been gathered home to the sanctified in heaven!

“On the day above mentioned, I went to Woodsboro’ to a conference meeting, at which I remained

two days. During this meeting, I preached four times; I had great freedom of utterance, and the word preached seemed to prosper. The Lord's people were much revived and comforted, and the hard hearts of many of the wicked seemed to relent. As I was leaving W., to return home, the church bell tolled, in solemn peals, for the departure of an immortal spirit; which led my mind to ponder the solemn question of my own fitness for a dying hour. As the result of this self-examination, I came to the conclusion that I had not that full assurance of faith which I might and should have. I resolved to be more sincere, and more indifferent to the opinions of men in the discharge of my duty.

"*Feb. 14.* This evening, we had a most terrific thunder-storm; the earth seemed to be covered with a vast sheet of lightning, and the house trembled to its foundation. How terrible the power of God appears to guilty man!

"*Feb. 16.* In preaching the Word to-day, I had considerable enjoyment; but still I did not realize spiritual and eternal things as I could wish. I find great difficulty in looking my hearers in the face, which seems to be a hindrance to the success of the gospel. Why this difficulty, I cannot tell; I am sure 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ,' for I have felt it to be the 'power of God unto salvation.' I will

endeavor, by the grace of God, to overcome this impediment, which may be a device of the Evil One.

“*Feb.* 20. To-day, it is unusually warm for this season of the year. This evening we have heard, for the first time, the croaking of the frogs, since their longbrumalsleep. How cheering to behold the symptoms of reanimation at the approach of the beauteous vernal season. It presents us with a lively emblem of the resurrection of the body. Long will many have slept in their graves, ignorant of the scenes which have been transpiring on the earth; but on that blessed morn, they shall come forth clothed with new life and beauty, with songs of praise to meet their Lord and Saviour.

“*Feb.* 23. I have felt happy in my weak endeavors to perform the duties of my sacred office to-day; my soul enjoyed a heavenly calmness and serenity in contemplating and preaching upon the great subject of *atonement* through *Jesus Christ*. I find this doctrine to be, not only the *corner-stone* of the system of Divinely revealed truth, but likewise the most *edifying* and *consolatory* of all truths.

“Last Friday, I went to Gettysburg, to attend the anniversary of one of the literary societies connected with my Alma Mater. The exercises were highly gratifying. May the Lord continue to bless and prosper this institution.

“This morning, I was greatly distressed by reading an account of the death of the Rev. W. Pease, an American missionary to Cyprus, a man who has been very useful, although quite young—but a year older than myself. He left a wife and two children to mourn his early decease. How very mysterious the ways of Providence! and how we are admonished, by such providences, of the necessity of being always ready for our ‘latter end!’ But, alas! how slow we are to learn the lessons our Heavenly Father would teach us.

“*Feb. 27.* I discoursed to-day (morning and evening) on the important subject of repentance. I had much freedom of spirit and facility of utterance. In the afternoon, we were all bathed in tears: the good Spirit doubtless aided us. O, that blessed Spirit! without him, we would not be effectually called, nor illuminated, nor justified, nor sanctified. How delightful it is to preach and hear when he is present with us! Without his presence, preaching is a task, hearing is dull, and worship is lifeless. May he ever control my thoughts and feelings, and guide me in my study, and preaching, and conduct, to the glory of the blessed Trinity.

“I have lately been much edified in reading the life of Dr. Philip Spener, of Germany, a devoted and useful minister of the gospel. I will endeavor

hereafter to observe one rule which he had adopted, namely—‘To make no efforts to enter a new pastoral charge; not to regard it as a divine call, unless it comes without my seeking.’

“*Feb.* 28. To-day I preached a sermon at the burial of Mr. Wolf, who retired to his bed in good health, and died a few moments afterward. How soon are we cut down! Truly we are as the grass, and as the flower of the field!

“*March* 4. I have just returned from a visit to my father. He is fast declining in mental and bodily vigor, but it was a matter of rejoicing to me to find him much improved in his spiritual state. May the Lord prepare him for the solemn change of death. I lodged one night in the room where my dear sister died fourteen months ago; it was a sleepless night; my mind was exercised with gloomy reflections; her image was before my excited imagination; my grief-stricken heart bled afresh. The flesh indeed is weak. But how precious the promise of a resurrection from the tomb to everlasting life. It is this that brings comfort amid the most painful bereavements of earth.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS MINISTRY AT TANEYTOWN.

His ministry at Taneytown—Enjoys sweet communion with God—Reads life of Henry Martyn—Of David Brainerd—Flavel on Keeping the Heart—Death of his father-in-law—Resolutions—Thoughts about his own death—Death in the community—Escape from danger—Delightful communion season—Special presence of Holy Spirit—Call to Hagerstown—Valedictory Sermons.

“*March 8.* To-day has been a beautiful Sabbath, and I have enjoyed a sweet Sabbath in my soul. ‘Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.’ What an incalculable blessing he has given us in the gospel, its doctrines and its precepts, its institutions and its ordinances. May I hunger and thirst after righteousness, that I may be filled—filled with the riches of his grace and love in Christ Jesus. I have just visited a man, poor in this world’s goods, but rich in grace; he rejoices greatly in the love of God, and deeply laments that so few taste the heavenly gift and the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come. I found his cabin an antechamber of heaven. Like the disciple on the mount of transfiguration, I felt it was good to be there.

“Monday, March 16. I had great comfort this morning in reading and meditating upon the sacred Scriptures ; I was enabled yesterday to preach with unusual solemnity, while many of the audience were bathed in tears. Through divine grace I was brought to appreciate the importance of the Christian religion. I had great joy in this morning’s devotions, in committing anew the gospel preached yesterday to the blessing of God.

“I have just finished reading the Biography of Rev. Henry Martyn, missionary to India and Persia. He was born in 1812, the same year from which my own birth-day dates. My heart was much benefited by the perusal of this book. How slender are my attainments in self-denial, piety and holiness, compared with those of this eminent saint! My confidence in the fulfillment of God’s promise, never to leave or forsake those who put their trust and confidence in him, was greatly increased ; my affection for the poor, deluded heathen was greatly revived ; I am resolved to do more for them in the future than in the past. If ever, hereafter, I should feel that it is the will of Providence that my life should be devoted to their salvation, I will not withhold the offering. I would now rather be publishing salvation in benighted India, than in gospel-hardened America. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!

“April 1. A few days ago I was made very sorrowful by hearing of the extreme illness of my father-in-law ; under the crushing power of disease, he was suddenly brought to the gates of death. We hastened to his abode, anxious to see him ere he breathed his last ; although somewhat improved, we found him quite ill on our arrival.

“On Sabbath, March 29, I had no opportunity of preaching the gospel, which was a source of painful disappointment and deep sorrow to my soul.

“I have just been apprised of the death of Lewis Rontzong, Esq., who died among strangers, in Iowa Territory, on the 12th of February. He had been my friend and associate in boyhood and study, and at one time intended to devote himself to God, in the gospel ministry ; he changed his purpose, however, and devoted himself to the legal profession, which change I fear shortened his days and hindered his usefulness.

“I have just finished the perusal of the life of David Brainerd, by which I trust I have been greatly benefited. He was a godly man, and ended his life in peace. May I be a sharer in his spirit, and favored with his success !

“I have also read that excellent treatise of Flavel, entitled ‘Keeping the Heart.’ I have recently enjoyed great comfort in secret prayer ; I have resolved to meditate and pray more in my closet. May I have

Divine assistance in the performance of this duty. I long to be useful in leading precious souls to Jesus, and at the appointed time brought into his presence in glory.

“*April 6.* I was obliged to take a very decided position at a meeting of my Church Council; an effort was made to nominate ungodly, non-communicant members as candidates for some of the offices, which I could by no means suffer. The course I pursued proved offensive to a goodly number of persons. I feel comfortable, however, under the conviction of having acted conscientiously. In the afternoon service my soul rejoiced in my Saviour’s manifest presence.

“*April 18.* I returned yesterday from the funeral of my father-in-law. I was with him during the five days previous to his death; he continued gradually to decline, until Monday evening, April 13, at 8½ o’clock, when he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. This was the first death scene of an adult I ever witnessed; on account of him who was called away, as well as on account of the great solemnity of such an occasion, I shall never forget it. During his illness, I had frequent conversations with him respecting his preparation for death, which he expected to be the result of his illness; he seemed not only *willing*, but also *prepared* to die. Often did he say, ‘When I look at *myself*, it seems impossible that *one so vile as I*

should be *saved*; but when I look at *Christ*—at what he did and promised—it also seems impossible that I should be *lost*.' What most troubled him, was a want of faith in the promises of Christ, or what he called a *tangible* token of acceptance with God; he once, in my hearing, prayed for such a token, and then asked me if he did not ask too much of God. I replied that, in my opinion, he did; that he should trust in the promise of Christ, which would certainly be fulfilled. Early on Monday morning he recovered his reason, of which he had been deprived during the night; he was told that he could not live long, to which he calmly listened, and then requested me to give him all the instruction he yet needed. This request, from the lips of a dying man, made me feel more deeply than ever the unspeakable importance of the ministerial office. To his physician he said, the morning before, 'Pray for me, that we may at last meet in heaven.' He now bade farewell to all who were present, with a word of parting advice. At last he bade farewell to his own family, unable any longer to speak. The mortal struggle now commenced, which was soon over. He was calm and resigned at this tremendous moment.

'The angel of the covenant
Had come, and faithful to his promise stood
Prepared to walk with him thro' death's dark vale.'

His eyes, which were intently fixed now upon me, and anon upon the members of his beloved family, retained their brightness to the last.

‘They set, as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened West, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.’

Thus died this beloved servant of God; having been an ‘upright man, his end was peace.’ In view of his death, I have deliberately and sincerely adopted the following resolutions, which I trust, by the help of God, I shall be able to practice:

“1. With the uncertainty of life and the solemnity of death so vividly before my eyes, I anew devote myself to God, and will heartily seek to secure my own salvation, and that of my fellow-men.

“2. I will earnestly strive to imitate the meekness and gentleness of Christ, for which my departed friend was so much distinguished, and in whom I saw the great excellency and usefulness of these graces even in his dying moments.

“3. I will strive by all proper means to obtain a fuller assurance of my personal acceptance with God, and a greater degree of familiarity with death and eternity, that when that trying hour shall come, I may not be perplexed with doubts nor harassed by tormenting fears.

“And now, O thou Spirit of the living God, aid thy unworthy servant to practice the above resolutions, that he may glorify God on earth, in death enjoy thy rich consolations, and then be brought into the blessed fruition of eternal life. Thou knowest my frailty and waywardness, and therefore I implore thy guidance and protection, not only during life, but also through the valley and shadow of death. Sanctify me in body and soul, and use me for thy glory. Amen.”

Here were inserted in his journal the following sweet lines of Montgomery:

Friend after friend departs :

Who hath not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end !

Were this frail world our final rest,

Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond the reign of death,

There surely is some blessed clime

Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affections transient fire,

Whose sparks fly upward and exvire.

There is a world above,

Where parting is unknown,

A long eternity of love,

Form'd for the good alone ;

And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

“April 20. This is Easter, which calls up the precious truth of a risen Saviour. During the past several days I have enjoyed much spiritual comfort in communion with my Heavenly Father. I have sometimes had a strong desire to attain unto the resurrection of the dead. I oftentimes feel quite tired of the world, and were it not for my family and the cause of my blessed Master, I could most earnestly pray with the Psalmist, ‘O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest.’ But conscious that my life is at the disposal of him who doeth all things well, I will patiently wait till my change shall come.

“Our annual election of church officers occurred to-day. My heart was sorely pained by a movement which I discovered connected with this election. An effort was made by the wicked to have persons elected who would not heartily co-operate with me in promoting the cause of temperance and godliness. I came home and obtained some relief in a

flood of tears. O Lord! permit not the wicked to triumph.

“*April 27.* In the labors of the pulpit, yesterday, I enjoyed much comfort. The subject upon which I discoursed was justification by faith. This is that glorious doctrine which stands forth so prominent in the system of Protestant Christianity. It was this blessed doctrine that Luther brought forth out of the darkness in which a corrupt priesthood had for ages buried it.

“The recollection of my departed father-in-law still brings sad and gloomy thoughts into my mind; but sad as this dispensation of Divine Providence may be, I trust it will not be without its lessons of profit. I trust that now another cord which bound me to earth has been severed, and another object of attraction has been placed in the world of glory to draw me thitherward.

“*May 2.* To-day we celebrated the dying love of our blessed Redeemer, in that solemn ordinance instituted by him. To many of us it was a season of humble gratitude and sincere rejoicing. If to commune with Jesus on earth, where we can see him only by the eye of faith, be so sweet, what will be the sweetness of the heavenly communion, where we shall see him face to face, and bask in the full sunshine of his love.

“My dear companion has passed through a season of bodily affliction, at one period of which her life was in great peril. She is now measurably restored to health, through the good providence of God. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction.’ I have lately, more than ever before, seen the vanity of all earthly things, and I hope my heart, to some extent, is becoming weaned from perishable objects. The thoughts of heaven afford more sweetness to my soul—the expectation of celestial joys pours a thrill of delight into my longing heart.

“*May 9.* My appointments to-day were filled by Bro. McCron, of Pittsburgh. My health during the last week has not been good. My wife has not entirely recovered from her illness. I have had some gloomy moments.

“*May 18.* We have just closed a conference meeting, which commenced on the 15th, at which the following brethren were present: R. Weiser, S. W. Harkey, and J. Harpel. We had a pleasant, interesting, and solemn meeting. I trust many souls have been awakened to a deeper concern about their personal salvation. May the fruits of the good seed which has here been sown appear in the eternal world.

“By the feebleness of my bedily frame, I am often admonished of an early departure from the scenes of earth. The thought, however, is not distressing to my mind. True, I feel a very deep sympathy for my family and the Church of my Redeemer, on whose account I ardently wish to live yet many years: but, nevertheless, through grace, I am enabled to say, ‘Thy will, O Lord! be done,’ by my life, or in my death.

“The memory of my deceased father-in-law is still very mournful to my soul. ‘I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.’

“*May 30.* Last Sabbath, I was denied the unspeakable privilege of preaching the gospel of glad tidings. On Saturday, I was taken quite ill; I was unable to leave my bed till Thursday. This sickness might have proved my last. While passing through the furnace of affliction, I was brought to realize the necessity of more diligent preparation for the critical hour of death. By every renewed attack of disease, I am reminded of this important duty; but my restoration to health is accompanied with the forgetfulness of the lesson I had learned. O! what a strange being I am—what a wonder to myself! The very things I most need and approve, I yet neglect.

O! when will this simple heart become wise. May this wholesome lesson be long remembered, and remembered to be reduced to practice.

“During the present week, four of the inhabitants of our village have been followed to the silent grave. Of the death of two of them, that invidious destroyer, Intemperance, was the cause. Of all God’s rebel creatures, one of them was, perhaps, among the most wicked; he was addicted to crimes of every hue and character. He died wholly indifferent to his spiritual interests: he cursed the pains that were hurrying him to the tomb; he died—I was about to say, as the brute dies—but, no, alas! a far deeper gloom hangs over his latter end.

“To-day, we celebrated the Lord’s Supper at Winter’s Church. We were favored with the assistance of Rev. John Reck, from Ohio. It was a season of great rejoicing in our midst. In my prayer, upon my knees, at the altar, before communion, I had great freedom of utterance, and near access to God. The soul, partaking of the nature of God, derives its nourishment from him alone.

“*June 2.* To-day, I fortunately escaped the kick of a vicious horse, which, in all probability, would have terminated my life. I shudder when I think of the fearful condition in which I was placed. That I escaped, not only with my life, but even without any

serious injury, I ascribe entirely to the good providence of God. To his great name be all the praise. How important to be always prepared for death; for in such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man may come.

“I have just been reading the life of one of the Christian martyrs of Mt. Lebanon. How sad and heart-rending the tale of his sufferings, endured for the truth, at the hands of cruel popish priests! Truly, *our* lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places; ours is a goodly heritage. May our distinguishing privileges soon be enjoyed by all our fallen race.

“*June 7.* I preached and administered the Lord’s Supper to the congregation at Emmitsburg. It was a most precious communion season to many of the children of God: it seemed to be a manifest verification of the promise of the Saviour to enter into the hearts of his people, and sup with them, while they experienced the unspeakable joy of supping with him.

“*June 8.* I preached a sermon on the subject of temperance at Uniontown, after which we organized a total-abstinence society, of seventy members. Intemperance is one of the great evils of our land, against which all Christians should set their faces, and for the abolition of which they should unite their influence and most vigorous efforts.

“*June 10.* It is now two years since our first-born

was gathered home to the society of the redeemed in heaven. What progress he has made—what happiness he has enjoyed—what glories he has seen, no finite mind is able here on earth to conceive. How long, O Lord! shall it be, till I shall be permitted to meet him in glory?

“*June 13.* Yesterday, I administered the eucharist to another of my congregations. In the observance of this ordinance, my own soul was greatly blessed, and others seemed equal partakers of the Divine blessing. To see so many members of sister denominations unite with us in celebrating our common Redeemer’s dying love, was a matter of great rejoicing to my heart. This was as it should be; I have no sympathy with the spirit of exclusiveness in the Supper of our blessed Lord and Master. If Christians will be united in the communion of heaven, I see no reason why they should be separated in the communion of earth.

“In preaching to my people on Sabbath afternoon, I enjoyed, in a more than usual degree, the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. I felt that the Saviour very appropriately called the Holy Ghost the *Comforter*. The comforts which he imparts so far exceed all other comforts, that he may well be designated *the Comforter*. That my hearers were also comforted and edified by the Word preached, I would fondly

cherish the hope. The evidences of the Divine presence were manifest in the attentive ear, the tearful eye, the joyful countenance, and the subdued feelings. That the Lord may abundantly glorify his Name, and save immortal souls, through the ministry of his unworthy servant, is my sincere, heartfelt prayer.

“*June 24.* By invitation, I preached, on last Sabbath, to the Lutheran congregation of Hagerstown, Md., which is at this time vacant. I was very kindly solicited to become the pastor of that flock; but I was not prepared hastily to decide a question of so much importance. I agreed, however, to submit the matter to disinterested persons, and abide their decision. My desire and prayer is, that the decision may be made under the guidance of that Wisdom which is from above, and so as to promote the glory of my Heavenly Father.

“*July 1.* For some days past, my health has not been very good. I have enjoyed considerable peace of mind, although the question of changing pastoral relations has perplexed me not a little.

“*July 6.* To-day, I feel quite feeble. I fear I have not physical strength enough to discharge the duties required in this vast field of labor. I, therefore, feel inclined to leave the dear people of my charge. This evening, I enjoyed great freedom in private prayer; my closet, I often find to be the

antechamber of heaven—a place where the thirsty soul is greatly refreshed with the dews of Divine grace.

“*July 8.* My health seems still to be on the decline. I sometimes am led to think that the time of my departure is near at hand. If it be the will of my Heavenly Father, be it so. May I only have faith in God to die in peace; may I but be counted worthy to enter the communion of the saints above. It need not seem strange that I should have a desire to depart, and be with Christ. I have the confident assurance that a number of my dear relatives and friends have gone thither—my dear and only sister, Elizabeth; my cousin, John Keller; my beloved father-in-law; and our first-born—our dear little Martin: blessed company!—thrice blessed babe! thou hast soon been called to return to our Heavenly Father’s blissful abode. May we at last meet thee there, and aid thee eternally in celebrating the praises of our great and glorious Redeemer.

“Last night, I had the pleasure of entertaining the Rev. M. Roberts, an agent of the American Bible Society. He is a truly devoted, godly man. The society in whose employ he labors is engaged in a work of vast importance. May it long exist to accomplish its appointed mission in our fallen world!

“*July 12.* This has been a Sabbath of rejoicing

to my soul. Although my body seems weak and perishing, I feel strengthened in the inner man. On Monday, I preached a funeral sermon, and followed the corpse of a fellow mortal to the silent tomb. What a deep solemnity gathers round the resting-place of the dead ! How full of hope and promise is the death of the Christian !

“*July* 16. To-day, I received formally a unanimous call from the congregation at Hagerstown. I have, after very prayerful consideration, accepted this call, and thus decided a question which has given me not a little perplexity of mind. This decision, I hope, was made in the fear and according to the will of God. The call was not one of my own seeking. I had, for some months, been revolving in my mind the question, whether, in consequence of the feeble state of my health, and the vast amount of labor required, it would not be best for me to resign my present charge. But, as no opening presented itself, I was content to labor on, to the utmost of my ability. This call has come near the expiration of the year. The charge at Hagerstown will not require much exposure to the inclemency of the weather. It is located in a healthy region, and affords a large field of usefulness. I have examined my motives ; I consulted disinterested persons of experience, all of whom advised me to make the change. I thought I

could perceive the leadings of Providence in the matter, and thus made up my mind with the conviction that I was following the path of duty. And now, O Lord ! I beseech thee, bless me in the step which I have taken. Cause it to result in the advancement of thy cause, and the promotion of thy glory. Keep me humble and faithful ; and may this, my dear people, soon be supplied with a suitable pastor.

“July 19. To-day I preached my farewell sermon to my people at Emmitsburg. This was a great trial to me, for I have many warm friends here ; but I received comfort from the hope of a reunion with them in heaven. How consolatory to know, that ‘there remaineth a rest to the people of God.’ May I, and those with whom I have this day dissolved the pastoral relation, have grace to labor more earnestly for that rest which remaineth for us.

“July 26. To-day I delivered my valedictory discourse at Taneytown and Winter’s Church. I have now passed through the painful struggle of tearing myself away from the beloved people of my first charge. Although the task be painful, I leave my people with many pleasing recollections of their kindness and friendship. Amid the cares and duties of future life, I shall love to look back upon these sunny spots in the history of the past.

“The impaired state of my health sometimes forces

the impression on my mind that my days on earth are rapidly drawing to a close. But I can cheerfully resign myself to the will of my Heavenly Father.

“*Middletown Valley, July 29.* I arrived here yesterday from Taneytown; I felt quite sick from the journey. To-day I feel considerably better. I found it a very sore trial to leave my former residence, where we had been both highly blessed and deeply afflicted. Thoughts of sadness crowded into my mind as I gazed for the last time upon the spot where sleeps our first-born babe. From the tomb where his body rests I was carried in imagination to yonder bright world above, where his spirit is completely happy with the sanctified of heaven.

“*Aug. 9.* I preached at St. John’s Church, where my lamented father-in-law is slumbering to await the scenes of the resurrection morn. The sight of the graveyard very deeply affected me, so that I was enabled to preach as a dying man to dying men.”

From the last two chapters it will be seen that Rev. E. Keller labored among the people of his first charge for the space of three years. Although his labors were considerably interrupted through bodily affliction, yet he accomplished much for the cause of his divine Master. He was faithful and efficient in the catechetical instruction of the young. The congregation at Taneytown enjoyed one extensive sea-

son of refreshing during his ministry. The other Churches were also visited with "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." His labors were abundantly blessed. He added to the Church adult members, by confirmation and baptism, upward of two hundred; and baptized about one hundred infants. He attended about forty funerals, at many of which he preached both in the German and English languages. He preached about four hundred sermons. These statistics, connected with his weekly and special lectures, and his pastoral labors, show that he was not an idler, but a workman in the vineyard of the Lord. Not only among his members, but in the community, he was universally esteemed. His loss was deeply felt.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Introductory sermon—Installation—Death of an infant daughter—Visits the sick at the Almshouse—Passes the graveyard at a late hour of the night—Recognition of friends in heaven—Meeting of Synod—Visit to Taneytown—Political excitement—Revival of religion—Father's illness—Brother's sickness and death.

“HAGERSTOWN, MD., *Aug.* 12, 1840. To-day I arrived at this place, and took up my residence in the parsonage of the Lutheran Congregation.

“*Aug.* 16. This morning I preached my introductory sermon to my people in my new field of labor. The occasion was one of deep solemnity. Our hearts were made to realize the presence of the Holy Spirit. May the Lord sanction the union of pastor and people formed this day; make us a great blessing to each other, and enable us to promote his glory!

“My installation as pastor of this congregation occurred on the 25th of August. My fervent prayer is that I may be faithful to the solemn obligations I have assumed.

“*Aug.* 28. Last night I preached at Bethel Church, for a congregation of colored people. I was

accompanied by Rev. R. Weiser. We had a delightful meeting. The illiterate and neglected oftentimes appreciate and relish the truths of the gospel more than those who are more highly favored.

“Our dear little infant daughter is quite ill. I have gone to my Heavenly Father in prayer, and asked him, if in accordance with his will, that her life might be spared.

“*Aug. 31.* I have just been weeping over the cold remains of our little loved one, who died about 7 o'clock yesterday morning. She departed this life on a fair Sabbath morn, as did her little infant brother two years ago. Her sickness continued but three days, during which she suffered much, yet with great patience. She furnished a lesson of profit to those of us of maturer years, who become impatient under the hand of affliction. She was a lovely child—rather precocious in the development of her intellect. That she might not become an idol to my heart, I put forth my utmost exertions, and yet I am not sure that I entirely succeeded. So painful to me is her death that I can scarcely bear it with composure. A wound has been opened which I fear is destined long to smart and bleed. Let me not say *long*, for soon I shall meet my angelic babes in their celestial abode, where death shall never interrupt our union. If God's will be so, my heart responds, let this blessed

meeting soon occur! My longing for the communion of the saints above is becoming more and more ardent. May the world never become the object of my affections, but may I continually seek my rest in heaven!

“*Sept. 3.* I have just been contemplating the New Jerusalem, as represented in the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Revelations. What a happy, glorious place is revealed when beheld through the figure by which its dazzling splendors are disclosed to our finite conceptions! The consciousness that my dear departed ones are among its happy inmates, is a great comfort to my mind. How much better than here on earth is their situation now in their disembodied angelic state! And how much greater yet will be their glory and happiness, when their beautiful forms will be raised from their graves and reunited with their undying spirits. As I contemplate them, as they are, I become tired of earth. This morning I feel quite homesick for heaven. May I ever be characterized by this pilgrim feeling—this longing after immortality! It is the desire of my soul not to set my affections on earthly objects, but to seek my home beyond the skies. ‘All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change shall come.’”

The following sweet lines were here placed in his journal:

THE SAINTED CHILD.

As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at Heaven's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.

It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod ;
O mourner, such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,
From a fair daughter's cheek,
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak ;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay—
THIS is a father's grief.

When languor, from her downy couch,
Has scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness, that comes with night,
Departs not with the day ;
To meet the fond, endearing smile,
That seeks with false relief
A while to calm his bursting heart—
THIS is a father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
 Its welcome music shed,
And find within its lowly halls
 The silence of the dead ;
To look unconsciously for *her*,
 The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys, and look *in vain*—
 THIS is a father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
 While life is ebbing fast ;
To mark that once illumin'd eye,
 With death's dull film o'er cast ;
To watch the struggle of the frame,
 When earth has no relief,
And hopes of heaven are breathed in vain—
 THIS is a father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
 And life is pain no more ;
Not when the dreary tomb has closed
 O'er her so lov'd before ;
Not then does kind oblivion come
 To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
 A father's rooted grief.

“*Sept. 6, Sabbath morn.* It is now a week since my sweet babe went to heaven. On a calm, bright morn, lovely as this, she passed through the valley of the shadow of death into a ‘fairer world on high,’ and now she is worshiping in the upper sanctuary, with the ‘spirits of just men made perfect.’ But we are yet in ‘the body of this death,’ worshiping in

temples made with hands, subject to the pains of disease and the pangs of bereavement. I would acquiesce in the arrangements of Divine Providence. I would not utter a murmuring complaint, if so be that I may at last join my sainted ones before the throne of Him who hath redeemed us with his own precious blood, and made us kings and priests unto God. The tendency of my thoughts and affections to earthly things is a great source of grief to me. Over the depravity of my heart I have oft to mourn. When I wish to do good, evil is present with me. Nevertheless I think I deeply abhor that which is evil, and sincerely love that which is good.

“Sept. 7. In preaching the Word to-day, I felt the presence of the Good Spirit, and was enabled to speak with great freedom and solemnity.

“Sept. 8. To-day I attended two funerals: the one a child, the other a Mr. S——, who died of intemperance. What fearful ravages this monster evil is making in our world! When shall its swelling tide be stayed, and its poisonous streams dried up?

“Sept. 10. To-day I buried a little girl, the daughter of Mr. Hageman. The sight of the coffin deeply affected my heart, and suffused my eyes with tears, as it brought up before my mind my dearly beloved and lamented one.

“Sept. 14. Yesterday, both morning and evening,

the preached gospel seemed to make a deep impression on the minds of the hearers. I felt devoid of the fear of man, and the love of self, and took shelter behind the Cross. Whatever success I may have had I ascribe to this source. The power was not in me, but in God alone.

“*Sept. 19.* I have just returned from the almshouse, where I found a mother, aged eighty-three years, and her daughter, in the same room. Both professed to be Christians, and seemed very glad to see me. The aged lady expressed a strong desire to depart, and be with the Lord. Of the expectation of that blessed moment, she spoke with joyful emotions. I rehearsed many of the precious promises of God’s Word to them, to which they listened with tears of joy and gratitude. After engaging in prayer with them, I took my departure, and so earnestly was God’s blessing invoked upon me by both of them, as to cause me to feel that it was a most precious privilege to ‘preach the gospel to the poor.’ By this neglected portion of the human family, religious truth is oftentimes most appreciated, and among them the gospel gains its easiest triumphs. I will endeavor to imitate my Divine Instructor, in availing myself of every suitable opportunity to minister to them in spiritual things.

“*Sept. 21.* In the preaching of God’s Word, on

Sabbath, I felt his special presence. Christians were melted into tears, and the hearts of the impenitent were subdued under the power of the Divine Spirit.

“*Sept. 27.* Last night, at a late hour, I returned from Boonsboro’, whither I had gone to preach the gospel. The night was dark and solemn; the stars shone brilliantly in the quiet firmament. The thought occurred to my mind, that, possibly, one of these bright worlds might be the abode of my angelic babes. I passed the graveyard, where sleep the quiet dead. All was silent and pensive; I could see nothing save the white marble monuments, and the lofty trees, that stood around in solemn grandeur. I could not refrain from weeping and exclaiming, Peace be with thine ashes, my dear babe! When the night of death shall come for me and your fond mother, may we lie down by thy side, and rest together, until the trump of the archangel shall wake us to everlasting life! O! the pangs of bereavement! they seem almost more than my poor heart can bear.

“This morning, I preached on the sanctification of the Lord’s Day. In the performance of this duty, I enjoyed but little comfort. I felt dull, stupid, and embarrassed, which has been a source of great distress to me. Perhaps the Lord wished to show me how weak I was without his aid. I thought I had prayed earnestly for Divine assistance before I re

paired to the sanctuary. Whatever the cause may be, it must have its origin in me, and not in God.

“I have just been walking in my garden, and meditating on my spiritual condition. I have a strong assurance that I am in favor with God; and when I think of heaven — of the Saviour and of the saints — I become quite overburdened with an irrepressible longing to depart and be with them. What a thrill of joy is imparted to the soul by the hope of glory!

“*Oct.* 8. In the public worship of last Sabbath, I had great freedom of utterance, and the sweet consolations of Divine grace. I trust the labors of the day will not be without their good fruits.

“I am now reading Dr. Dorr’s essay on the Recognition of Saints in Heaven. This is a subject full of consolation, and of great practical utility. I have been taking a walk, and meditating on spiritual things. By the train of my reflections, my thoughts were carried away to the departed loved ones in heaven, and the dear absent ones on earth. I have a good hope, through grace, that I shall meet and recognize, in heaven, my grandfather, whom, in childhood’s early morn, I oft heard pray and read God’s Holy Word; my two brothers, deceased in infancy; my sister dear; my father-in-law, beloved; my own sweet babes, with many other kindred near; my fellow-student and companion in the ministry, Jesse

Hoover. All these, and many others, I knew and loved; and I expect to greet them all again, and enjoy sweet fellowship with them in heaven. In making these remarks, I do not mean that Christ's presence *alone* would not make me *perfectly happy* in heaven. O, no! In his favor, is love; in his *presence*, is *fullness of joy*; at his right hand, are pleasures for evermore. If I should not recognize one of my earthly friends, and should but behold the face of that 'Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' my bliss would nevertheless be complete.

"Oct. 10. Yesterday, I preached at Funkstown. It was a day of delight to my soul. I am entirely unworthy of the favors of the Lord, and yet he confers his favors so abundantly upon me.

"Oct. 11. I have just returned from my weekly visit to the almshouse. In a small room there, I found a German woman and her husband very sick; her sufferings especially seemed very great. When she learned who I was, she looked at me with an expression of deep interest, and listened most attentively as I uttered in her presence, the precious truths of the gospel of peace. From her husband I learned that they had lived at the canal—that there she became sick and also deranged, in which condition she remained for a long time.

"The following day I returned again, to visit this

distressed family, but found on my arrival, that the woman had died the evening previous. From her husband, who was still sick, and gives evidence that he is a child of God, I made inquiries about her last moments. He replied that she spoke of her parents, in her fatherland, with the most tender emotions, and till her latest breath continued pouring out her soul in earnest prayer to God. He cherished the hope that all was now well with her. She was a poor pilgrim on earth ; she died in a strange land, among strangers ; but I trust she is in heaven, that peaceful, happy home, where all the good at length shall meet to part no more for ever. If so, how blessed her portion ! How great the joy of that afflicted mother to meet the child which she never recognized on earth, where sorrow and distress shall never enter.

“*Oct. 16.* The bell has just been tolling the announcement of the death of a youth who was severely injured a week ago, during an illumination made as an expression of rejoicing over a triumph of one of the political parties. This sad event was no doubt permitted, in the providence of God, as a rebuke to the community for such misconduct.

“*Oct. 20.* For about a week I have been absent from home, at the meeting of our Synod. We had a delightful session. All our deliberations were characterized by the spirit of harmony and kindness.

‘How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’ These annual gatherings, where we take sweet counsel together, and relate to each other what the Lord has done for us, greatly encourage the Christian minister’s heart. On my way to Synod I preached at Taneytown, to one of the congregations of my former charge. Although but a short time has elapsed since my removal, some, who were then here, are no more found among the living. One of my elders, with whom I often prayed and talked about the things of Christ’s kingdom, is no longer here in his pilgrim state, but has been translated to that better country, for which he looked by faith. The sight of so many familiar countenances, and the vacant seats of others, awakened feelings of joy mingled with sadness. I felt that God was in the midst of his people, and that it was good to be there. In the labors of the sanctuary here, on Sabbath, I felt that I was strengthened by God, both in body and mind. I experienced a more than usually deep solemnity of soul, and had an uncommon facility of utterance. On Saturday I preached two discourses in Beard’s Church. Our congregations were not large, but our meetings were full of interest.

“The tide of political excitement has been running very high. On Saturday night the tumult of the people exceeded the noise of the waters. If men

were but as much concerned about making *their own* calling and election sure as they are about securing the election of their *favorite candidate*, how differently they would live! On Monday the Presidential election occurred. In the excitement which prevailed three men were stabbed. The whole community seems to be in an uproar. I am heartily tired of the noise and confusion prevailing all around us. There is some comfort in the hope that the day of its termination is at hand. My hope and prayer to Him who hears the cry of the humble is, that the calm which shall follow the rolling of the waves of this present excitement, may be the precursor of a deeper and more general interest in spiritual things.

“Nov. 19. Last Sabbath we celebrated the Lord’s Supper in the English language. Our religious exercises commenced on Wednesday evening previous. We had the assistance of Revs. J. Winter, R. Weiser and J. N. Hoffman. The gospel was faithfully preached; the exercises were characterized by the deepest solemnity. Christians have been greatly revived; a number of the ungodly were convicted, and one has been professedly converted to God. Our meetings are still continued, and the interest appears to be increasing. I find ‘Inquiry or Anxious Meetings’ both delightful and exceedingly profitable.

“Nov. 25. Last Sabbath I preached and adminis-

tered the Holy Supper to the congregation at Funks-town. It was a most precious communion season. An interesting work of grace is still in progress among my people in H.

Nov. 29. I administered the Lord's Supper to the German portion of my congregation. The audience was bathed in tears, and I trust heard the Word and received this solemn ordinance to edification. The religious interest in our midst seems to be on the increase. Four or five profess to have passed from death unto life. There is one case of remarkable conviction; it is the case of a backslider; she has for a number of days been in deep distress, but has been unable to find any peace or comfort for her soul. She appears to be on the verge of despair, but God will, no doubt, yet display his pardoning grace to her.

Dec. 8. Last week I went to Taneytown, for the purpose of aiding in the dedication of a new church, which, however, was postponed in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. A snow fell so deep that the larger portion of the congregation could not come out. Whilst in my former charge I was peculiarly exercised in my thoughts and feelings. To see my old house, where I often sang and prayed, wept and rejoiced, was afflicted and blessed; to enter the church in which I preached and confirmed, baptized and administered the Lord's Supper; where I fought

against sin and for holiness, in the face of foes visible and invisible; to see the spot where I buried some of whose salvation I cherished a pleasing hope, and others of whose everlasting happiness I despaired; and above all, to see the grave of my own sainted babe, which will there rest quietly till the resurrection morn: these, and scenes like these, excite various emotions in the bosom of the thoughtful. With much truth has the poet said, 'The memory of the past is pleasing, but mournful to the soul.' I met two aged and infirm females, still lingering on the shore of time, contrary to their expectations and ardent wishes; while others in the bloom of youth or vigor of manhood, whom I expected to find among the living, were numbered with the dead.

"*Dec. 21.* I have during the last several days felt somewhat cold and languid in my religious affections, and consequently I could not on last Sabbath preach with as much comfort or apparent effect as usual. The Lord pardon his servant in this matter! How long, O how long, shall it be thus with me? I ardently long to be delivered from this spiritual lethargy.

"*Dec. 27.* My prayer has been answered by the Lord, and to-day I was enabled to preach with much freedom and solemnity. I resolved boldly to reprove the Germans in this community for dancing and other

accompanying sins, perpetrated on Christmas Day ; in which duty the Lord blessed me with inward strength and power, giving evidence that it is always best to do what judgment and conscience pronounce to be right.

“*Dec. 29.* The intelligence of my father’s illness was communicated to me, and I felt it to be my duty, without delay, to visit him. When I arrived at home, I found father a little improved in health, but still very ill. He received me in a very friendly manner. I discovered that his disposition had undergone a great change during the last year ; he has lost that moroseness of temper by which he had previously been characterized, and has become quite companionable. This remarkable change, and the apparent nearness of his latter end, induced me to make an effort toward effecting a reconciliation between him and his brother and sister, living in the neighborhood. His brother at first made a very harsh reply to my proposition, declaring that he would never forgive him. I proceeded to show him from the Sacred Scriptures, that, with such feelings, he could never be forgiven by God, and then left him to the workings of his own conscience. The following day, he returned, and was entirely altered in his countenance, his conversation, and his conduct ; and was prepared to dismiss those unhallowed feelings of animosity

which had for years been cherished in his bosom. His sister refused to visit my father, but promised a most hearty forgiveness. I entertain the hope that, in the good providence of God, she will yet be led to the discovery of her whole duty, and be led to its performance.

“During my visit to my afflicted father, my youngest brother also became sick. The disease soon assumed a serious and rather threatening aspect. I watched over him from the commencement of his illness, on Thursday night, till Monday noon. I often conversed and prayed with him; I read to him the story of Louisa, in Abbot’s *Young Christian*. At first he manifested much indifference, and afforded me but little encouragement. He had been a careless youth—lived a life devoted to mirth and sin. On Monday, ere I took my departure, while we were alone, I spoke to him about the interests of his immortal soul, and urged the claims of religion upon him, with all the solemnity which I was able to command. With his hand clasped in mine, he gave me a solemn promise heartily to seek an interest in the atoning blood of Jesus. When I bade him farewell, it was with the assurance soon again to return; but, probably, not to meet him among the living, as life, at best, was uncertain, and his was now in great peril. He gazed wishfully upon me; the scene was deeply

affecting to my heart ; the thought rushed into my mind, that perhaps this was the last opportunity I would have on earth of addressing a word of admonition to, or offering up a prayer with, one so near to my heart. On the same morning, he was visited by the Rev. Bucher, whom he requested to pray for his recovery. If according to God's will, may this sickness not be unto death ; but whether it be unto life or death, may it be unto the glory of God, in the salvation of your soul !

“When I had proceeded some distance from the house, I cast my eyes over the hill-top I had left behind me. At this moment, the thought of my brother rushed into my mind with a force that almost constrained me to return. But duty urged me to pursue my journey homeward. How intensely painful are such anxieties ! and how easily we might be rescued from them, if all would repent and live !

“I returned home January 4, 1841.

“*Jan.* 9. I am seated in my own room, with a sad heart, having just returned from my father's house, whither I had gone to attend the funeral of my brother. On the evening of the 6th inst., I received the intelligence that he was rapidly declining. As the rain was falling fast, and I was far from being well, prudence admonished me not to attempt the journey that night. I started early the next morn-

ing ; but before I reached my journey's end, I learned that the summons of death had come. He died before the word had reached me, about forty-eight hours after I had left him. Although I feared such a result, I was scarcely prepared for its occurrence so suddenly. It afforded me much consolation to hear that he gave evidence that he was prepared for his change. He breathed the language of prayer with his latest breath, and comforted his distressed mother, as he spoke of the joys of heaven, which he expected soon to be his own. Thanks be to God for this comfort and hope, which we have in his death. Nine funerals occurred yesterday in Middletown. The day was one of unusual solemnity. Two years ago, sister Elizabeth was taken from our family ; and now my brother has been called to follow her. Both were younger, and seemed healthier than I ; and yet, while they are both sleeping quietly among the dead, I am still among the living. These providences are strange, and to me unexpected.

‘God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.’

“*Jan.* 20. The week after my brother's death, I again visited my afflicted father. The weather was exceedingly inclement, and I took a severe cold in consequence of my exposure. After my return, I

preached twice on Sabbath, with a considerable degree of spiritual comfort, although under much bodily weakness. After Divine service on Sabbath night, I was forced to take my bed, to which I was confined till the following Thursday. Truly, this is a world of affliction, pain, and death, in which the soul often longs for the moment of its release. How infinitely more desirable that blissful world on high, whose inhabitants are never sick, and whose numbers death will never diminish !”

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Participates in temperance movement—Happiness in doing good—Loss of a Sabbath—A precious revival—Death of Gen. Harrison—General Synod—Visit to the grave of his infant—Communion season—Installation of Rev. J. Winecoff—Father's happy death—Preached at the laying of a corner-stone—Visit to Gettysburg and Taneytown.

“SATURDAY *evening, Jan. 23.* This week has passed rapidly, yet heavily, away. The former part I spent in my bed, the latter in my sick chamber. It has not, I believe, been without its lessons of profit to me. I have learned to be more patient and vigilant, inasmuch as I know not when I may be called away by the voice of death. Let it be the chief business of my life to be prepared for that moment, come when it may.

“It is my purpose to participate in the organization of a total abstinence temperance society, which will, in all probability, cause me new troubles; for that good cause meets a strong current of opposition in this community. But nothing of this kind moves me. I have the consciousness that God is with me in this matter. Let men do as they please, I shall be

content, if I but have a conscience void of offense toward God and man.

“On the evening of the day bearing the last date, we had a very interesting meeting and organized the above mentioned society. On Sabbath, contrary to my expectations, I was able to preach twice; but ‘I am able to do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.’

“*Feb. 3.* I have during the last few days been called to bury several of my fellow mortals. One, I am afraid, was not prepared for death. How sad to the minister’s heart are the funeral services of those who die without a hope in Christ!

“My heart has been made glad by the intelligence of a remarkable work of grace in progress in Boonsboro’. Revivals of religion are both the life and hope of the Church. With their increase the prosperity of the Church increases; with their decline Zion languishes.

“While reading a work on Infant Baptism, I was reminded of my babes in heaven—whom we dedicated to God in this solemn ordinance—by the occurrence of the following lines:

‘If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o’er their dust.’

They were not left orphans, but we were left childless; they were not called to mourn over us, but we were called to mourn over them. Nevertheless they are cared for by one far better than any earthly parent—even by Him who has said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ Freed from all our doubts and fears, our sorrows and sufferings, may we rest with them at last in Abraham’s bosom!

“*Feb.* 11. My bodily health is not good, but I feel greatly comforted in my soul this morning. I have met a precious passage in the writings of the inspired prophet: ‘He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might, He increaseth strength.’ Amid the various trials, perplexities and dangers of the present life, how comfortable the assurance that God is our Father and Friend—almighty, bountiful, all wise and good. The constant enjoyment of this confidence is worth more than all the wealth of the Indies.

“Last night we formed a Congregational Education and Missionary Society. It is blessed to labor in any appropriate way for the gathering of the Gentiles into the fold of the Redeemer. Although we have the ability to contribute but our mite, we have the assurance that even that shall be accepted.

“*Feb.* 17. For some days I have been confined to

the house. Last Sabbath I was unable to fill my appointments, which was a source of great grief to me. The loss of a Sabbath I feel to be a painful loss.

“Last Saturday I was requested to bury a dear infant, that was but a day older than my lamented Amanda. It was spared to live a little longer, suffer a little more, and then share the same appointed end.

“On Sabbath, the 21st of Feb., I was again in my pulpit, and a day of happiness it was to me. Nothing makes me so happy as to labor for Christ and his cause.

“*March 6.* Ten days ago we commenced a protracted meeting, which is still in progress. I have had the assistance of several of our neighboring Lutheran brethren. On Saturday one adult member was admitted by the rite of baptism, and one by confirmation. This has been a season of great joy among us; the people of the Lord have been greatly stirred up in his service. Twelve or fourteen have been awakened and hopefully converted, and about forty others have become anxiously concerned about their salvation, who have not yet found peace in believing. For this good work, which the Lord has commenced among us, we bless his holy name, while we pour forth our ardent prayer for its continuance, with a large increase.

“On Sabbath morning I attended the funeral of

Mrs. Cook, who died in faith, with a strong assurance of everlasting life. She left five small children in a comparatively helpless condition. Their loss was her unspeakable gain. The Lord, who has promised his care and protection to the children of those who fear him, provide for their wants on earth, and crown them heirs of light in glory.

“Our meeting is still in progress with unabating interest. New cases of anxious souls are occurring from day to day. The mourner in Zion is comforted—the believer is happy in the love of Jesus.

‘Convinced of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord ;
Trembling, they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorned his word.

Young converts sing, and praise their King,
And bless God’s holy name ;
While older saints leave their complaints
And joy to join the theme.’

“I baptized an infant an hour before its spirit was summoned to the world of light ; the day following we committed its body to the silent tomb. Of the saints in heaven, a large proportion must be those who in infancy were taken away from the evil to come.

“*March* 14. Yesterday I visited my aged father, who is rapidly approaching the end of his life on

earth; he is aware that his days are nearly numbered, but he is calm and resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father. What a remarkable change the providence and grace of God have wrought in him. I was reminded of the goodness of God to us in the happy death of brother Abraham. What painful reflections would crowd into my mind, had I not the assurance that all is well with him. I have good reason to be importunate in prayer for the salvation of my other relatives, for surely the Lord hath heard my prayer. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'

"*March 23.* On Saturday night we had a large county temperance convention. Preparatory steps were taken to form a county temperance society. This movement I consider very important, for intemperance is an evil so enormous, that every measure should be taken to arrest its progress. In one of my visits to-day, I met one of its victims. I called on a family, where I found a blind woman of unfeigned piety, with a husband who has been intemperate for many years; he had abstained entirely from the intoxicating cup for six months, until a week ago, when he ventured on a glass of beer, which plunged him into all the rage and filth of intemperance. It was quite affecting to hear her expostulate with him, while he was under the influence of the maddening bowl.

"*March 25.* I visited the sick at the almshouse,

where I saw much bodily suffering, and also witnessed many evidences of the power of religion in affording consolation amid all the ills and tribulations of life.

‘Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul,
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

O let me feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour
And soften every grief.’

“*March 25.* I have not for some days enjoyed as much of the presence and love of God as formerly. This evening, however, I have a strong desire to commune with my Heavenly Father. A living flame of love to God has again been enkindled upon the altar of my heart.

“*April 5.* After the brief administration of one month, Gen. Harrison, the President of the United States, has fallen a victim to the stroke of death. Rank and position avail nothing in warding off the shaft of the destroyer. Whatever other distinctions exist among men, here all are brought to a common level. The high and the low, the ruler and subject, the king and the beggar, must all lie down together, and molder back into the dust out of which they have been created.

"*April 14.* I attended the examination of the students, and the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. Both our institutions located there are in a prosperous condition. On my arrival I learned that Mr. Miller, steward of the Seminary, and Mr. Geo. Lease, a theological student, formerly my room-mate, had both been buried a few days before. Both died happy. The latter was on the very eve of entering the ministry. How mysterious such providences!

"On my return, I stopped at Taneytown, the place of my former residence, toils and labors, and wept over the grave of my first-born.

"*May 3.* Yesterday we buried a lady, who died after a sickness of twelve hours. Fortunately for herself, she had made her peace with God before she was prostrated by the hand of affliction. In this solemn visitation we have an instance of the frailty of man. If it would impress us all with the importance of being always ready, it would prove of great advantage to us.

"*May 17.* I spent a most delightful week at the meeting of the General Synod in Baltimore. To meet so many of one's old companions and fellow-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, is always gratifying to the soul.

"I have taken an evening walk to the beautiful

spot where our dearest Amanda's body reposes. It is now richly clothed in all the verdure and beauty of spring. Every frost-bitten root has put forth, and is blooming again more gayly than when it faded under autumnal winds and blighting frosts: a fit emblem of the resurrection and future glory of that form which was once so fair and lovely, but is now smitten and wasted by the ruthless hand of death. What a blessed, cheering hope, that this faded flower shall bloom again! Glorious truth—if a man die, he shall live again! May this truth pour balm into our wounded hearts, and the hearts of all who have been similarly bereaved! and may we, through grace, at last arise to the resurrection of life eternal, and embrace those from whom we have for a season been separated!

“*June 1.* Yesterday, we celebrated the love of our Redeemer, in the ordinance of his own appointment. The occasion was one of unusual interest. Thirty members were added by confirmation, eight by baptism, and five by certificate. The Lord preserve them from all evil, and bring them at last to a participation of the sweeter joys of heaven.

“This evening, I enjoyed sweet communion with God in private prayer. How delightful to draw near to God! how sweet and comforting our fellowship with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ,

through the Spirit, who helpeth our infirmities, and maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered ! I have a desire to be brought more effectually into the love of God, that my day of grace may be spent in doing his will ; and,

‘When life’s toilsome day is o’er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.’

“*June 9.* Last week I made a visit to my father. He is fast declining, but seems steadfast in the Christian faith. I have had a very pleasant visit from brothers Cline and Wagner. By our conversation about our beloved Zion, my soul was greatly refreshed.

“*June 22.* I have been at Cumberland, aiding in the installation of Rev. J. Winecoff. It was an interesting occasion. I preached five times to his congregation. I formed a resolution hereafter not to accept an invitation to dinner or tea on the Sabbath Day, but remain at the place of my lodging, and attend to the matters of my soul.

“*July 10.* I have returned from the burial of my father, who died in the sixty-fifth year of his life. For several years, he was more or less afflicted, and during the last six months, he was quite ill. Since

the death of my dear sister, there has been a very marked change in his disposition and conduct. During all the sufferings of his last illness, he furnished the most ample testimony that he was prepared to meet his God in peace. In his peaceful end, I find cause for much gratitude to Almighty God for his loving kindness toward us. In former years, when my father was so ill disposed toward me, I looked forward to the period of his death with feelings of the deepest sadness, both on account of my own comfort, and his welfare. But how vain were all my hours of grief! During his last days, he often longed for my visits, and was always happy to see me in his presence. I conversed with him frequently about the ground of his hopes, and his prospects for the eternal world. His views of the plan of salvation were correct, and his faith in Christ was unwavering. I often prayed with him, in which exercise he took great delight; and I have a good hope that we will be united again in glory. The three members of our family who have been called away, have died in hope, and therefore left a sure ground of consolation to their surviving friends. Thanks be to God for his goodness and his mercy toward the children of men! I have encouragement more than ever to labor for the salvation of souls and the glory of God.

“*July 13.* On Sabbath, I preached twice, and

lectured at the almshouse. By all these exercises my soul was greatly refreshed.

“*July 18.* To-day, I had the pleasure of a visit from my uncle, H. Daub, from Ohio. My soul was rejoiced to learn, that ‘a new song was put into his mouth’—a song of thanksgiving and praise unto God. He has experienced the power and preciousness of the Christian religion, and bears the evidence with him in all his walk and conversation.

“*Aug. 3.* To-day, I attended the funeral of Peter Lentz, a very pious member of the German Reformed Church at Funkstown. I visited him a few hours before he died. He was calm and peaceful; no guilty fears agitated his bosom, or terrified his soul: he met death with his Christian armor on, and gained an easy triumph. He has gone to his rest in the kingdom of his blessed Saviour. I improved the occasion by a sermon from these precious words, ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.’

“*Aug. 9.* On Sabbath, I administered the Lord’s Supper to my German members. The Lord was in the midst of us, and we joyfully feasted on his love. Blessed Saviour, how precious thou art! To-day, I visited an aged lady, prostrated by the hand of affliction. She is about eighty-four years old. She would

not consent to let me pray with and for her, saying she could pray enough herself. How very perverse is the sinner's heart! When four-score years and four of age, he is still unwilling to yield his heart to God.

“*Aug. 15.* Yesterday, the English branch of my congregation celebrated the dying love of Jesus. I had the assistance of Rev. W. Wadsworth. Our souls were made happy by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

“*Sept. 10.* I preached a sermon at the laying of a corner-stone at Jacob's Church, in the Waynesboro' charge. The good people of this congregation, under the care of brother Conrad, have erected a neat and substantial temple for the worship of Almighty God. Here may the Most High have his constant dwelling-place, to bless his people and bring sinners into his fold.

“*Sept. 22.* I have just returned from a visit to Gettysburg and Taneytown. At both places, I was forcibly reminded of the Lord's kindness to me. To the former place I went, not many years ago, ignorant, inexperienced, and almost penniless, finding my only comfort in God, and the prospect of becoming a minister of his Word. And behold! now I visit it as a minister, and as a director of the chief theological seminary of our Church in this beloved land. How

great a change these rolling years have wrought! What undeserved, unexpected prosperity the Lord has bestowed upon me! To him be all the praise. At the latter place, he gave me many tokens of his favor. I visited the grave of our first-born; it is cheering to know that 'his flesh is resting in hope.' I also gazed upon the graves of some beloved Christian friends, who died since my visit six months ago. Surely, man should not feel secure amid such evidences of his mortality! Surely 'he is as grass, and all his glory as the flower of the grass.' 'We all do fade as a leaf.' But amid the ravages of death, and the desolations of the tomb, Christianity appears, with her Divine consolations, pointing to future scenes of reunion, endless life, and uninterrupted, perfect bliss!"

CHAPTER IX.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Dying words of Halyburton—Meeting of Synod—Resolution—Assists Rev. S. W. Harkey during a precious revival in Frederick—Domestic affliction, and blessed results—Happy Christmas—Triumphant death—Resolutions of the new year—Suicide—Extensive revival of religion in Hagerstown—Much wisdom required during such seasons—Death of Rev. R. Wynecoof—Accessions to the Church.

“I HAVE this morning been reading the dying words of the great Halyburton. He was the son of pious parents; he had ten brothers deceased, who died in the faith of the gospel, and he expected to be the eleventh to meet them in glory. He was very happy in his last moments, as well as perfectly rational and composed. A most intense desire for the progress of the Christian religion pervaded his mind, even to the closing hour of his earthly pilgrimage. The following are some of the expressions which dropped from his dying lips: ‘I dare look death in the face, in its most ghastly shape, and hope soon to have the victory over it. O! what of God do I see. I have never seen anything like it. The beginning and the end of religion are wonderfully sweet. I long for his salvation; I bless his name; I have found him. I

am taken up in blessing him ; I am dying rejoicing in the Lord. O ! I could not have believed that I should bear, and bear cheerfully, as I have done, this rod which hath lain on me. This is a miracle : pain, without pain. You see a man dying ; a monument of the glorious power of astonishing grace.' He added : ' When I shall be so weak as no longer to be able to speak, I will, if I can, give you a sign of triumph when I am near glory.' When his speech was gone, he lifted his hands to heaven, as a token of victory, and expired.

" Oct. 22. I have again attended the annual meeting of our Synod, which now numbers twenty-five clerical members. All except three were present. The weather, and various other circumstances, conspired to render it one of the most delightful Synodical conventions I ever attended. The increase of the Church, within our Synodical bounds, during the past year, has been double that of any preceding one. For this prosperity, we have great reason to praise the Lord. After calm reflection, I have, this evening, in the sincerity and full purpose of my heart, in reliance upon Divine aid, resolved to *live*, and *preach*, and *act* more and more for the promotion of pure religion — to spend all my strength, mental and bodily, in my kind Master's service. The Lord has so much improved my health during the last six months, that

I am inclined to think he has a great work for me yet to do. The Lord aid me in carrying into effect this good and firm resolution.

“*Nov. 4.* I have been at Frederick, assisting Rev. S. W. Harkey. A precious revival of religion is in progress among his people. I preached four sermons, and had much comfort in proclaiming the message of God to lost sinners.

“*Oct. 25.* We have just had our regular communion season at Funkstown. The meeting continued three days, during which I preached six times. I admitted to membership, by baptism, three (adults); by confirmation, twenty-one. Not only the membership, but the community, seem deeply interested on the subject of religion. I have recently experienced the power of religion more than usual in my own soul.

“*Nov. 21.* By the grace of God I was enabled, to-day, to preach with considerable power. The religious interest is increasing in this community. In the evening, a number presented themselves as ‘inquirers.’ One professed faith in Christ. This, I trust, is but the beginning of great blessings in store for us.

“I have lately been reading the life of Rev. E. D. Griffin, D.D. He was a great revivalist, notwithstanding he read all his sermons. It would not be wise for all to imitate his example, in respect to this particular, in the delivery of his discourses. What-

ever was wanting in the delivery, his giant intellect enabled him to supply in the matter of his sermons.

“I have just closed a protracted meeting among the German part of my congregation. I was alone—and yet not alone: I had the very best assistance; and many, I feel assured, found the exercises not only delightful, but also profitable. I think I have been growing more heavenly-minded for some weeks past. I feel that I can say in truth, with Paul, ‘I have a desire to depart, and be with Christ;’ not because I am weary in well-doing; but because, ‘to be present with the Lord is far better.’ I have, of late, had some domestic afflictions, which have, at times, greatly depressed my spirits. But then I felt encouraged by the precious promise, that ‘our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. As gold is tried in the fire, so man must pass through the furnace of adversity.

“*Dec. 12.* I have been almost overwhelmed under a sense of the solemnity of my work, and I preached with intense anxiety for the conversion of sinners.

“*Dec. 16.* I have been examining the state of my own heart before God, and devoutly calling upon the name of the Lord. I am gaining clearer evidences of my acceptance with God, and a fuller assurance of faith. I am able, in my preaching, more to free my.

self from the fear of man, and to utter the truth with greater solemnity. I have found that, in my private devotions, it is well to pray for individuals by name.

“*Dec. 24.* I have just arisen from my knees, on which I have dedicated, in prayer, to God, an infant son, our third child. May he live before thee, O Lord, to the glory of Him whose wondrous birth is this night commemorated by his thankful Church. Like Him, may he grow and wax strong in spirit; and may the grace of God be upon him.

“*Dec. 27.* The last two days I have passed laboriously but pleasantly. On Christmas morning, at 4 o'clock, we had a meeting which was large and full of solemnity. At 11 o'clock we had a missionary meeting, at which the children of the Sabbath school presented their gifts to the Lord; it was an interesting sight to witness their attention and eagerness to cast their offerings into the treasury of the Most High. In connection with the Christmas festival, I have preached four times.

“*Jan. 6.* I preached a sermon to-day at the funeral of Mrs. Beckly. I visited her twenty-four hours before her departure; she was in an ecstasy of happiness; her face shone, like that of Stephen, ‘as if it had been the face of an angel.’ She spoke with a heart overflowing with joy of her approaching release from her fleshly tabernacle. Though a number of

small children were weeping around her bed, she had faith sufficient with composure to commit them all to God. Truly,

‘Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.’

Such a triumphant death scene it was never my privilege, before, to witness. In view of this remarkable instance of the power of religion in a dying hour, and the fact that I have just entered upon a new year, I will adopt for my future life, the following resolutions :

“1. I will labor more, by prayer, conversation, preaching and example, for the conversion of souls, and to secure for myself a brighter evidence of my adoption into the family of God, clearer discernment of my title to a ‘mansion in the skies.’

“2. I will praise God more for the blessedness of our holy religion, as experienced in the hearts of his believing children already in this life.

“*Jan. 26.* I have attended to the funeral services of ———, who was seventy-four years of age, and had, perhaps, been a professor of religion for forty years. He came to his end in a deranged state of mind. He was constitutionally disposed to melancholy. I became acquainted with him about eighteen months ago ; he was then a happy Christian—a ven-

erable father in Israel ; he took an active part in the prayer meetings and other duties of the congregation. About nine months ago, he lost his wife ; this sad bereavement, in connection with pecuniary embarrassments, produced mental derangement, which continued growing worse and worse, until last Sabbath, while the family were at the sanctuary of God, he committed suicide. I have hope, however, in his death, for I believe he was deranged beyond the point of accountability ; neither was his disease induced by criminal conduct. I can see nothing, therefore, in the way of his salvation, as I am fully persuaded that previous to that fearful calamity which ended in his death, he was a very exemplary, devoted Christian. A strong desire to pry into the world of spirits, and behold the departed in their disembodied state, sometimes enters my mind. But I must patiently wait until time shall end. ‘ Then shall we know as we are known.’ O Lord, permit me not to outlive my usefulness ! Spare to me my mind to my latest breath, and glorify thyself in my departure. Suffer not the evil one to destroy me !

“*Feb.* 2. The last four days I spent at Waynesboro’. I aided in the installation of a pastor, and preached six sermons.

“*Feb.* 28. Since the 14th of this month I have preached fourteen sermons. We have enjoyed an

extensive, precious revival season. The Lord heard our petitions and answered our prayers, to the joy and rejoicing of our hearts. Our meeting continued three weeks, during which time more than one hundred individuals professed to have been converted to God. Among these were a number somewhat advanced in life, which is a circumstance of rare occurrence. Revivals are the Christian's proper element, where his soul breathes freely; in the midst of them he loves to live, in the midst of them he fain would die. I can pity that Christian who has no heart for the exercises of a genuine revival.

“*March 7.* To-day I feel happy in my God and Saviour. I have for some days enjoyed much calmness and contentment of mind. This happy state I attribute to stronger faith in God, as the all wise and benevolent governor of the universe.

“*March 12.* During the past week I have preached every night, but without any remarkable success. One reason for this is to be found in the want of union among Christians. Some wished to sing unsuitable tunes, and when they were not gratified, they became offended. The evil one availed himself of this occasion, and excited a spirit of disputation. Such are oftentimes his devices. Seasons of revival, although most precious, require the most vigilant oversight of the Christian minister. The destroyer

is then unusually busy, and employs all his cunning in endeavoring to produce disturbance. If unsuccessful in one attempt, he tries his efforts in another direction. To the mind of the young convert, fired with zeal, he makes the suggestion that older members are too cold and lifeless; in the ears of the older soldiers of the Cross he whispers that the new recruits have a zeal without knowledge. Not only will his efforts be employed in creating, if possible, dissensions among the members, but perhaps, as a last resort, he will try to awaken a spirit of gossip about the pastor. To conduct a revival properly will, therefore, require all the wisdom and prudence which the minister is able to command. Are revivals then to be abandoned because Satan opposes them? By no means. This is among the strongest arguments in their favor. If they met with no opposition from this source, their propriety would at least be questionable, because everything that is good meets with opposition from this quarter. Boldly meet the enemy, maintain your ground, and drive him back to his own place.

“*March 22.* I have been reading an article in the ‘*Daily Expositor*,’ bearing the above date, mentioning some of the ministerial trials of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D.D. According to this account, these trials must have been exceedingly great. These facts

afford me great comfort when I bring up before my mind the numerous trials that beset my pathway.

“I was called to visit a man, twenty-four hours before his death, who had once been a member of my congregation, but has for a number of years been very dissipated, and continued so up to the commencement of his sickness. He desired to partake of the Lord’s Supper, which I refused to administer to him, because I believed he might be injured by it, inasmuch as he would probably base all his hopes of salvation upon that ordinance. I also preached his funeral sermon, in which I spoke very freely and plainly about the evils of intemperance. These remarks aroused the devil and his children to slander and malediction, whereby some of the better people were ensnared to prate malevolently with them. I have already suffered much reproach from this source, and will probably suffer much more. But in reviewing my course on that occasion, I find nothing to condemn or regret, but great reason to thank God that he enabled me to be faithful, at the risk of offending the wealthy and influential. I have this morning firmly resolved in future to be more faithful and unsparing in my dealings with all men, and especially the rich, of whom the Saviour declares that they so ‘hardly enter the kingdom of heaven.’ God give me grace to do as I have resolved in thy fear!

“*April* 11. Since the last date in my journal, I preached twenty times. On the 2d inst., I administered the Lord’s Supper to my people at Funkstown, in connection with which six individuals were confirmed. Our meeting has continued since that time, and a glorious work of grace is now in progress; many profess to have passed from death unto life, and many others are anxiously inquiring ‘What must we do to be saved?’ O Lord, revive thy work yet more and more, to the joy of believers and conversion of sinners!

“On Thursday last, the Rev. R. Wynecoof, pastor of the Associate Reformed Church of this place, died after an illness of four days. He departed this life in the triumph of faith. He was a rigid Calvinist—believed the doctrine of a partial or particular atonement—but he was a lovely, pious, godly man. On his dying bed he requested me to examine that view of the gospel more carefully. From his exemplary life and peaceful death, I have learned that Christians should not suffer differences of opinion in regard to non-fundamental points of theology to destroy or prevent their Christian fellowship. He was to me a very dear friend and brother. His confidence and hope in his last moments were very strong; his calmness and peace were uninterrupted. ‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his.’

“*May 2.* In the services of last Sabbath I had the assistance of Prof. Jacobs; it was our regular communion Sabbath, and a day of rich spiritual blessings. I added forty-four members to the Church of Christ—ten by baptism, thirty-three by confirmation, and one by certificate from a sister denomination.

“*May 8.* I preached once to my own people, and once to the congregation of colored people in town; I have spent a very happy day.

“*May 15.* I preached and administered the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper to my German people. My appointment in the English language was filled by a Presbyterian clergyman. It has been a sweet Sabbath of rest to my soul.”

CHAPTER X.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Death of an inebriate—Temperance convention—Secret societies—Visit to Chambersburg—Bedford Springs—Meeting of Directors of Seminary at Gettysburg—Visiting the sick—Death of a pious young man—Self-denial of St. Paul—Revival at Funkstown—Union in the Church essential to the promotion of revivals—Precious revival in Pennsylvania College—Thirty-first birth-day.

“MAY 22. To-day I preached thrice, and aided ‘Billy Bivens’ in organizing a temperance society among the colored people of Funkstown. ‘Billy B.’ is a colored slave, a preacher of considerable notoriety in Washington county.

“I am just going to the funeral of a man who died in a drunken revel. Sad indeed is such a funeral; and yet what thousands are annually occurring.

“On the 16th, the friends of the temperance movement held a convention here; a large procession was formed, which, after marching through a number of the streets, repaired to a pleasant grove in the vicinity of town, where a number of interesting addresses were delivered by gentlemen from abroad. I have not much relish for such processions, but I participate

in them as an act of self-denial, for the sake of doing good.

“*June 10.* Last Sabbath I had the assistance of Bro. Eyster. Some degree of religious interest still continues in our midst. On Sabbath I admitted to church-membership, by baptism, three adults, and by confirmation, ten.

“*June 12.* Last night my pulpit was supplied by the Rev. S. ——. He confined himself very closely to his manuscript; a large portion of his hearers were soon found in the ‘land of Nod.’ I consider this, as a general practice, a most unfortunate mode of preaching.

“*June 20.* I have lately had some difficulty with the division of Odd Fellows in this place—a secret society in some respects similar to the Freemasons. A request was made for the use of our church, for the purposes of a celebration. Non-compliance with this request was the occasion of great offense. I dislike all *secret* associations; I consider them dangerous to our *free* institutions, both *civil* and *religious*. For their pomp and show I have an utter distaste. That there are good men among them, I have no doubt; but that they have been misled, I am equally well satisfied.

“*Aug. 1.* By request, I visited and preached several sermons to our people at Chambersburg. I

found the congregation in a divided, disturbed condition. It is certainly unwise for a minister of the gospel to remain in a charge, when the wisest and most experienced of his ministerial brethren have expressed their opinion that it is his duty to change his field of labor.

“On my return, I stopped at Greencastle, and delivered a lecture on the subject of temperance.

“*Aug. 11.* I have been spending a week at the Bedford Springs, for the improvement of my health. The visit, I trust, has not been made without some benefit. During my absence, I called to see a prisoner in his cell, under sentence of death for murder. What a lamentable wreck of human nature sin has made!

“*Aug. 23.* Last week, I preached several funeral sermons. The death of one was caused by falling into a well and drowning. The messenger of death has numberless ways for accomplishing his purposes.

‘Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.’

“I spent last Sabbath with brother Cline, at Smithburg. My prayer is, that the exercises of this Sabbath may be no less profitable to the hearers than they were pleasant to the speaker.

“*Sept. 14.* I was present at the annual meeting of the directors of the theological seminary, at Gettysburg. Our meeting was delightful. Our business was all transacted in the spirit of brotherly love. The thousand reminiscences called up by my visit to G. were pleasant, but mournful to the soul.

“*Sept. 23.* This day I devoted to visiting the sick at distant points in the country. I came home fatigued, and saddened by distressing sick-bed scenes. I called upon two men on the verge of *mania-a-potu*. Both took sick in the midst of scenes of debauchery. The one was stupidly drowsy, and the other half crazy. Both, I fear, will be lost, if they do not recover from this sickness. A third case I met was that of a young lady, about nineteen years of age — blooming with health previous to her present sickness. Two of her sisters died during the last two months, and she, in all probability, will, ere long, follow them. It was difficult to ascertain her spiritual state, as her parents are not pious, and she was scarcely able to speak.

“*Nov. 16.* I have just returned from Jefferson, Frederick county, whither I had gone to assist in the dedication of a new church. I remained several days preaching the Word. A small number of souls professed conversion; others are more or less interested about the salvation of their souls. The intelligence

has reached me that a precious soul was savingly impressed by a sermon which, in the providence of God, I preached in a school-house, a few months ago. Probably many such cheering facts will be brought to our view in the eternal world.

“*Nov. 27.* I buried, last week, a dear young man, Wilson Shriver, a member of my Church at Funks-town. He was converted last winter, during a revival of religion in that place. Since that time, he led a consistent life, furnishing the evidence that he had been with Jesus, and learned of him. When the hour for his departure came, he was ready. Death to him was not the king of terrors, but a messenger of joy. He left us the satisfactory assurance, that all is well with him. Such occurrences are highly encouraging to the minister of the gospel, showing him that his labors are not in vain in the Lord. It is to me a great source of happiness to think that I shall meet some in glory on whom I laid hands in the name of the Lord, and to whom I ministered in holy things. I pray that the number of such may be very large.

“*Dec. 1.* I have just finished the perusal of Paul’s Epistles to the Church at Corinth. I was particularly struck with the spirit of self-denial exhibited in these Epistles, especially those portions which give us an account of his most cruel personal sufferings. It became a matter of solicitude to me to know more about

these sufferings. *When and where* did he 'five times receive forty stripes save one?' By whom was he 'thrice beaten with rods?' Why was he once stoned? Under what circumstances was he in all these perils which he has mentioned? These interesting particulars of his history have been wisely withheld from his Church. We know the general cause of these unjust cruelties and fearful perils. It was for the sake of that glorious gospel he loved to preach; it was to honor his Master in the conversion and sanctification of souls, bought with the price of his own precious blood. No wonder his generosity and magnanimity have called forth the admiration of all the good who have lived since his day! May I follow him as he followed Christ! How am I not put to shame by his example, in my complaints of the waywardness and disobedience of those to whom I publish the gospel! How utterly insignificant are my trials compared with his! Great is the multitude of those whom I expect to see in the kingdom of glory; and I shall love to behold the face of every one who has been washed by the blood of the everlasting covenant. But none in that holy throng do I more ardently desire to behold, than the great Apostle of the Gentiles. O! the surpassing intellectual enjoyment, of sitting down in a heavenly mansion to listen to him rehearsing the remarkable incidents of his useful life. What

a glorious place heaven must be! My soul longs to behold its beauties, and enjoy its bliss. But I must be content to wait awhile in the tents of Kedar—in this fleshly tabernacle—in this sin-cursed world. May I be willing as Paul was—and as even a greater than Paul was—to spend and be spent in doing good to souls, although the more abundantly I *love* them, the less I *be loved*.

“I have recently been greatly quickened in my Master’s service. I feel more sensibly and deeply the importance of my work, and am enabled to go forward in its performance with more delight.

“*Dec. 14.* This day has been appointed and observed as a general day of thanksgiving in the State of Maryland. This has been the first appointment of this kind made by the Governor of our State. It is to be hoped that this praiseworthy example will be followed by his successors in office. It is certainly becoming that a people blessed by God as we are, should appropriate at least one day annually to purposes of thanksgiving to the Author of all these blessings.

“*Dec. 20.* On the 15th inst., I commenced a protracted meeting at Funkstown, which is still in progress. Considerable interest on the subject of religion has been awakened. A few individuals have professed conversion, others are anxious about the salvation of their souls, while a general seriousness has

spread over the community. I had, during this meeting, the assistance of Rev. C. Startzman and G. Diehl.

“*Dec. 24.* The protracted efforts above mentioned have just closed. A number of additional conversions have occurred. To God alone be the praise for all the good which has been accomplished. Let man be abased, and Christ be exalted.

“I am not yet free from annoyances. Various occurrences of a trivial nature have disturbed my peace of mind. We have had our church repaired and painted, which caused some to grumble. My German communion I appointed on the second Christmas Day; this displeased some, who, although they deem it proper to observe the 26th as a holy day, yet do not think it as holy as the 25th. An *ungodly* man has been saying hard things about me, because I do not visit and pay that attention to his sick father, which he thinks incumbent upon me. These are matters of small moment; yet they mar the equanimity of the mind of one who has no more grace than I. O, for more grace!—more of the patience of Job!—more of the meekness of Christ!

“*Dec. 31.* I have now, in the good providence of God, been brought to the close of another year; it has been a year of many changes, of numerous blessings, of various trials, and of undeserving mer-

cies. In reviewing my life, during the year which has now fled into the past, I am impressed with my own shortcoming and the amazing forbearance of my Heavenly Father with me. Thanking the Lord for the past, I would take courage, and commit myself wholly to Him for the future.

“*Jan. 1, 1843.* I preached thrice on the first Sabbath of this new year. It was a happy day of rest. I hope I have spent it not less usefully than happily.

“On the 16th of January I had a communion season, at which time I received an addition of twelve members.

“On the 24th, I buried two of my members, both in the morning of life, and both suddenly cut down by the stroke of death; but, notwithstanding the summons came unexpectedly, we rejoice in the assurance that they were prepared for their change.

“I have lately been impelled by a very ardent desire to labor for the salvation of souls.

“I have received the painful intelligence of the death of Francis S. Key, Esq., a distinguished lawyer and Christian gentleman, with whom I formed an intimate acquaintance in Carroll county. He was the author of the ‘Star Spangled Banner.’ He was an active member of the Church, participating in the exercises of the Sabbath school, prayer meeting, etc.

In the death of such a man, the Church sustains a great loss ; but our loss is his gain.

“ *Feb. 6.* There are some indications of the commencement of a work of grace in our midst. It is a source of gratitude and thanksgiving to behold the appearance of even a small cloud of mercy ; may it be like that which the servant of Elijah saw, ‘ rising out of the sea, like a man’s hand,’ spreading over the heavens, and bringing an abundance of rain.

“ *Feb. 16.* Just returned from the dying bed of Mrs. —, a member of my Church. Truly, death is the ‘ king of terrors ;’ he seems terrible in this instance, as the gloom of the departing moment is not dispelled by that brilliant light which faith and hope shed around the dying couch. Her religious character is somewhat indefinite. Her life was correct, and she attended the means of grace ; but she did not exhibit those conspicuous traits of Christian character which should be seen in all professors, and which are necessary fully to satisfy an anxious pastor’s mind. Of her sickness I was not informed until she had lost her speech. This morning she still recognized me, although she appeared to be gasping for breath. How solemn and responsible this ministerial duty. Who is sufficient for these things ?

“ *Feb. 26.* During the last twelve days I have been engaged in the labors of a protracted meeting.

A goodly number have professed a hope in Christ; my expectations, however, have not been fully realized. There was a want of harmony among all the members in regard to the singing, which I am afraid proved a hindering cause in the work of the Lord. Things which might seem of small moment in our estimation, may prove immense clogs to the chariot wheels of salvation. My observation has taught me that one indispensable requisite to the progress and success of a revival of religion, is the spirit of love and harmony among the members of the Church. It does seem that nothing will grieve away the Holy Spirit sooner than the absence of this feeling.

“*March 6.* I performed the funeral services of a youth who had but reached the eighteenth year of his age; he expired in the full triumphs of the Christian faith. Since death must be the lot of man, how desirable that his victims might always be found in this happy frame of mind.

“*March 28.* I have just returned from Gettysburg, where, in connection with Bro. F. W. Conrad, I have been laboring for nine days in a protracted meeting. The spirit of God was poured out in a special manner and copious measure. At some of the meetings as many as sixty anxious inquirers presented themselves, asking for the instructions and prayers of Christians. A large number of the dear

young men of Pennsylvania College were brought to the feet of the Saviour. The contest between truth and the cultivated carnal mind was in some cases long and fearful; but in most instances victory was on the side of truth and God.

“One wicked young man swore he would not be converted. Another boldly declared that if ever he became a Christian, it would not be amidst the excitement and machinery of a revival. And yet, in less than two days afterward, both were not only among the anxious, weeping over their sins, but happily rejoicing in the love of their Saviour. It is expected that both will devote themselves to the work of the gospel ministry.

“One young man, who was among the few who would not yield to the strivings of the Spirit, when he discovered that a younger brother, his room-mate, was under conviction of sin, requested a godly young man to take his brother into the room with him, that he might not be injured by those who were resisting the truth and the Spirit.

“In some of the college classes two-thirds of the whole number were subjects of this work of grace; so general was the work in the institution, that at the close of the meeting but about half a dozen were left among the ranks of the impenitent. Although the labors of preaching devolved upon Bro. Conrad and

myself, we had the hearty and active co-operation of all the members of the faculties in both institutions, as well as of the pious students, in all the other exercises of the meetings for prayer, inquiry, etc. I consider this as one among the most remarkable works of grace which it has ever been my privilege and happiness to witness and participate in. I hope and pray that from the fruits of it a large number of ministers may be raised up by God. Eternity alone can reveal the results of such a meeting as this. Let the spirit of revivals be cherished in our institutions! Let our ministers and people pray fervently that God may visit these fountains of learning in our Church with the frequent and abundant outpourings of his Holy Spirit, so that they may send forth many streams to make glad the city of God. May my Alma Mater be the scene of such revivals to the end of her existence.

“*April 2.* Last week I buried one of my members, a pious German, who left a widow and five children to mourn the loss of their only earthly supporter. How desolate the condition of a *poor widow*. No wonder that the promises of God’s word, left for her consolation and encouragement, are especially great and precious, and that her wrongs will be signally avenged by the Judge of all the earth.

“I also buried Mrs. —, who had lived a very

wicked and profligate life, but I trust was saved, as a brand plucked out of the fire by Him who has said that publicans and harlots will enter into life sooner than the self-righteous.

“*May 2.* Preached a sermon at the funeral of Miss M. Koontz, who, although she was called away in the season of youth, had been sick for a long time, and called to endure much suffering. The sadness occasioned by her early departure was mitigated by her triumphant, happy death; she welcomed death as a merciful visitor, who had come to release her from all her bodily suffering, and translate her into the everlasting kingdom of her blessed Redeemer.

“*May 12.* This is my thirty-first birth-day. I have now lived thirty-one years in this world of labor and sorrow; and, alas! I have accomplished but little for the glory of God, who has made, and preserved, and redeemed me. For thirteen years I have been a professor of religion; yet how little have I grown in grace. I find much, yea, everything, in the dealings of Jehovah worthy of admiration and praise; but nothing in my conduct toward him deserving my approbation. I gratefully confess that, through his grace, I am what I am. I will now resolve and covenant, before the Omniscient One, my Creator, Redeemer, and bountiful Benefactor, that, in future I will earnestly strive to live more exclusively

to God's glory. May he aid me, by his grace, to live in the spirit of this solemn resolution. The Lord is still permitting me, notwithstanding my weakness and imperfections, to see some fruits of my labors. At my communion season, in May, twenty-five members were added to my Church, on profession of faith in Christ. May all these prove faithful, and many more be added to our number of such as shall be saved."

CHAPTER XI.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Death of three ministers—Affliction and death of a young lady—Effect of sacred music—Invited to accept a theological professorship in a new institution in Ohio—A blessed death—Sweet communion with God in private prayer—Unusually happy state of mind—Birth of his fourth child—Sickness of a deluded Roman Catholic.

“MAY 29. Last week I attended a very large and interesting convention of our General Synod in the city of Baltimore. I met many of my old associates and fellow-laborers in the gospel ministry. My heart is always cheered by these gatherings, in which we take sweet counsel together, and encourage each other in the work of the Lord. Since my return from this meeting, I have been more deeply impressed with the importance of laboring diligently while it is called to-day. Since our last meeting in 1841, three of our ministerial brethren have been called from our midst by the voice of death. All of them were men of good health and robust constitutions, and none had passed beyond the meridian of life. Surely such dispensations of Divine providence cannot be without a meaning. To us they speak—most loudly speak—urging us to do whatsoever our hands find to do, with

our might, as there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge in the grave whither we are going.

“I have been reading ‘The Christian Professor’—that excellent work of that excellent man, J. Angel James, with a lively interest and great profit. As a practical writer, he certainly has few superiors.

“*June 19.* I preached, yesterday morning, against the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors—especially on the impropriety of farmers giving it to their laboring hands as a common beverage. This was a very unpleasant task, for I had before me many excellent men who *make, sell, and use* liquor. Although a painful duty, and one which, perhaps, has offended many, my conscience would not allow me to neglect it. I felt that I owed it to God to show the immorality of such a practice. For, ‘if I yet please men’ in this thing, ‘I should not be the servant of Christ.’ This is, perhaps, one of the ‘tribulations through which we must enter into the kingdom of God.’

“*July 11.* During this week, I was called to visit a young lady afflicted with a disease likely to terminate in death. I immediately hastened to her dwelling. I found her a perfect stranger, who had come into the neighborhood, to an aunt, to obtain the services of a physician. She had a distressing, pro-

tracted, obstinate, and incurable disease. The history of her life, which I received from her grandmother and aunt, is as follows: She formerly was very robust and healthy, apparently impervious to disease. She bloomed in youth, in health, in beauty, as the spring rose under the influence of a morning sun. She was born and cradled in poverty, reared in frugality and hard labor. The severe labor which her circumstances rendered necessary, she performed industriously and cheerfully. About three years ago, she commenced complaining of a severe shooting pain in her hip. This pain was followed by a swelling, which increased till it became necessary to apply the lance. The incision thus made was converted into a running sore, to waste and leak out the energies and substance of her once beautiful and vigorous frame. This sad result was feared by her physicians and friends; but this, or death, seemed to be the only alternative. She is now an object of the tenderest pity. Racked by pains, and emaciated by the consuming powers of disease, she affords a striking illustration of that truthful passage of Scripture, 'All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.' Her eye and countenance are still expressive of much natural goodness, amiability of disposition and kindness of heart. A few of my members became acquainted with her condition, visited her, and

prayed with her. My informant of her sickness said to me, 'I am afraid she is not prepared for her approaching end.' After a few moments' conversation with her, the same distressing conviction fixed itself in my mind. Unfortunately, she had not been reared up under the molding influence of religious instruction; and now her mind was sluggish and dull of comprehension, induced by the intense sufferings she had endured. I endeavored to make the way of life clear and intelligible to her, by explaining every term possessing any possible obscurity, and illustrating religious truth by the most familiar objects. I compared repentance to the sorrow of an affectionate child for having grieved a kind mother; and faith, to her confidence in her physician. I prayed with and for her. After conversing with her for several hours, at intervals, allowing her time for rest and reflection, I could not perceive that she had been much benefited by my instructions. Her fear of death and dread of eternity were still great. The following day, I called again to see her, when I found her more calm, but could not certainly conclude whether it was the stupor of disease or the peace and joy of faith. The third day, I repeated my visit, and to my comfort I found her countenance entirely changed. Her eye, naturally beautiful, now beamed forth the gladdening rays of hope. An expression of joy played upon every feature of her

emaciated face. She thought she had embraced the Saviour by faith, and experienced the joyful sweetness of his love. She felt resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, even if death itself should be required. She was, however, impressed with the idea of unworthiness to partake of that ordinance which the Saviour instituted in commemoration of his own sufferings and death upon the cross. As she had never obeyed the solemn injunction of Jesus, 'This do in remembrance of me,' I thought it important that she should eat and drink the emblems of his dying love. Nevertheless, I did not wish to press the duty upon her, and therefore left her, after commending her to God in prayer. When I returned to her room, she seemed to furnish undoubted evidence that she was on the very verge of, and was fast ripening for, heaven. She now desired to receive the Lord's Supper, which I administered to her. It was a solemn moment. She communed for the first and last time, at the table of her blessed Redeemer, on earth. With deep solemnity, and without any emotions of fear, she spoke of her end as very near. She felt that 'to depart and be with Christ would be far better.'

"This is a delightful, balmy evening. A shower of rain has fallen upon the earth, and every object in the world of nature bears the evidences of refreshment. Ten thousand objects all around us invite to

gratitude and praise. A pious neighbor, with a female assistant, are sweetly singing the songs of Zion. O, I feel as if I myself were near the heavenly Jerusalem. Truly, I can say with the enraptured Peter, 'Lord, it is good to be here.' How inconceivably delightful will heaven be; how sweet the prospect; how glorious the reality! O, how can I repay the goodness of God, in bringing me from darkness to light! All glory to his name for ever and ever.

"*July 25.* Yesterday morning I received a letter from a committee appointed by a Synod of Ohio, to open a correspondence with me, in reference to my willingness to accept a professorship of theology in a seminary which is to be opened in that State next spring. This matter gives me no small degree of perplexity. I know something about the wants of the West, and I am not ignorant of the burden and responsibility of such a position; such a change of location would require much self-denial. I am duly impressed with a sense of my insufficiency for such an important station; consequently I feel very reluctant to move in this matter. I would fear, on the one hand, hastily to enter upon a work for which I am not fully qualified; and on the other hand, I could not justify myself in refusing to do it, from a consideration of superior comforts in my present charge. I

must, therefore, commit myself and this whole matter to God, willing to follow the leadings of his providence, fully assured that He will guide aright. O Thou, whose I am, and whom I desire to serve, who hast been the guide of my youth, do thou control me in this matter!

“*July 27.* Another watchman has fallen from Zion’s walls! A week ago, Bro. Lawbaugh died in Loudon, Pa. He entered the ministry last September, and preached with much success in Bedford county, until a fatal disease—rapid consumption—seized hold upon him, and dragged him hastily to an early grave. He was a young man of considerable promise, an excellent spirit, and greatly beloved by all who knew him. How strange that he should so soon be cut down! But, strange as it may be, we must yield to the conviction that it was rightly ordered. We have reason to believe that God will ultimately be glorified more by his premature decay, than if he had lived a pilgrim here for threescore years and ten. I have not learned the particulars connected with his departing moments.

“I have been at the bedside of the afflicted young lady before mentioned. She is still lingering on these mortal shores—gradually wasting away; she has now an anxious longing to be released from her sufferings, which are unspeakably great, and rest with her

blessed Saviour in glory. This desire was soon gratified.

“*July 31.* To-day her sufferings ended here, and we have good reason for believing that her ransomed spirit has found repose in Abraham’s bosom. By long-protracted sufferings her soul was ripened for the kingdom of heaven; while the outward, bodily nature was perishing, the inward spiritual nature was renewed day by day; her light afflictions which (comparatively) were but for a moment, have worked out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while she looked not at the ‘things which are seen and temporal, but at the things which are not seen and eternal.’ Glory be to God for his wise and gracious providence, whereby ‘all things are made to work together for good to those who love him.’

“*Aug. 4.* I have just come from the solemn chamber of a dying Christian. Mrs. Wise, one of my members, is lying upon a bed of languishing, beyond the hope of recovery; her sudden illness has spread a gloom over the circle of her family and friends; no gloomy fears harass her own mind. On Wednesday evening she sent for me, wishing me to mingle my prayers and supplications with hers, and on her behalf at a throne of grace. She was calm and joyful, with her hope stayed on God, and her will resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father. This

morning early I hastened to her room, and found her fast sinking into the arms of death, but her confidence in Christ is unwavering, which has disarmed Death of his terrors. With calmness she has given her dying counsel to those who have gathered around her couch. Her children she has committed to the care of Heaven and her pious friends. She lingered on during the day, which proved to be her last; for ere another's dawn her soul had left the shores of time, 'an unknown world to try.' She closed her eyes in peaceful hope to awake in endless day; her sun set as the morning star, which melts away into the light of heaven. Another of my beloved flock has gone to join the Church of the First-born in heaven—that blood-washed throng who are before the throne of God and praise Him ever more. The inquiry has been awakened in my mind, Shall I be favored with such a strong faith—such a glorious hope—such a bright prospect, and such a peaceful triumph when my departing moment arrives? But I must put my trust in God and patiently wait his time. A faithful Christian life will and must result in a happy eternity, and very generally in a calm and peaceful death. In some instances the peculiar nature of the disease fills with agony and terror the minds of the most humble and devoted followers of the Redeemer. I will commit myself to the guardian

care of Jehovah, and patiently wait for his salvation. The second day after the decease of Mrs. Wise, I preached a funeral sermon, after which we deposited her mortal remains in the silent tomb. It was an hour of deep solemnity to my soul, as well as to the large concourse of people assembled there. May God make this affliction a great blessing to those who yet remain.

“*Aug. 7.* Yesterday, I preached at Beaver Creek, on the subject of infant baptism, in the midst of a community of Anabaptists. The remark had been made, that I could not preach on that subject to these people, without interruption and disorder. The prediction, however, proved to be erroneous. I am convinced that any subject contained in the Word of God can be discussed in the hearing of those who may differ from the sentiments expressed, if done in a proper Christian spirit, without producing a great uproar.

“*Aug. 29.* I have just had a most delightful season of communion with God in private prayer. It is blessed to have fellowship with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ. I felt a special importunity in making supplication for our theological and literary institutions, our religious publications, our benevolent operations, and for my infant son, that he may live and glorify God in preaching the gospel, when my voice shall be hushed in death.

“Last Sabbath I spent at Martinsburg and Shepherdstown, presenting the claims of our Beneficiary Education Society. At the latter place, my soul was enraptured by the music of the choir. The voices were assisted by several appropriate instruments. This, it seems to me, must bear some resemblance to the sweet melodies of heaven. Much would, no doubt, be gained for the cause of religion, by a proper improvement of sacred music. It would render the ‘tabernacles of the Lord’ more amiable. Music exerts a softening, refining, elevating power on the human mind. It has been used on the most remarkable occasions in the past history of the Church. It will constitute a part in the exercises of the redeemed spirits in glory, and will, perhaps, be one of the richest sources of their unspeakable joys. I long to experience its enrapturing power in heaven.

“*Sept. 11.* Last Saturday, I went to Middleburg, to commence the exercises preparatory to the celebration of the Lord’s Supper. In the afternoon, while reading a hymn, I was suddenly filled with an extraordinary sense of the Divine goodness. I became feeble under its overwhelming power, and was ready to sink to the floor. The sun shone brightly, and it seemed to me that the heavenly mansions were near—*very near*—and that every sunbeam was a stream of God’s goodness, flowing down to earth, and penetrat-

ing my soul. During the entire afternoon, I was in an unusually happy state of mind. I had a meek, child-like spirit, and an ardent love for souls. I visited, after service, many of the cottages of these poor villagers, and experienced much comfort in speaking to them about Christ, and his marvelous love to sinners. On the Lord's Day, I had unusual freedom of utterance in preaching the Word. In the ordinance of his own Supper, the Saviour was manifestly present to bless his people. By the rite of confirmation, twelve were added to the Church militant.

"*Sept. 26.* I was present, last week, at the commencement exercises of our institutions at Gettysburg. These exercises were very interesting, affording much encouragement to the board of directors. Here I took sick, and was necessitated to tarry for several days. I am, however, home again, in the enjoyment of my usual health. By each successive attack of disease, I feel more convinced of the value of time and health, and the importance of their most diligent improvement. My recent visitation, has, I believe, been sanctified to me, having taught me to live more carefully for the glory of God.

"*Oct. 2.* This is the birth-day of our fourth child—a daughter. In solemn prayer, I have dedicated her to God. Our family is now equally divided—two in heaven, and two on earth. With joy, I look for-

ward to the period when we shall all be united in our Father's house above.

“*Oct. 20.* The annual convention of our Synod has just closed. Our deliberations were all conducted in the spirit of brotherly love. ‘How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’ Through the kindness of my brethren, I was made president of the Synod; and thus, the duty of formally licensing five young brethren to preach the gospel was imposed upon me.

“*Oct. 30.* Last week, I attended the meeting of the East Pennsylvania Synod, and also a meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society, in the city of Philadelphia. The Rev. Walter Gunn and his wife received their instructions as missionaries to Guntoor, among the Telugus, in Southern Hindoostan. The occasion was highly interesting, and deeply solemn. These are the first heralds of salvation sent to the perishing heathen by this society. May God's protecting care be over them during their perilous voyage, and his blessing richly distil upon their labors in the self-denying field to which they have been appointed.

“*Nov. 1.* I have been instructed and benefited this morning by reading ‘Todd's Students' Manual,’ a book which, as far as possible, should be read by all once a year. This afternoon I visited the poor at

the almshouse. I found an Irish Roman Catholic, very sick, and after some conversation I proposed offering prayer with and for him; he refused, saying he would not pray until his father confessor came. Strange infatuation of error! He seemed near his end, had not yet sent for his father confessor, and yet would not allow another to offer up prayers with him. I also visited an aged widow; not one, however, like Anna of old, 'who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayer night and day,' for she had not been in the sanctuary of the Most High for the space of a year, which she confessed with a smile of stupid indifference, if not of complacent gratification.

"I have lately been reading the Memoirs of Dr. Nevins, late of Baltimore, one of my favorite authors. It is a matter of astonishment that so godly a man should meet death with so much reluctance. One lesson taught by this fact is, that it is important to be familiarized with death before its solemn summons comes, and with eternity before we enter its untried realities.

"*Nov. 11.* This morning I preached on the possibility of the relapse and perdition of the soul of a believer. I gathered some of my thoughts from Dr. Whitby's Discourses on the Five Points. The subject of my discourse this evening was, 'the Nature

and Causes of Backsliding. I could say with Micah, 'I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord, and of judgment and of might to declare unto Israel his transgressions and to Jacob his sins.' "

CHAPTER XII.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN.

Opportunity of praying with a sick man neglected—Conference meeting of his congregation—Fire at midnight—An effort to deceive him—An humble Christian underrating herself—New Year reminds of the past—Unable to preach, but Sabbath not lost—Death of a Methodist minister—Visit to Ohio—Difficulty in deciding the question—Happy spiritual state—Accepts the professorship—Motives by which he is influenced—Great sacrifice for the glory of God

“*Nov.* 22, 1843. On Sabbath night I enjoyed an unusual share of the Spirit’s aid in preaching and prayer. I have recently made a change, and in my opinion, an improvement in preaching the gospel, by not merely quoting Scripture passages, a practice which I adopted when I entered the ministry, but by dwelling upon, explaining, and enforcing them. There is a freshness and a power accompanying the Divine Word, and a weight of authority which will be wanting in any other mode of preaching.

“This week I called to see Mr. —, a poor sick man, whom I have often visited. I saw no evidences of his increasing illness, and as I was very much fatigued, I did not engage in prayer with him; he seemed utterly unwilling to die; but three days later

he was suddenly called into the eternal world. It is now a source of bitter regret to me that I did not avail myself of this opportunity of supplicating a throne of grace in his behalf. Had I performed this duty it would now be a cause of consolation to my heart. It is best not to postpone to some future time what can be done at present.

“I have for some days applied myself more intensely to study than previously, which I find promotive of my spiritual interests, as well as my usefulness.

“*Dec. 6.* A few nights ago, I held a conference with the male members of my congregation, which was delightful to my soul. We sat together in heavenly places, and spake concerning the interests of Christ’s kingdom on earth, and especially in our own souls and our community, to whom we are commanded ‘to be salt, and to shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life.’ It reminded me of the passage in Malachi, ‘Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name.’ The exercises were opened with singing, reading and prayer. I then commenced with the older members, asking them to express their views and feelings in reference to the

spiritual state of the congregation and community, and the means by which backsliders could be reclaimed to the Church, and the worldly-minded brought under the influence of the gospel. I also asked them to mention any particulars of their own experience in the service of God, and in their efforts to make themselves useful, that might be encouraging to others. This they did in a simple conversational manner. I occasionally put in a question, or made an additional remark which seemed important. These exercises stirred us up with a desire to become experienced, wise and strong in the service of God and his Church. The younger members were instructed and encouraged in the work of their Master. Such meetings I find especially useful prior to a protracted effort for the conversion of sinners. They awaken a deeper interest among Christians about their own salvation and that of their fellow-men.

“*Dec. 8.* This morning I awoke with a strong thirst for knowledge, that I might serve God more efficiently. Not feeling in need of more rest, I arose and found it refreshing to call upon the Lord—to seek God early. I am now laboring from night to night in protracted exercises, designed for the reviving of Christians and the conversion of the impenitent. Last night we had a precious meeting. These exercises continued four days after the above date. Be-

lievers were made strong in the Lord : a number professed to have experienced the regenerating power of divine grace, and eight were added to the Church of Christ.

“ *Dec. 14.* Last night I was aroused from my slumbers, and ran some distance to aid in extinguishing a fire which had consumed several houses. I admired the zeal of our citizens to save the property and effects of the unfortunate occupants of these burning buildings. It displayed a becoming noble generosity. As I beheld the active efforts of the multitude to save life and property from quenchable flames, the thought occurred to my mind, how slothful are men to save their own souls and those of others from those quenchless flames of which they are already set on fire. How distressing it was to see six families driven out of their beds, and away from their homes, at the midnight hour of a cold winter night; yet how infinitely more distressing will it be for sinners, like the rich man, to be driven from their homes, their comforts, their ease and their business into outer darkness, and lie down in endless flames, and suffer everlasting burning. Yet this will be the doom of millions. No wonder there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. O perdition ! who can paraphrase thy meaning ? Who can compute thy sorrows ?

“ *Dec. 28.* I visited a sick man, poisoned by the

glazing of earthenware. I found his sister-in-law sick from the same cause. I asked her whether she was a Christian; to which she responded with great promptness in the affirmative. All questions of a similar nature, addressed to her, she answered in such a way as to leave me under the impression that she enjoyed the love and favor of God. When I went to prayer with her, she began to shout, exclaiming, Glory to God, and excited some children who were present to cry so boisterously, that I was obliged to stop until they became quiet. I then proceeded with my prayer, and when I arose from my knees, she said she would send again for Bro. S——, a boisterous clergyman. This seemed to be done in anger because I did not encourage her in her noise. In charity, I attributed it to her improper religious training, and still believed her to be a good woman. I was afterward told by one of her neighbors, that during the following night she became hopelessly ill—sent for the minister—declared she was sinking to ruin, and unless changed must perish. I moreover learned that she was a very wicked woman up to the period of her sickness—that she artfully deceived me, but when she was brought to the verge of death, she became honest with her soul. Sinners can shout as well as saints. They learn to use the language of Zion's children, to deceive both themselves and others. She recovered

and became as ungodly as before. But soon she was taken ill again, and we have reason to fear, died as she had lived. 'He that sinneth, wrongeth his own soul. Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

"*Dec. 29.* I have been reading the account of Gideon's call to the service of God. 'He threshed wheat by the wine-press to hide it from the Midianites.' It reminded me affectingly of my first inclination to the gospel ministry, in the winter of 1828. I was threshing in my father's barn—it was a beautiful sunny afternoon—my thoughts were dwelling on the preciousness of the love of Christ. 'While I mused the fire burned.' I was seized with a burning desire that all my neighbors, especially my youthful companions, might know God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. Thence my desire extended to all mankind, and the impression was deeply fixed on my mind that I was called to preach the gospel. The spot and the hour of this occurrence are still fresh in my mind. I would not be understood as saying, that Jehovah in this way appears to every one, to give him the assurance of his duty to preach the gospel. He has various ways of enlisting men in his service. All are not called as Gideon.

"*Dec. 31.* A gentleman has called to see me, and speak with me about his daughter—a member of the

Church — who is disposed to despair of her salvation. He says (what I have good reason to believe) that she has, from childhood, been a most humble, obedient, pious child. She always underrates herself—takes the most indifferent portion at the table—performs the humblest, severest part of domestic labor. It seems to be a natural want of self-confidence, that inclines her to religious melancholy. Such cases are, perhaps, more numerous than we are in the habit of supposing. They are so retired—make so little noise in the world and the Church, that they are overlooked by men, as pearls among rubbish: but they are precious in the sight of the Lord. ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall see God.’ I feel that, in my preaching, I too little think of such. Theirs are the exceeding great and precious promises of God’s Word. I will, hereafter, endeavor oftener to strengthen the feeble knees.

“*Jan. 1, 1844.* Another year has fled swiftly, as a ‘weaver’s shuttle,’ and thoughtlessly as ‘a tale that is told.’ I am this day reminded of the 1st of January, 1837. I was then on a missionary tour in the far West. On the 28th of December, I left Peoria, or Fort Clark, on the Illinois River, to visit a colony of Europeans at Pekin, some miles south. Considerable snow was on the ground, and I sometimes rode over

ponds and streams, on snow and ice, without knowing it. I perceived my danger after I had proceeded a few miles on my journey. In the afternoon, I came safely to Pekin, where I found a few families of Germans. I heard of a colony some miles distant, on the Mackinaw River, for which I started across a dreary prairie—a wide, boundless sheet of pure white, without a shrub to variegate it. I missed my way, and became bewildered. It was near night, and cloudy. The sun was invisible, and I was guided only by my pocket compass. I, at last, determined to dismount, and retrace the tracks of my horse back to a house which I had seen sometime before. Here I met with a cold reception, but was not denied a night's lodging. A bed was prepared for me on the floor. During the night, it thawed, and commenced raining. The water dripped on my bed, but there was no escape from it. I shifted my position, so as to be annoyed as little as possible by the falling drops, and composed myself to sleep, to rest my wearied limbs. Next morning, it was still thawing, and seemed as if the whole mass of snow would at once dissolve into a flood of water. I set out in search of the family to whom I had been directed. When about three hundred yards from the house, the wind blew up a strong hurricane. In a short time, the mercury was down to zero in the thermometer, and in half an hour, the whole sheet of

water and melted snow was congealed into ice. So cold did it become, that I was obliged to put a blanket on my horse to keep him from shivering. I found the family very kind, but sparingly blessed with the comforts of life. Their cabin was destitute of a single chair—with but one apartment, in which we all lodged. The family was composed of a grandfather, a father and mother, with four children. When I entered the house, I immediately made myself and work known. I was very kindly received and recognized as a minister of the gospel of their own faith and speaking their own language. The father remarked to his daughter, ‘Did I not tell you God would soon send some one?’ Then turning to me, he said that, a few days ago, she was in great distress, and, with tears in her eyes, lamented that she had no one to baptize her babe. He told her to trust in God, who would send one in due time. The year previous, the Rev. C. F. Heyer, now in India, had visited them. With this family, I was obliged to tarry nearly two weeks, unable to travel in consequence of the ice which covered the earth. On New-Year’s Day, I preached in the house of my host, and administered the sacrament to a small company (seven) of believers. It was bitter cold, a large log-fire was kindled in the hearth, while a bucketful of water was kept in readiness to prevent the timber of the cabin from being

consumed. I was necessitated, during the exercises, to keep my overcoat buttoned. But our hearts were warm with the love of God and each other. At one time, I became dejected. Why it was, I know not, unless because I was not very well. About sunset, I took a walk, and ascended a bluff near the Mackinaw River, which overlooked a vast scope of country.

“The pensiveness of evening, and the dreariness of the widespread scene beyond the frozen river, filled my mind with a longing desire for that sweet Canaan above. I kneeled down on the pure mantle of snow, and poured out my soul in prayer to God; I communed with God, as if I stood on Pisgah’s top, and viewed the promised land; my soul was unburdened and a sweet calm spread over my spirit, causing me to feel willing to *do* or to *suffer anything* that I might but win souls to Christ.

“The greatest privations experienced during my sojourn here, were the want of a private apartment, and the entire absence of chairs; stools, when occupied any considerable length of time, are not a very comfortable seat. I found myself imitating those around me—placing my forearm upon my knee, when in conversation or reading. But, notwithstanding these privations, I became attached to this pious family. When I left, they wept as the Ephesians on the neck of Paul, entreating me to visit them again.

As they gazed wishfully after me my heart melted within me; I was moved with compassion toward them, being as sheep having no shepherd. May my visit be made a great spiritual blessing to them, and if no more I see them on earth, may we happily meet each other in heaven.

“Returning from this digression, I cannot refrain from emotions of gratitude and expressions of thanksgiving to Almighty God, that my situation *this* New Year’s Day is widely different. I am now comfortably situated in a lovely family circle, in a large, peaceful, flourishing congregation, surrounded by means of self-improvement and extensive usefulness. For all these favors I desire to *record* and offer up my sincerest gratitude and praise to the kind Author of all good, devoting myself anew to his glory.

“*Jan. 23.* During a protracted meeting at Loudon, Pa., I preached four sermons. A precious work of grace is in progress; a number have already embraced the Saviour by faith, and are now at peace with God; others are asking that all-important question, ‘What must I do to be saved?’

“*Jan. 27.* This sacred day I have lost in my ministry. Having been indisposed for some days, I gave myself into the hands of my kind physician, who advised me to remain in my room. To be prevented from preaching, is a great privation. Although lost

to others, I trust the day has not been lost to myself; I have communed with God; I have had converse with my own heart; I felt the importance of being ready, *always ready* for death—of possessing a clear, firm ground of hope—a strong assurance of faith. Of the want of this I have often complained, and in consequence of it I have suffered much; but, thanks be to God, I have reason to believe that I am in the way that leadeth unto life. It is good to trust in the Lord, and to hope in his mercy. The Lord loveth them that fear Him, that walk in the ways of his commandments, that believe on his Son whom He has sent. Whither shall we go but unto thee? ‘Thou hast the words of eternal life.’

‘Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.’

“*Jan. 29.* My health is improved; my soul is filled with gratitude; I am ready to burst forth in lauding strains;

‘O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

’Tis He forgives thy sin;
’Tis He relieves thy pain;
’Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.’

“*Jan.* 31. The bells of our town have just tolled the death of Rev. John Rigdon, my colleague of the Methodist Episcopal Church; his death was occasioned by a complication of diseases, in part by a disease of the throat. He was a man of considerable zeal in the cause of his Master. We labored together with perfect unanimity in the cause of temperance. He did not understand the art of speaking in public with ease to himself; his manner was unnaturally loud and forced. As far as I had any opportunity of forming an opinion, he gave evidence of being a good man. In his conversations with me during his sickness, he was very much reserved; this is perhaps to be attributed to the condition of his throat. In consequence of my absence from home and subsequent indisposition, I did not see him during the last two weeks of his life. I was just on my way to visit him, when I learned the sad intelligence of his death. How good Jehovah has been to me; once I had the same disease—was brought near the gates of death—yet He spared me. Since I have been here, two of my colleagues have been cut off—more robust than I—and yet God has prolonged my life. Doubtless He has a work for me to do. Theirs is now accomplished, and they have entered upon their reward.

“To-morrow I expect by Divine permission, to set out for the West, for the purpose of deciding whether

or not to accept a call to the professorship of a contemplated theological institution. May the Lord spare me and bring me back in peace; and help me to decide according to his will. In reference to this whole matter, I can adopt the language of the venerable Howe, in reference to his journey to London: 'I have a resolution to do what I shall conceive shall make most to the usefulness of the rest of my life; which resolution I ought never to be without. If I can find clearly it is my duty to return, in order to my continuance here, I shall do it with high complacency.'

"*Feb.* 22. On the first of this month, I left my sweet home for Ohio. There is something solemn in leaving a wife and children dear, a congregation and friends, under the solemn impression that, as we do not know what a day may bring forth, it may be a final separation for this world. Committing myself to my Heavenly Father, I took my departure. The roads across the mountains were icy and dangerous, but we were graciously protected. My first Sabbath I spent at Pittsburg, where I twice preached the gospel. On my way to Wooster, I fell in company with Prof. Cochran, of Oberlin. He declared to me that he believed he would have lost his soul, had it not been for the so-called 'anxious bench.' He had formerly been a lawyer. I remained over a second Sab-

bath at Wooster, and a third I spent at Cumberland, on my way home. I am still much perplexed to know the path of duty. After taking a partial view of the field in the West, I am satisfied that it affords the prospect of great usefulness. Whether greater than my present field of labor, I have not yet been able to determine. This is the question now to be solved; and the solution of which is accompanied with considerable difficulty.

“*March* 17. Almost another month has passed, and I have not yet decided whether I shall go West. Since my return I have been perplexed to unhappiness, and sometimes almost to distraction. I have received much comfort from that precious passage of Scripture, ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall direct thy steps.’ For some days I have been engaged in protracted religious exercises. On the 19th, we celebrated the Lord’s Supper. It was delightful to commemorate our dearest Saviour’s death, with such a multitude of his disciples. Two young men, on Saturday night, covenanted with the Lord — two of nature’s noblemen. A gentleman and his lady, who had been disconnected perhaps for ten years, having become disaffected by the renting of the pews, have returned to-day. The thought of dissolving my connection with this dear people, caused me to mingle emotions of sadness with my tears of over

flowing joy. Bro. Conrad aided me in this communion; a dear brother, full of faith, of zeal, and of the Holy Ghost.

“I feel this evening as if I could trample the world under foot, and value nothing but God and his service, his cause and heaven. O yes, I will live for eternity, for the communion of saints above. ‘What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’

“*March 29.* So many have been my cares and engagements for several weeks, that I have found no time to make any record of my doings and experience. I have at length decided to spend the summer in the West, in the service of the contemplated theological institution. I will not go to housekeeping, as I expect the location of the institution will be removed further west than Wooster, so as to be more central to the Church in the West. I am fully convinced that the Church needs such an institution. But *one*, however, is needed, which should therefore be located in the western part of Ohio. In determining upon this change, I have yielded to the conviction of duty. I am fully impressed with the idea that the pastoral relation should become more permanent in our Church—that it should not be broken for slight reasons.”

The motive by which Dr. Keller was actuated in

accepting the offered professorship, may be learned from the following extract taken from a letter written by him at this time, addressed to the Secretary of the Board of Directors:

“I have, therefore—after much fervent prayer—much deep reflection—much careful consultation with the wisest advisers in my reach—with great fear and trembling, and I trust in sincerity and the fear of God—resolved to *accept* the position offered me by your Board, and I hereby signify the same to them.

“As I have thus given up a large and delightful field of usefulness and enjoyment, I shall endeavor to be entirely devoted to the interests of your infant seminary of learning; and I trust I shall have the hearty and efficient co-operation of those who have invited me into this field.”

Of his entire devotion to the interests of the institution, his whole future life gave abundant proof. That a very great sacrifice was involved in this act, must be apparent to every reflecting mind. His consciousness of needed grace to bear the trial, is indicated by the following language from the same letter:

“I trust I shall have an interest in your prayers, that I may be sustained in the severe trial of separation from my beloved flock. The trial will be very

great. I am already much enfeebled in consequence of anxious cares by day and dreams by night. I trust this sacrifice will redound to the glory of God. For his glory alone it has been made."

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS MINISTRY AT HAGERSTOWN

Death of his little daughter—Sick man in despair—Illustration of faith—Addresses the Alumni of the seminary at Gettysburg—Remarks at the grave of his first-born—Solicits subscriptions for beneficiary education—Visits the dentist—Closes his ministry at Hagerstown.

“*April 5, 1844.* Yesterday we buried our only daughter, Louisa Reck, who died after a sickness of five days; she had been a healthy child—was a few days more than six months old. She was the object of our tenderest affection; but, alas! how soon cut down, as the tender flower of spring. Now we have three in heaven—one on earth. I hear his cheerful voice in an adjoining room; but I have given him up also, for the Lord’s he is, and perhaps He will take him soon to the blessed trio in heaven. I will call nothing earthly my own. It is hard, it is trying to the parental heart, to lose a child. O, the shortening breath, the ebbing life, the staring eye, the cold marble brow of a child! How heart-rending! What but the hopes of the gospel and the grace of God can sustain us in such a trial? My house, her crib, her place in the family, are desolate as my anguish-riven

heart. But now she is dead, why should I weep? Can I bring her back again? 'She shall not come to me, but I shall go to her.' Why then complain of the approach of death?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.'

Are their souls not better cared for there, where there is no sickness, pain or death? Their dear bodies, shall they not live again? The flowers that faded in my garden last autumn, are now blooming again with apparently increased beauty. Cannot the same Almighty Being make them flourish again in undying glory? Is not the God of nature the God of grace? Did He not say, 'The hour is coming in the which all who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life'—'This corruptible shall put on incorruption, this mortal immortality'—'I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death'—'O death, I will be thy plague'—'O, grave, I will be thy destruction.' Are not his promises in Christ yea and amen? Hath not the voice of the faithful God, who keepeth covenant, the voice that rolls the stars along, spoken all these precious assurances? Is not Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that sleep? And if we believe that Jesus died, and

rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. And do not my children *sleep in Jesus?* Yes; they were baptized in his blessed name. ‘Of such,’ says He, ‘is the kingdom of heaven.’ And has He received their glorified spirits to himself, and will he not watch over their sleeping dust till he shall bid it rise? Have I not been assured of it in a singular way? It is a remarkable coincidence that all died on as fair mornings as ever dawned on our world; the former two on the holy Sabbath. Is not this a sweet emblem of that glorious day and world upon which their sainted souls *have* entered, and their reposing frames *will* enter—a day whose sun is the glory of the Lord, which will shine forever. Then ‘Cease, fond nature, cease thy tears.’ Farewell, then, my sweet child! I will obey the voice which seems to sound from every object which brings her blest memory to my soul:

‘Let not a tear ungratefully be given,
Bid not a murmur linger where I trod,
The child of earth is now the child of heaven,
The loved one of father, is the loved one of God.

And still forget not; but when flowers are sighing,
And evening sunset fades along the west,
Think of thy child, yet O, not pale and dying,
But living, smiling, radiant ‘mid the blest.’

“Sabbath morning. How poignant are the sor-

rows of the bereaved parental heart. Last night, upon my restless bed, I thought much, though involuntarily, of our recently departed babe. My heart went out after her. I felt pained to think that she should sleep lonely in the silence and solitude of a cemetery, who so often slept by our side, and was tenderly nursed day and night. I felt inclined to do as Jacob at Bethel, lie down beside her tomb and watch her dust. And could I not see, as he did, a ladder set up whose end reached heaven, and the angels of God descending upon it, watching her faded frame until he shall command it arise? But I must walk after the spirit, not after the flesh—live by faith, not by sight. *She* is not there, only her *frame*. She has now entered upon the joyous exercises of her first heavenly Sabbath. No, I have made a mistake. There is but one day there—it is one eternal Sabbath. There is but one temple—it is heaven's sanctuary. All their time is Sabbath time—a rest from their labors, cares, trials, sorrows and sufferings. All their privileges are sanctuary privileges. O what glory surrounds her in that bright world, where angels dwell!

‘There languor shall no more oppress ;
The heart shall feel no more distress ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That dwell upon immortal tongues.’

I will labor more to enter into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. I will more endeavor to have my life hid with Christ in God, that when Christ, who is my life, shall appear, I may also appear with him in glory.

‘When shall that glorious day begin ;
Beyond the reach of death and sin ?
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading luster shine.’

“ *April 9.* A few days ago I called to see a sick man, represented as nigh unto death, and in a state of despair. I had often warned him of a drunkard’s end, if he did not quit the use of intoxicating drink. But he would not be advised. He contended that it was a necessary part of his subsistence—that he could not dispense with it. Some months ago he commenced suddenly to fail, became alarmed, and quit his cups. But his system could not be recruited. It had been too long and too severely racked and tortured. He now confessed that I was right. With deep emotion said he, ‘If I had followed your timely kind advice, I might now be a healthy man, with the prospect of living yet many years with my distressed motherless children. But, alas ! the intoxicating bowl blinds the mind and ruins both body and soul. ‘At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.’” His experience is a solemn warning to all

moderate drinkers, for he was never intoxicated, in the ordinary sense of that term.

“ I found him, as represented to me, in a state of despair. His soul was filled with a loathing of life, and a horrible fear of death. He seemed deeply grieved by the retrospect of his past life—ashamed of the neglect of duty, of God. He expressed himself as a true penitent, in which I had reason to believe him perfectly sincere. I asked him whether he could not rely on Christ for pardon and eternal life? He replied in the negative—he could not believe that he was pardoned, although he desired pardon above everything else. Do you not think that Christ is able to forgive your sins? Has he not pardoned greater sinners than you? O yes! but he *has* not, he *will* not pardon me. Are you as penitent for sin, and as anxious for pardon as you declare yourself to be? Yes, I can truly say I am. Do you expect pardon through any other except Christ alone? I do not. Do you think that he will pardon all who are penitent and believing? Yes, I do. You say you are penitent and trustful in him; and if so, must he not pardon you? He paused a moment, and then replied, but I have no joy or peace—no evidence of any forgiveness. Ah, said I, this is your error. You expect joy and peace, before you believe that you are pardoned. You expect the *effect* to precede the

cause. This is all wrong. You must *first believe*, before you can have peace and joy.

“‘The only evidence of your justification is to be found in the promise of God : ‘Whosoever confesseth his sins and forsaketh them, shall obtain mercy.’ The moment that you have done this, which you may know, you receive forgiveness. You must believe you are pardoned for Christ’s sake, and believing this you will have joy, but not before you believe. This was both the experience and the doctrine of St. Paul : ‘Now the God of hope fill you with *all* joy and peace in *believing*.’ A gush of joy, an ecstatic emotion, which does not come from believing on Christ, is no evidence of our justification, but may be made the ground of self-deception. There is a convict in prison. He sends to the executive his petition for pardon. To-day he is pardoned at the seat of government. To-morrow the reprieve reaches him. To-day, when he is actually pardoned, he experiences no joy. And why not ? Because he does not believe that he has been forgiven. Only when he sees the reprieve — when he has the evidence that his life has been spared — does he cast his fears away, and begin to rejoice. Thus it is with the penitent. He is nowhere told that he will receive a flash of light, or a gush of peace, or an extraordinary token of any kind, *when he is pardoned*. The promise stands recorded, that, if

we confess our sins (of course, with penitence and faith in Christ), he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Have you thus confessed your sins? If so, then you are actually pardoned at the moment you make this confession. To deny or disbelieve this, is making God a liar, and adding sin to past transgressions. In believing this, you will have a rational, abiding peace. This is God's plan of pardoning mercy, so fully revealed in the gospel.'

"At this representation of the way of life, he seemed surprised. He saw his former error—that he had never understood the gospel of salvation. His countenance was as the surface of the sea, when the storm has subsided. He became peaceful—happy; and has continued so to the present moment. He expressed his wonder at the simplicity of the plan of salvation, and his own dullness in comprehending it, as well as at the confused and indefinite manner in which it is often represented. Glory to God that his soul has been brought out of the mists of theological error into the pure light of the gospel of peace. The above I find to be a very common case, even among those who have for years been listening to a preached word.

"*April 23.* I have just returned home from Gettysburg, after an absence of eight days. On the 16th

we had a meeting of the Alumni of the seminary. Forty-five ministers were in attendance. Rev. J. G. Schmucker was present, who stated that, in 1792, there was but one evangelical Lutheran Synod in the land, numbering twenty-one clerical members, which embraced all the Lutheran ministers in the country, except one or two in the Carolinas. And now, after the lapse of half a century, our number exceeds four hundred. He remarked that, in this increase, he 'recognized the hand of the Lord.' To his Name be the glory. It was delightful to meet so many of my old friends and former associates. In the evening, I delivered an address to the Alumni, on the importance of a thorough theological education to ministerial usefulness.

"I am always overwhelmed with a delightful sense of God's many mercies to me, when I enter Gettysburg, and linger about the grounds of our beloved institutions. May my heart ever be filled with the most lively emotions of gratitude to the Author of all these mercies. On the 19th, I visited Taneytown, and wept at the lonely grave of our first-born; not knowing when, or whether ever, I should be permitted again to visit this sacred spot. Parental nature prompted within me the inclination to abide there, and watch the slumbering dust: but the spirit said, 'Go, and do God's will; he will watch

‘The sleeping dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.’

As I sat by the tomb, I could not refrain from taking my pencil, and making a record of the language of my wounded heart. ‘Here slumber sweetly the ashes of my sainted babe. No eye but His who cannot sleep, is watching this sacred dust. How sweet the assurance that all these moldering limbs shall rise—this decaying frame shall in immortal beauty live—this aching heart shall feel bereavement’s pang no more. Yes, my dearest child, I shall see you, with your glorified sisters, in heaven, our home.

“I was also deeply affected at the sight of the graves of many to whom I once ministered in holy things, and who were among the living when I left that charge. O, the overwhelming responsibilities of the ministry! How they crowd into the mind at such a spot as this. ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’

“I visited the W—— charge, soliciting contributions and subscriptions for the purposes of beneficiary education. I was mortified by the illiberality of Christians. In one congregation, some of the officers went visiting to avoid this call of God. In another, I was told the church would have been crowded, had the preaching been of a different character. One man confessed he expended twenty-five dollars for tobacco, annually, while he gave two dollars to the

cause of God. And he is a professor of religion. How slow men are to learn the duty of liberality.

“*April 26.* I called, on business, this afternoon, at the office of my dentist, who remarked that I should have a root and a tooth extracted. This declaration somewhat discomposed me, for frequent suffering from such operations has given me a great horror of them. My principle, however, to do what is duty, and not to defer to another day what can be done now, did not permit me to postpone the matter, in obedience to my inclination. Having got the consent of my will I sat down, and in half a minute the root was out, and I felt some relief. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘let me take the tooth.’ ‘Is it difficult of extraction?’ I inquired. ‘I cannot tell, but it should be removed,’ was the reply. I reasoned awhile, and concluded to defer it till next week. But afterward I reconsidered the matter, sat down, and had it extracted. Although I suffered from the operation, I am glad I did not yield to my feelings. I am deeply impressed with the importance of adhering strictly to good principles in all our conduct. In the end it is always best.”

The above mentioned incident serves as an illustration of a striking characteristic of Dr. Keller — a characteristic worthy of imitation. He acted from principle in matters of minor, as well as of greater, importance.

‘*April* 28. Sabbath morning. This is the next to the last Sabbath I expect to spend as pastor among this dear people. I have just arisen from my knees, on which I rendered thanks to God for the pleasant and prosperous ministry which he has given me in this place. I have also confessed my many, many faults. O, it is sweet to commune with God in the closet. There tears are shed which flow nowhere else — tears of sincere penitence; there joys are felt which are experienced nowhere else — purest, holiest joys; the joys of our Lord, flowing directly from him, as the water drank, not from the stream, but from the fresh, pure, gushing fountain. It is wonderful that we love the closet so little, and resort to it so seldom.

“*May* 6. Yesterday I closed my ministerial labors among my beloved people of this charge. By the grace of God I was enabled to preach my closing sermon with considerable calmness.”

The ministry of this devoted servant of Jesus, in this field of labor, extended over a period of nearly four years. These were years memorable in the history of the Lutheran Church in America; years of special grace; years of numerous, glorious revivals. In these precious seasons of divine refreshing, all the congregations of his charge shared frequently and abundantly. Not only in his own pastorate were his

efforts crowned with remarkable success, but his services were solicited by his neighboring ministers all around him, and wherever he went, Divine power accompanied the preached word. To those who labored so successfully with him, these must be sunny spots in the history of the past. Thousands of those who then heard him can never forget the solemn words which dropped from his lips. Many, perhaps, awakened and converted through his instrumentality, have already gone to greet him in their happy home above.

During a protracted meeting at Gettysburg, in the spring of 1843, it was my privilege, for the first time, to hear him preach. His fame had then spread through all the churches; but as I listened to him, my highest expectations were more than realized. I well remember the first discourse from the words, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." At the close of the sermon, I thought surely some souls must have been awakened under the power of such truth. He remained nine days, and preached eleven sermons with remarkable power and most signal success. Eternity alone will reveal the results of these discourses. The supposition that none of them failed to produce conviction in the minds of *some* sinners, will appear reasonable to all whose privilege it was to listen to them. In the lan-

guage of another, "The effect of this memorable period was overwhelming, the influence most extensive and salutary.

‘The infidel believed ;
Light-thoughted mirth grew serious and wept ;
The laugh profane sank in a sigh of deep
Repentance ; the blasphemer kneeling, prayed,
And prostrate in the dust for mercy called.’

The wild and reckless were subdued by the truth ; the idle, the dissipated, the profane, the scoffer and the despiser of religion were among the first to yield their hearts to the gracious influences of the Spirit. We saw those that were hitherto unconcerned, and living regardless of their highest interests, arrested in their course, and turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart. Frivolous amusements and trifling conversation were laid aside ; the voice of prayer and praise was heard ; conscience became more tender ; duty was discharged with increased fidelity ; every bosom seemed to swell with emotions of gratitude, every heart was vocal with praise ; it was indeed a precious visitation. There was no noise, no undue excitement. During the whole of the interest, the most perfect order and the greatest solemnity pervaded all the public exercises, such as are wont to accompany those deep emotions which spring from the agitated soul. The work was deep and perma-

ment; and when the time came for those who had been the subjects of a change, to make a public profession of their faith, it was a most interesting spectacle to see them surround the altar and enter into an everlasting covenant with their Heavenly Parent. Of the large number, who at that time expressed their attachment to the Saviour, many have since been called to stand as a watch upon Zion's tower. They are now zealously engaged in their Master's vineyard, ornaments to the Church, and the guides of others to glory. To this season of spiritual refreshing they trace their Christian experience, the spirit that animates their toils, and the sweet hope that brightens life. In the faithful memory of the past, they have found a much needed guide, a priceless peace. A letter is now lying on our table, recently written by one who was then brought to a consideration of his eternal interests, and who is now successfully laboring in the Episcopal ministry. He says, 'It is now twelve years since I was arrested by the Spirit of God in my course of depravity and vice, and made to feel the quickening power of the Divine Spirit, to see the mercy of God, and to own and love my Saviour. The eventful scenes of that memorable spring never, in time or eternity, can fade from my remembrance. I try, every year, on my knees, in fervent prayer, to recall them and fix them in my mind,

and to reproduce all the associations and events that make up that sacred season.'

Nowhere was Dr. Keller more in his appropriate element than amid the scenes of a revival of religion. Under such circumstances he preached with great solemnity and power. Among his hearers, on one occasion, during this meeting, were two professional men, highly gifted and thoroughly educated. After the conclusion of the services, one's opinion of the sermon was asked by the other; his reply was, "It was like a well without a bottom."

His ministry at Hagerstown was most pleasant. Delightful were the reminiscences which he carried with him to his new field of labor. Amid the labors, discouragements and self-denials of his future life, he often recalled and mused upon the scenes of this memorable period.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY.

Departure from Hagerstown—Sabbath at Pittsburg—German churches—Old and new measures—Death of Rev. W. A. Wadsworth—Commences his labors as professor—Contrast—Lehman's Church—Self-examination—Social worship—Extravagancies of protracted meetings.

“PITTSBURG, *May* 11, 1844. On the morning of the 9th of May we left Hagerstown amid the tearful regrets and good wishes of an assembled congregation. To bid them adieu was a great trial to my feelings, but the Lord gave me considerable calmness of soul. The evening previous, I bade farewell to my council, a company of twelve men, with whom I had met monthly, and sometimes oftener, and transacted much business with the greatest possible unanimity.

“My departure was rendered comparatively happy by the election of Rev. F. W. Conrad as my successor; a man of fine pulpit abilities, remarkable prudence, great firmness, and the sincerest devotion to the cause of God. He is a brother dearly beloved. Into no hands could I have committed my flock with more satisfaction than into his. The Lord prosper thee, my dear brother Jonathan!

“On the evening of the first day, we reached Cumberland, where an appointment was made for me, which I filled, but with little satisfaction to myself, and, I fear also to others. My spirit was depressed, and I could not concentrate my thoughts. Rev. — Finkle has recently moved into this charge. He is acting the part of Oberlin. The people had commenced the erection of a beautiful church, but became discouraged, and were ready to give up the enterprise. He laid hold of the tools, asked them to lend a helping hand, and now the basement is ready for service, and they feel encouraged to undertake the completion of the whole house. How much can be accomplished with small means, if there be but a prudent manager, and in the people a mind to work. The truth of this remark is seen in the rebuilding of Jerusalem by Nehemiah.

“On Friday night, I arrived in this city, where I am spending the Sabbath. My spirit has been stirred within me in seeing the desolations of Zion among the recent emigrants from the land of our fathers’ sepulchres. There are four German congregations here, three of which are under the pastoral care of *immoral* men, two of whom are street drunkards. Alas, for them! Alas, for their flocks! This morning, I passed by one of these churches, and was deeply distressed by seeing multitudes of souls resorting

thither, to be instructed by an *immoral infidel*, for he is a rationalist. I had a long discussion yesterday and this evening after service, with the Rev. — Schmidt, editor of the '*Kirchenzeitung*,' on the points of difference between the so-called 'Old and New Measure Men,' or 'Old and New Lutherans.' The whole difference resolves into this, that *the former* base their views and practices on the symbolical books of the Church — *the latter*, on the Bible alone. *We* stand on the same ground where the Reformers stood — the Word of God; *they* stand on a platform with Romanists and Puseyites — the *opinions* of men, called the *sense* of the Church. *Our* form of doctrine is the rock of ages; *theirs* is the shifting sand. *We* contend for a religion internal, spiritual; *they* for a religion external, formal.

"I have heard with deep sorrow of the death of Rev. W. A. Wadsworth, who was one of my fellow-students, and has often been a guest at my house. He was born and raised in Frederick county, Md. After many interruptions for want of funds, he graduated at Pennsylvania College. Before he entered the ministry, he complained of an affection of the throat. For some months, he acted as agent, and then settled at Canton, Ohio, where his labors were soon interrupted by bronchitis, that scourge of ministers. He afterward took charge of a school at Perryopolis, Pa.,

where he died a fortnight ago. The particulars of his death I have not learned. Previous to his sickness he was a very amiable young man, but his disease made him somewhat sluggish and fretful. His countenance seemed full and flushed, and we mistook that fullness for sound corpulency, and that flush for the color of health. We pronounced his inactivity, indolence; his fretfulness, a want of the meekness and gentleness of Christ. But we did him injustice. Fell disease was all the while preying on his frame, and maturing him for the tomb. What a sad mistake we made! How sorry I feel that I entertained such thoughts myself, and occasionally expressed them to others! If tears could do him justice, they should

‘In torrents flow
From both my streaming eyes.’

How slow we should be in alleging such charges against a complaining brother, lest we be found ‘bearing false witness against our neighbor.’ The Lord forgive me this offense, and make me wiser and kinder in the future.

“And is he dead? Yes, he has gone forever from this vale of tears! His lovely image stands before my mind, and will stand there a thousand times; but my eyes shall see him no more on earth. O! how I would have loved to speak a word of consola-

tion to him in his last lingering hours ; or gazed upon his pallid corpse ; or dropped a tear of friendship into his open grave ! But I enjoyed not this privilege. He has passed away ; and now sleeps with the silent dead in the lonely tomb, where I recently deposited the form of a sainted daughter. At this evening hour a storm is raging fiercely, and no doubt beats upon his solitary grave ; but it does not disturb his lifeless dust ; it reposes in quietness, beyond the reach of disease and pain, and all the ills of earth. The graves of all Christ's saints are blessed. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' Farewell, dear brother ! we shall meet again in a better world. In our flesh, we together shall see God, whom we shall see, and our eyes behold, and not another. O ! blessed hope of all the children of light and love ! Sweet band, that unites all the children of peace, though death our bodies divide. How mysterious the providence of God ! This good brother once preached for me when I was disabled by a disease of the throat. I recovered, the weaker of the two. He became afflicted, and died. Perhaps he was more ripe for heaven. For me, God may yet have a work to perform, before I am prepared to enter upon my reward. Be it so ; if I only know my work, and have grace for its faithful performance.

“*May 15.* Last night, about midnight, we arrived at Wooster. From Pittsburg, we had a tedious and dangerous journey. The road was in a perilous condition, and the night was dark and dreary; but the Lord protected me, and safely brought me to my journey’s end.

“*May 17, 1844.* To-day I entered upon my duties in my new and responsible field of labor. I commenced imparting instruction to a theological class of four members. With the employment of teaching a branch so interesting and important, I am delighted; but nevertheless I do not feel pleasantly situated in all respects. I have left a delightful home — a well organized congregation — a large number of like-minded fellow-laborers, and a peaceful part of the Church; and have come here, board at a hotel, find the Church in a state of contention, the ministry much divided in sentiment, the congregation scarcely organized, having no constitution. But I will suffer none of these things to move me. I am resolved to do my duty and trust in the Lord.

“*May 21.* Last Saturday I went to Lehman’s Church, to aid Rev. — Weigant in the exercises connected with the celebration of the Lord’s Supper. This is a large, wealthy and so-called ‘old measure’ congregation. I was the first ‘new measure’ minister, as they designate me, who has been invited to

preach in their church. I found Father Weigant, an aged, venerable, sensible and pious man. I sat up with him and two members of the council till midnight, conversing on religious topics. Sabbath morning was ushered in bright and beautiful. After breakfast, I walked out into the grove adjoining the church, to find a place of solitude for meditation. Nature was clothed in her richest verdure. The birds of the air were singing their melodious songs with sprightly gayety. It was the majestic awful solitude of luxuriant nature unimproved. In this dense verdant forest, Jehovah's works seemed untouched by human hands, nor were the winged inhabitants at all bashful of man. It was a scene inspiring loftiest, holiest thought. My mind was in a reverie of delight. I stood still and gazed, and knew not why. God seemed to be present in a remarkable way, and mine eyes beheld his glory. I forgot the world in delightful, heavenly contemplation. After a season of such reflections, promenading to and fro, I was reminded by the powers of association, of the experience of President Edwards, when walking in a grove, during the interval of the two services of one of his churches. Presently my mind wandered back to Hagerstown, and lingered on the scenes of my former ministry. I thought of my church, lecture room, delightful bells, and attentive, affectionate congregation. These reminiscences awak-

ened mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. The recollection of former mercies made my heart rejoice. The change in my situation produced emotions of sadness. I returned to the house and mingled in conversation till the hour for public worship. The path to the church led us through several grass-clad fields, and a skirt of woodland. Near the church, exposed to the morning sun, lies the green graveyard, facing the east, as if the inmates were anxiously awaiting the bright morn of the resurrection. The lonely hillock or mound, and a few plain stones are the only marks of the residence of the dead, who gently sleep beneath this sod. Around this place of quiet sleepers, and around the church, and in the forest, were standing many groups of men, women and children, while large numbers were still gathering from every direction. It was communion Sabbath. The place and the day seemed peculiarly adapted to such exercises—to communion with God. Entering the church, I found it a plain building of antiquated model, with a high gallery, and a high box pulpit—a communion table standing in isolated condition in front of the pulpit, surrounded by a circular railing. The house was plastered and whitewashed throughout, but not painted, except the pulpit, communion table and its appendages. When we entered the church, it was already filled with worshipers, and the emblems of a

suffering Saviour were placed in solemn appearance on the table. The pastor is a venerable man, who has preached thirty-five years, and now serves eight congregations. He is a mild, amiable, sensible Christian minister. When we had taken our seats, the 'clerk' on the gallery, opposite the pulpit, commenced the hymn,

‘Komm, O komm, du geist des lebens,
Wahrer Gott von ewigkeit.’

“When this hymn had been sung, the regular service commenced—singing, prayer, sermon, consecration of the elements, communion. All was conducted with much solemnity and propriety, with a few exceptions.

“1. The females nearly all took off their bonnets before they approached the altar, which seemed very unnatural, making the church a dressing room, and attending to the traditions of men at this solemn feast.

“2. Women very generally made courtesy when they came to the table and when they left it, which appeared very awkward, as well as a remnant of Romanism.

“3. The pastor said nothing to the communicants but the words of the institution; and when the elements were distributed, he said, ‘Und dieses brod

und wein lass der Herr euch gedeihen zu dem ewigen und seligen leben.' This mode I feared might be calculated to make the impression on their minds that the *elements themselves* were the blessing of the feast.

" *May 26, 1844.* I feel inclined, this morning, to make a record of my feelings. I have been preparing to preach on 'The resurrection of Christ—a pledge of our own resurrection.' On the manuscript which I found among my papers I notice the following remarks: 'Easter Sunday, 1842. I feel happy on this beautiful morning, in hope of the resurrection.' This was the experience of my heart at that time. On this delightful morn, after the lapse and vicissitudes of two years, I can truly say, 'Ebenezer, hitherto the Lord has helped me.' I have been examining my heart—the ground of my hopes. I found a seasonable help in this important duty, in 'Philip's Devotional Guide.' I think I am not deceived. I do cherish the certain hope of eternal life—I will not let it go. It is my joy and my song in this the house of my pilgrimage. It has been a sweet solace to me in my late bereavement in the loss of my babe, the death of Bro. Wadsworth, and my separation from my beloved people in the East. O, it is sweet to think of the hour when we shall see all our friends whom we have loved in this vale of tears, without the painful apprehension

of ever again being severed from them. After all these bitter separations, how sweet the hope of reunion.

‘These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus’ dying love;
We will adore his grace below,
And sing his praise above.’

“*June 1.* It is Saturday evening, the solemn close of a day and a week, periods by which our brief existence on earth is measured. It is an hour of silence, fit for the retrospection of the past, and the inspection of the heart and our accounts with our final Judge. It is delightful to be in solitude at this calm and closing hour.

‘I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.’

“I have just been meditating on the precious promises of Christ, ‘If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.’ This promise is the basis of social worship. It is an agreement of two or more to ask for a blessing, at one place and time. Hence one must lead the others, and they must silently unite in the petitions of the leader. And therefore the practice of a large num-

ber praying audibly, at the same time, and for different things, is opposed to the nature and design of social worship. Such prayer is individual in its nature, and would more appropriately be offered up to God in private, in the closet."

Of a congregation in which Prof. Keller participated in the exercises of a protracted meeting, about this time, he remarked, "The people have unfortunately run into an excess of extravagance in their religious exercises. They are in the habit of groaning aloud, shouting, falling over," etc.

His views in reference to revivals of religion, are here very clearly indicated. While he was most emphatically a revivalist, he did not approve of those extravagancies which are sometimes connected with revivals of religion. In the language of an inspired writer, he wished "all things to be done decently and in order." Not, indeed, that he would make any objection, if an anxious soul, under a full sense of his sinfulness, should cry aloud for mercy; or if a happy convert, under the influence of the constraining grace of God, should give expression to the joyful emotions of his soul.

CHAPTER XV.

INSTITUTION AT WOOSTER.

Removal of institution spoken of—Prof. Keller travels over the field—Columbus—Dayton — Cincinnati—Xenia—Springfield—Germantown—Meeting of joint Synod—Solicits funds for institution—First subscription—First books for library—Erroneous views on the subject of liberality — Meeting of Synod and Board of Directors — Resolution for the removal of institution passed.

As the question of removing the institution to some more central point began to be agitated, Prof. Keller visited the southwestern part of the State, to take a view of that field. “I set out,” he says, “from Wooster for Columbus. In the stage I met a young Jew, who was an unbeliever and a blasphemer, as I usually find them. He spoke very reproachfully of Jesus Christ—repeated the foul language of Thomas Payne. He said the Saviour deserved all he suffered. The Jews would no doubt crucify him now, were he on earth. Their heart is as wicked as ever. The Lord have mercy upon these sons of Abraham, who, because of unbelief, were broken off the good olive branch, Jesus Christ, on whom Abraham believed.

“ At Columbus, I visited the German Lutheran Seminary. I found Prof. Hinkle a gentlemanly man in his manners. But four students were attending his instructions. This seminary has been ruined by a superstitious adherence to the German language, when the English was needed ; and an active opposition to vital piety and the means for promoting it. When will these men gain wisdom ? They seem to be blind to their own interests, as well as the glory of God.

“ From Columbus, I proceeded to Dayton, where I spent a Sabbath. In the morning I preached at Beaver Creek, in the afternoon at Aily’s Church, and in the evening at Dayton. I also rode about eighteen miles to-day, and feel quite exhausted. I attended a meeting of all the Protestant ministers of this city, in the town hall. The object of this meeting, which is held weekly, is the promotion of fraternal feelings between the different Churches. The exercises consist in prayer, conversation and the discussion of some theological subject. The topic discussed on this occasion was, ‘ The apparent discrepancy between the writings of Paul and James, on the subject of justification.’ ‘ How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’

“ At Dayton, I took passage on board the ‘ Ocean ’ (canal boat) for Cincinnati, on which I made the following record : This morning I left Dayton. I am

now twenty miles from Cincinnati, and darkness has gathered around us. In a few hours I expect to see my old friend and former pastor, Rev. A. Reck, and his lovely family, whom I have not seen for eight years. During this period how many changes have occurred! Then I was not married. Now I have three children in heaven, and four of my other near relatives have been called away. Yet I am spared, sitting here in a packet boat on the Miami canal.

‘O, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his goodness lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.’

“To-day I became acquainted with Mr. Louke, a pious youth, who, with more zeal than knowledge, went to Texas to organize Methodist Churches. After spending his whole estate, and becoming discouraged, he is returning home penniless. He had with him the skull of an Indian warrior, and a young, living alligator.

“*June 20.* I have spent several days in the dear family of Rev. A. Reck. I have attended the funeral of a child, which reminded me of my own who are sleeping with the dead. The fountain of my tears was opened as I rode along in the carriage, and stood beside the open vault. My soul was filled with sudden anguish, and for a moment I was disconsolate,

but I soon betook myself to God's Word, the only solace of a pious wounded heart.

“On Friday, I left Cincinnati and returned to Dayton. On Saturday a friend took me part of the way to Xenia, and the remainder I went on foot. On my arrival at Xenia, I found that Bro. Lehman had gone to Springfield; and consequently I took the stage and arrived at the place last mentioned about midnight. Sabbath morning I preached in Springfield—in the afternoon to a congregation between the two places, and in the evening at Xenia.

“On Monday morning, Bro. Lehman took me to Miamisburg, where I became acquainted with the Rev. Heineke. I then proceeded to Germantown, and spent the night with Daniel Bassard, my early companion and friend. I lodged in the house where A. Routzong, another schoolmate, died a few years ago. He was about my age. How strange that I am spared.

“Our Church in this place is in a dreadful condition. The minister is a reputed universalist. ‘Like priest like people.’

“I traversed the Miami Valley, looking out a suitable location for our institution. None pleased me as well as Springfield.

“I next went to Zanesville, to attend the meeting of the joint Synods of Ohio. The sessions of this body

were characterized by a want of harmony. There is a vast difference among its members, not only about the German and English languages, but also in regard to their spirit. They would better be divided in peace, than united in war. Every one of their meetings uncaps a volcano, which belches and smokes till the next convention.

“This is the 4th of July—our national anniversary—the birth-day of our Independence. The return of this memorable day, fills the bosom of the true American with emotions of profound gratitude, and elicits from his lips expressions of praise to Almighty God, who has given us this glorious land of freedom.

“*July. 6. Saturday evening.* I have safely arrived at home, and found my dear family securely preserved by Him to whom I had committed them. To Him I would render the sincere thankoffering of a grateful heart.”

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the institution, held about the last of May, Prof. Keller was instructed to spend part of the summer visiting the Churches in the West, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions and donations for the endowment of a theological professorship, and collecting books and funds for the formation of a theological and college library. In accordance with this instruction, he commenced to labor July 14. “I presented,” says he,

“the claims of the institution to the congregations at Canal Dover and Strausburg. I obtained subscriptions amounting to upward of five hundred dollars. Beside this subscription, I obtained twenty-four dollars and eight volumes for the theological library. The first subscription I received, was seventy-five dollars from Father Helwig. The first books were D'Aubigne's ‘History of the Reformation,’ presented by Dr. Slingluff. I have reason to be grateful for the token of favor which God has given me at the outset of this enterprise.

“*July 30.* Since the last entry in my journal, I have been busily engaged in my labors. God has given me some measure of success. I have collected, on an average, one hundred dollars per day. I find, however, in the Church, considerable covetousness, and still more ignorance on the subject of liberality. Very few seem to understand the teachings of the Word of God on this subject. This is not so surprising, as so little instruction is given to the people from the pulpit. To give according to ability, is as much a duty as prayer. Yet one hundred sermons are preached on the latter, where one is delivered on the former. Many persons, even aged members, think it wrong to introduce this topic into the sacred desk. Ministers speak about it with as much delicacy and caution as if they were of the same opinion. In

many of the congregations which I have visited, not a cent has ever been collected for any purpose except home wants. Some persons are opposed to having this work done on the Sabbath. Yesterday, when, after preaching, I asked for subscriptions, one half of the members left the church. A few of the better sort refused to give on the Lord's Day, but promised me a subscription on Monday. And yet the Apostle Paul says, 'On the *first* day of the week [*the Christian Sabbath*] each one shall lay up in store, according to his prosperity, for the poor.' That is, should set it apart, and devote it to this cause, just as when persons subscribe to a benevolent object, they devote that amount to that religious purpose. The Saviour taught the propriety of leading an ox to water on the Sabbath Day; and shall not we be allowed, on this day, to make efforts to supply the perishing millions with the waters of life? *He* taught us that it was lawful to lift out the sheep that had fallen into the pit, even on his own day; and is it unlawful to use any means to pull sinners out of the miry clay in which their iniquities have involved them? On Monday, I visited some of those who left the church on Sabbath, with the hope of obtaining a subscription; but I was disappointed. I concluded that the secret of their conduct, the day previous, was their miserly disposition. The spirit of covetousness, even among the

people of God, is one of the greatest obstacles with which I have to contend. Nevertheless, in every place I find some generous, liberal souls, who, amid the general prevalence of the love of money, are, to my heart, as the oasis of the desert to the weary traveler, and as the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land. My most liberal subscriptions come from those, who, in this world's goods, are poor or in moderate circumstances.

“*August 2.* Last night I preached in Massillon, and made arrangements for the organization of a Lutheran congregation.

“I saw, for the first time, a colored man tarred and feathered by a mob. The spectacle was a most horrid one. It seemed distressing to see so many citizens standing around and giving countenance to the violation of all law. The man, it is true, was charged with a crime of the deepest dye. Some supposed him to be not guilty. But whether guilty or innocent, he should have been tried according to the law, and then condemned or acquitted, according to the facts in the case.

“I have read an account in the *Lutheran Observer*, by a pioneer minister in the West, of the piety and death of a negro saint, by the name of Jeddy. This interesting incident has refreshed my soul amid the fatigues and perplexities of my labors in my agency.

How cheering it is to know there is a rest, a home in heaven. None of the toils, none of the annoyances incident to the Christian in his pilgrim state, will be there experienced. In the same number of the *Observer* I noticed these solemn lines :

‘To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see !
To think a flower is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be.’

Solemn indeed is the thought here so beautifully expressed. But we that believe in Christ, though we die, shall yet live—live where vernal flowers shall always bloom.

“ From the Brookfield charge I went to Washingtonville, and thence to Bolivar. Here my heart was cheered by the liberality of these good people. The subscriptions of the two congregations amounted to upward of six hundred dollars.”

A meeting both of the Synod and Board of Directors was held, in Wooster, about the first of September. As the president of Synod was disabled, the synodical sermon was preached by Prof. Keller. He was also appointed chairman of a committee to examine five young men who applied for license, and one who applied for admission from the Methodist Episcopal Church. The duty of preaching on the subject of ‘ordination,’ was also imposed upon him.

“The meeting,” he says, “was a very pleasant one to me. I met a number of my fellow students, and was rejoiced to hear of their success in the gospel ministry. The members of Synod manifested the utmost forbearance and kindness toward each other, and their reports indicated a highly prosperous state of their congregations.

“Several unpleasant duties were made obligatory upon me. I was obliged by a sense of duty to advocate the removal of the institution, which I knew would displease some whose favor I valued, and whose wishes I would endeavor to gratify in matters not involving the welfare of the Church of Christ.

“On Wednesday, at nine o’clock, this was made the order of business. The whole forenoon was occupied by those who opposed the removal of the college. In the afternoon session, considerable excitement pervaded the assembly. One of the prominent members of Synod came to my seat and whispered in my ear, ‘Do you know that there will be a strong effort made by members of Synod to keep the institution here?’ This remark increased my anxiety to the very highest pitch. I felt that it was an important crisis, and I prayed for the presence and guidance of the Holy Spirit. After the session had been duly opened, I arose and stated my arguments with as much force as possible. But one clerical and two lay

members made any reply on the opposite side of the question. At this point of the discussion, Father Stough, the senior member of the ministerium, arose, supporting himself with his staff (now eighty-three years old), and tenderly admonished the Synod to weigh well the arguments advanced in favor of a removal, and not to act unadvisedly. This remark had a thrilling effect, and melted many into tears. I could not refrain from thinking that he was moved to its utterance by the Divine Spirit. A proposition was made that we offer up our united prayer for Divine direction ; after which the vote was cast, without a dissenting voice, for the removal of the institution. I believe our prayer was answered in this matter. It also became my painful duty to oppose the renewal of the license of two men, both guilty of grossly immoral conduct. But painful as it was, I could not suffer men to be authorized to preach the gospel entirely unworthy of that sacred office, by a ministerium for whose acts I, as a member of it, was responsible. The Scriptures everywhere demand pre-eminent holiness of the minister of the word and ordinances. It is therefore a great error to introduce or help into this holy office, men of doubtful character. It is doing injustice to them, to ourselves, and to the Church of God. Ministers should be men,

‘Whose hands are clean —

Whose hearts are pure — whose doctrine and whose life

Give lucid proof

That they are honest in the sacred cause.’

It seems to me that men whose lives have been *grossly vicious*, especially *licentious*, should not be invested with this responsible office, however sincere their repentance and entire their reformation. David’s repentance was sincere and genuine, yet, when he had it in his heart to build a house unto the Lord, he durst not, because he was a bloody man. Of the adulterer, it has been said, ‘His reproach shall not be wiped away.’ It is true St. Paul had persecuted the Church, but he did it in good conscience, in his zeal for religion, thinking he was doing God service. This fact greatly changed the moral character of his crime.”

CHAPTER XVI.

SCHOOL SUSPENDED, ETC.

Exercises of the school suspended—Dr. Keller appointed to seek a permanent location for the institution—Preached the funeral sermon of Rev. J. Clapp—Filled an appointment made by him—Visits Synod of the West, at Fort Wayne—Participates in the organization of the Miami Synod—Goes to Maryland, closes his business, and returns to Ohio.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, *Sept.* 16, 1844. At the expiration of the summer session, the school closed at Wooster, and the exercises were suspended until a permanent location of the institution could be determined. Immediately after the meeting of the Synod, which occurred at the closing of the school, Professor Keller's family returned to Maryland to visit their friends. They were accompanied by Mr. Heisley, a young man from Baltimore, who had charge of the grammar school up to this period of its history. The duty of traveling over the field, and seeking a suitable place for re-opening the school, was assigned, by the Board, to Prof. Keller. Immediately after his family left for the East, he entered upon this mission. He first visited Springfield, where he spent the Sabbath. On Monday, he made this record :

“To-day, I feel exceedingly dejected and lonely.

The absence of my family, my bodily indisposition, the obstacles which must be encountered—all conspire to weigh down my spirit. Yesterday, after preaching in a small school-house (for we have no church here), the flesh whispered in my ear, ‘It would have been better to have remained in your pleasant charge in Maryland.’ The Lord grant me more of the mind that was in Christ—a spirit of self-denial, of meekness, fortitude, and contentment under trials and privations. During the last several nights, I enjoyed but little refreshing repose. I arose several times to engage in prayer.

“I have spent most of this day in reading Macaulay’s *Miscellanies*—the reviews of the lives of Pitt, Mirabeau, and others. We have but few honest politicians.

“I have just finished the reperusal of Abbott’s ‘*Young Christian* ;’ a book worthy of being read once a year. His views are very correct, and his illustrations very happy.

“*Sept. 20.* Yesterday, I attended the funeral of Rev. J. Clapp, a Lutheran minister, who had been preaching in Clark and Champaign counties. He died after an illness of three days. For the first time, I preached on such an occasion. I had followed many to the tomb, but never a minister of Jesus Christ. Many serious reflections were awakened in my mind.

I thought of the impartiality of death — cutting down all, irrespective of position or station; of the solemnity of the ministerial office, as brought to view by the weeping congregation, whom he taught how to live and how to die, and for whose souls he watched as he that must give account; and of his own appearing at the bar of God.

“Here I also had an illustration of the hardships of ministerial life, so far as this world is concerned. Here was an ambassador of Christ, who traversed three counties, and literally wore himself out in the service of his people, for the space of nine years. And yet when called away from his labors to his reward, he had accumulated but little for his wife and children, who were left here to mourn his departure. It is distressing to remember how little the gospel seems to be valued, and how poorly its defenders are compensated. This is no doubt one reason why the people are ‘cursed with a curse.’ None of these things, however, move me, for I know that ‘our reward is on high.’

“*Sept. 22.* Sabbath evening. I have just returned from Frieden’s Church, one of the churches belonging to the charge of which our deceased Bro. Clapp was pastor. I preached both English and German, filling appointments made by their pastor before his sickness. The occasion was one of deep solem-

nity to me and the people. How true the expression, 'Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labor.' The church property is owned by the Lutheran and German Reformed congregations. The Lutheran congregation has been in connection with the joint Synod of Ohio. They are afraid of any man who preaches with earnestness and favors protracted and prayer meetings, however properly conducted. Hence they regarded me with suspicion, and asked me many unpleasant questions, such as, Whence I came? Where I was educated? To what Synod I belonged? etc. I preached on the 'rest which remaineth for the people of God,' and experienced in an extraordinary degree the feeling of estrangedness from the whole world. I lost, many years ago, in a great measure, the feeling of home. Before the commencement of my difficulties occasioned by my determination, if possible, to obtain an education, I had a strong attachment to home, to the world around me. Many objects of earth afforded gratification to my heart. I could discover many reasons inspiring within me a desire to live here below. This desire, which I do not think was sinful, no longer exists in my bosom. I now cherish only the recollection of it. As to my feelings, I have no home on earth. My alienation from earthly things sometimes becomes so strong that I feel dissatisfied with my labors, and tired of life

itself. To such feelings I have particularly been subject since we have broken up housekeeping and gone to boarding. I realize the sentiment so appropriately expressed by the poet,

‘An exile here, and far from home
For Zion’s sacred walls I sigh.’

And then, too, I am enabled to exclaim,

‘O Zion, when I think of thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove;
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.’

“From Springfield I went to Xenia, where I received much kindness from Father Binkley, with whom I tarried during my sojourn here. I thence proceeded to Dayton. Here I spent a Sabbath. In the morning I preached in the Lutheran, and in the evening in the First Presbyterian Church. On Friday evening I attended a general prayer meeting, held monthly, in which all the orthodox pastors, with their congregations, are united. By request, I made some remarks at this meeting. I experienced ‘how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’

“On Monday morning I set out, on horseback, for Fort Wayne, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. I found the road through the Black Swamp,

northwest of St. Marys, exceedingly bad, and the country quite a wilderness. My mind was led to think of the difficulties which Gen. Wayne must have encountered in marching his army through this region when it was an untrodden marsh.

“One night I slept in a house where my deceased friend and brother, Rev. J. Hoover, had frequently lodged. The family spoke of him with the most tender affection. At Fort Wayne his moldering body rests in quiet loneliness. After his decease, his wife and children returned to Virginia, perhaps never more to gaze on his tomb, or drop the tear of affection upon his lonely grave. A grateful people continue to cherish his sacred memory, and lisp his name with tearful eyes. I was constrained to ask — Lord, what am I that I should be spared? And I was obliged to respond, ‘I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, and of all thy truth which thou hast shown unto thy servant.’

“I came to Fort Wayne to attend the meeting of the Synod of the West, as a delegate from the Synod of Ohio, with Rev. S. Ritz, as my colleague. The especial object of our mission was to endeavor to effect a union between these two bodies in the establishment of an institution. I met a number of my former fellow-students — now fellow-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. It was a matter of regret to

me to find so many of our American brethren absent, while those from our fatherland were nearly all present. This fact afforded us but little hope of the accomplishment of our object. I met the Rev. J. Wangner, who is destined, in a great measure, to control the European element in this region. He is an accomplished gentleman, and an ardent Christian, but a fanatical dogmatist. He possesses considerable talent, has a good education, is a man of sound integrity and great energy of character. He is quite antiquated in his views of Christian doctrine and church polity. He considers subscription to the unaltered Augsburg Confession, without note or comment, as indispensable to constitute a man a Lutheran. The Lutheran Church, based on the Augsburg Confession he considers the Apostolical Catholic Church. He believes in baptismal regeneration, and the real presence of the *body* and the *blood* of Christ in the Lord's Supper. He recommends private confession and absolution; makes the sign of the cross in the administration of the ordinance of baptism, and conforms to the various forms of the symbolists. A protracted, spirited discussion on these points occurred on Monday. When the vote was taken in the evening, the majority was against us. A resolution was introduced on Tuesday morning for a reconsideration of the question. After some additional remarks, the

question was again put to the Synod. The tables were now turned; the resolution passed to comply with our proposition, and three commissioners were appointed to consummate the proposed union with the Synod of Ohio.

“I am every day becoming more convinced of the necessity of raising up an American ministry to spiritualize the millions of Germans who are seeking a home in our happy land. Those who are educated in Germany are not qualified for the work, and cannot be persuaded to lay aside their foreign prejudices, and modes of thought and action.

“At this meeting I received much and very unkind abuse from the Rev. ———. I had grace given me not to return evil for evil. I feel happy that I was enabled in patience to possess my soul. He digged a pit for me, but fell into it himself. To make any reply was a painful duty; but it was unavoidable. I feel myself under the most solemn obligation to combat error wherever I find it injurious to the cause of my blessed Redeemer.

“After some conversation with Rev. F. Wangner, I learned that my report of a missionary tour among the Germans of the West, made in 1836–7, met his eye in Germany and first called his attention to their condition.

“During this meeting I preached the communion

and ordination sermon. From Fort Wayne I returned to Springfield.

“*Oct. 14.* I have felt anxious to get the congregation at Frieden’s Church, as well as the Germans in town, under my care, hoping that I might do them good; but the Rev. ——— has been circulating reports among them calculated to awaken prejudices against me.

“*Xenia, Oct. 17.* I came here to a convention, called for the purpose of organizing a new Evangelical Lutheran Synod. I preached to the convention on the ‘New Commandment.’ After the sermon (preached on the 16th), the meeting was duly organized for the transaction of business by calling the Rev. J. Crigler to the chair. A committee was appointed to present a constitution to be submitted to the action of the convention on the following morning. The next morning this committee reported that they had examined the constitution proposed by the General Synod for District Synods, and recommended its adoption, with certain amendments and additions which they proposed. This report was accepted, and by the adoption of this constitution as amended and adapted to the wishes of the convention, ‘The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Miami’ was formed. The Synod was composed of eight ordained ministers and two licentiates. This Synod made arrangements for

uniting with the General Synod, by electing delegates to its next convention. A resolution was also passed, approving of the establishment of Wittenberg College; and in accordance with the provisions of its constitution directors of the institution were appointed by this body."

Immediately after the adjournment of Synod, Prof. Keller started for Maryland, as indicated by the following record:

"*Wheeling, Sabbath evening, Oct. 20.* I arrived here last night, on my way to the East, anxious to meet the Maryland Synod, at Middletown. Satan pleaded much in favor of my traveling to-day, by the following suggestions: 'You are engaged in ecclesiastical business'—'You will be at expense tarrying here'—'You will have no enjoyment'—'You cannot preach,' etc. But I resolutely closed my ears to his whisperings, and took a room at the Virginia House. This morning, after breakfast, I went out in search of a family belonging to our Church, with whom I became acquainted eight years ago, when, on a tour, I spent a Sabbath here. I heard they lived one and a half miles distant, in Fulton. On my way thither I crossed the high hill adjacent to the city, where I had a fine view of the Ohio River. The sun shone brightly, and a large steamer was leaving the wharf, disturbing the quiet of this hallowed morning by its

profane puffings. My mind's vision stretched beyond the reach of my natural eye, and surveyed the vast Empire Valley, lying before me, capable of nourishing, and destined to sustain so many millions of precious souls. I laid my hands on my bosom, and devoutly prayed, 'Lord Jesus, let this American Canaan be thine.' As I thought of the responsibility connected with my contemplated residence in this great valley—of the part of the work which would properly belong to our institution—I was almost overwhelmed by the reflection. I fervently prayed for God's blessing upon the college, upon the Synod which originated the institution, upon the new Synod, and upon all the interests of our beloved Zion here.

"Eight years ago, I for the first time crossed this hill with three acquaintances from Middletown. It was Saturday noon, and while I tarried here to sanctify the Lord's Day, they proceeded on their journey. This adherence to Christian principle I never had any reason to regret. On Sabbath, I preached the gospel both in the English and German languages; and on Monday, when I again set out on my journey, I met two other acquaintances (one of them now in heaven), affording me better company than those who had left me. To-day I heard, from a friend, of a pious old lady, who often speaks of the sermon of that Sabbath as profitable to her. How

good the Lord has been to me. One who then crossed the Ohio with me, is no more ; his wife is a widow, his children are fatherless. Not so with me and my family. Then I had not a cent except what was advanced to me by the missionary society ; my horse I bought on credit. Now I have a competency. How blessed it is to trust and serve the Lord !

“To-day, I trust, I have not spent in vain. My friend accompanied me to a German church ; but few hearers ; listened to a meager discourse. This German minister is a visitor of the beerhouse. Alas for these poor distracted Germans ! When will God open their darkened eyes ? In the evening I listened to an edifying discourse in the Presbyterian Church. I have been reading ‘Bunyan’s Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners.’ I enjoyed a precious nearness to God in meditation and prayer.

“On Monday morning, I left Wheeling, with a feeling of gratification for having kept holy the Sabbath Day. In crossing the mountain, during the night, the drivers of two other coaches in the train arrested a negro slave, who was making his escape from bondage, and seeking an asylum in a free State. They put him on the box of one of the coaches, thinly clad, while the night was very cold. It was sad, when the teams would stop to water and change horses to hear the drivers talk of his capture, tantaliz-

ing and mocking the poor unfortunate sufferer. It was almost more than my heart could endure. At one time, I remarked to the company, that I felt it my duty to get out, and endeavor to rescue him. I was entreated not to do so — that I could not succeed, and might make myself liable to imprisonment on my arrival at Cumberland. It was stated that a colporteur had lately been arrested on suspicion of being an agent for the abduction of slaves. I was compelled to bear it as patiently as I could. A Methodist minister of Arkansas advocated slavery, which was as great a trial to my feelings as the sufferings of the miserable captive.

“On the following evening, I arrived safely at Hagerstown, where many pleasant and mournful associations crowded into my mind. Strange indeed were the emotions of my soul in entering this, the field of my former labors. I tarried here but an hour, and hastened on, anxious to meet the brethren of the Maryland Synod at Middletown. I arrived there at ten o'clock, an hour after the adjournment of the Synod. I enjoyed, however, the exquisite pleasure of meeting a very large number of the dear brethren belonging to this body, on the following morning.

“I remained two weeks in Maryland, attending to some unfinished business transactions, and packing my ‘goods and chattels.’ I then bade my friends

east of the mountains, farewell, and returned with my family to my field of labor in the West. On the 9th of November, we arrived at Springfield, fatigued by our journey. The goodness of the Lord has been over us and round about us, and to him I would render thanksgiving and praise.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOVES TO SPRINGFIELD, ETC.

Moves his family to Springfield—Takes charge of several congregations—Necessity of constant watchfulness—Remarks suggested by the twinkling stars—Organized a congregation—Closing year—Edified by reading the lives of Luther and Melancthon—How error is refuted—Institution located at Springfield—Numerous cares and labors—A so-called Old Lutheran—Survey of college ground—Lovely spot—Sweet communion with God.

“*Dec. 4, 1844.* A few days ago, my goods arrived, which we have unpacked ; and we are now once more in our *own home*, after having experienced, for eight months, an absence of the comforts which center in that endearing word. My wife, my child, my orphan boy, Morris, and our domestic, Polly, are all here with me, in our own *sweet home*.

“*Dec. 14.* I have just recovered from a severe, but short illness. Enfeebled by an excess of bodily and mental labor, I was suddenly seized with a severe chill, which confined me to my bed for three days. Through the goodness of my Heavenly Father, I am again restored to partial health.

“*Dec. 23.* On Saturday, I went to Noblesville, to

meet a class of catechumens ; thence I proceeded five miles north, to a village called Terre Haute. Here I preached, and found many of our people scattered about, as sheep having no shepherd. A few families have become infected with the doctrine of universal salvation—a most destructive error. ‘The harvest is truly plenteous, but the laborers are few.’ O Lord ! send laborers into thy harvest.

“*Dec. 29.* Since I have my own closet and my own books about me again, I have searched my own heart more diligently ; and I find, what I had, for some months suspected and feared, that I did not grow in grace as I should have done during the six months of my wanderings to and fro. Although busily engaged in the work of God, as I believe I was, I did not progress in self-culture, in sanctification, as duty demanded. So treacherous, so ‘deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,’ is the human heart, that, in any employment, however sacred—even in conducting worship and preaching the gospel—we may backslide, and become heartless, formal and proud. No wonder the great Apostle resolved, ‘I will keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that, by any means, when I have preached unto others, I, myself, should be a cast-away.’ I have had a busy season of life, especially since I have been in the ministry. I scarcely

know what *rest is*, or what it is to arise in the morning *rested* and refreshed by the repose of the night. I am constitutionally feeble — cannot endure much labor. My numerous engagements give me almost perpetual fatigue, and such languor of soul that oft-times my evening devotional exercises are not vigorous and lively. The hurry induced by the pressing duties of the morning, interferes with my communion with God, and my soul is denied her proper spiritual nourishment. I have lately devoted more time to my private devotions, and the blessed results I have already realized.

“This is a bright Sabbath morning. The sun shines with unusual splendor. All is quiet in my comfortable home. A bird, perched upon a branch, is cheerfully singing his morning song — one whose notes are familiar to me, to whose warblings I often listened in my childhood’s sunny days. Sweet songster, made by the same Creator that has given me my existence — fed by the same hand that gives to angels their food, perhaps thy cheerful, grateful praise is as acceptable to Him as the hallelujahs of angels before the throne. During the past week I have thought much about death, communed with my own heart and with Jehovah, and I have been enabled to say with one of old, ‘In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul.’ I feel more

resigned to God's providence, more cut loose from the world, and more anxious to 'depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' 'Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful' for the Church, and for the world which 'lieth in wickedness.'

"I am busily engaged soliciting subscriptions for the institution. Sometimes I feel quite discouraged. The precariousness of such an enterprise, the fear that the expectations of our people will not be realized, the illiberality of many of the wealthy, and the want of unanimity and interest in some of our ministerial brethren, tend to discourage me. But when I think of the importance of the work, the promise of God's aid, and the success which has crowned similar efforts elsewhere, I take courage. Last night, after dark, I returned from a visit to the country. It was a beautiful starlight night. All was calm, and no sound was heard, save the low rippling murmurs of a stream, which seemed to be the last note of nature's evening hymn. The sky was crowded with pure twinkling luminaries. They all smiled in their ethereal residence, their unearthly brilliancy. As I thought of their number, their magnitude, their velocity, their undeviating obedience to their Creator, and perhaps their myriads of unfallen and perchance justified spirits, I was overwhelmed with a sense of my utter insignificance. I exclaimed aloud, in the language of

the Psalmist, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! In wisdom thou hast made them all. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him ?' May I move in the course assigned me as steadily and exactly as they ; and at last shine with the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever more, in the kingdom of glory.

"*Dec. 31.* On my return from Xenia, I met by appointment at the house of Jacob Strayer, a number of persons whom I organized into a congregation. I also opened a subscription for the building of a church. These people are Lutherans, who have moved to this neighborhood from Pennsylvania. I find it delightful work to build up our beloved Zion.

"I have now spent the last day of this year. Its suns have all set, eternally ; and its last solemn night has closed in upon my dwelling. It has been a year of important changes to me and my family. In January, one of my colleagues in the ministry departed this life ; in April our infant daughter died ; in May I moved from Maryland to Ohio. I have many mercies to record ; general health, a cheerful disposition, success in my undertaking, and above all the smiles of my Heavenly Father. I can truly say,

‘Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I’ll praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.’

“I have many shortcomings to confess and lament. How feebly have I served my God! how little have I grown in grace! How many precious moments I have permitted to run to waste!

‘What have I done for him who died
To save my sinful soul?
How have my follies multiplied,
Fast as my moments roll.’

All my thoughts, motives, feelings, words and actions are recorded on life’s extended roll. Its sins alone are to be regretted. I cannot atone for them; but thanks be unto God, ‘we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins.’

‘Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.’

“How solemnly does this silent hour of the closing year admonish me of the brevity of life and nearness of death. Perhaps this year I may die, bid adieu to all its treasures and toils. How impressive this reasonable conjecture! Perhaps, too, this year may

bring me into new toils and sufferings. But stop, my anxious soul; strive not to pry into the mysteries of the future; remember that 'secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children.' Why should we be so anxious to know what awaits us? Can we not say with Paul, 'For me to live is Christ—to die is gain.' God is everywhere, and always with us.

'With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.'

"I will endeavor to be more humble, heavenly-minded, meek, exemplary, zealous; I will endeavor more and more to set my affections not on things on the earth, but on things in heaven; I will strive to live more for God's glory; and may He so teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom; and should this year close my pilgrimage here, may my soul find repose in Abraham's bosom, in the land of pure delight, the home of the weary soul, where so many of earth's weeping children have found uninterrupted peace and unalloyed happiness.

"1845. During the first week of the new year, I preached eight times, and thrice on the following

Sabbath. This labor proved too severe for my feeble body, and I have been suffering, as a consequence. I have again and again resolved to perform less labor, but just as often broken my resolutions. 'There is so much to be done—the time is so short—the work is so difficult'—these are the arguments which urge me on in my imprudent zeal. I have often been reminded of the expression of Young—

'Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same.'

"*Jan.* 11, 1845. I have just returned from Xenia, whither I had gone to present the college enterprise. I lectured two successive evenings, and have awakened some interest on the subject. A committee has been appointed to solicit subscriptions, and the request has been made to deliver a third lecture a few weeks hence. Sometimes I feel disheartened, but I am determined not to despair.

"I have lately enjoyed more precious communion with my Saviour. I have been reading the Life of Luther and Melancthon, with great edification. The more I learn of these illustrious Reformers, the more do I feel that they were men of the deepest piety, of much communion with Jehovah in prayer. I was forcibly struck with the following remark of Melancthon: 'Nothing is so tender, nothing so easily disordered, as a spirit of devotion; nor is anything

more distressing or injurious than its being crippled or enfeebled.'

"*Jan. 23.* I feel feeble and uncomfortable. An appointment has been made for me to address the citizens of Xenia. I am made the more miserable by my inability to meet this engagement. My peace is always disturbed by such occurrences. To-day we received a letter from one of our dearest friends at Hagerstown; in this letter she pours forth the gushings of her affection for us, and her regrets at our departure. Like the memory of the past, it was pleasant, but mournful to the soul. How blessed the hope of a future recognition and reunion of friends, where there will be no sorrow, no pains, no feebleness and no severing of tender ties.

"*Feb. 22.* Last night, at the request of the Clark County Bible Society, I addressed the citizens of Northampton, on the importance of the Bible in the common school. I was enabled to speak with considerable freedom. After the exercises I rode several miles alone, and lodged in a cold cabin, but with good people. I was reminded of my former comfortable field of labor, which I considered a temptation of Satan to draw me away from the work I had undertaken. I resisted him by a recollection of the toils of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits. If he endured so much in an evil cause, shall I mur-

mur at a few toils and sacrifices in the *cause of truth?*

“This morning I preached at Noblesville, to a large audience, on the existence and endless duration of the punishment of the wicked. Universalism, a most mischievous error, had confirmed some in skepticism, and made others doubtful in the truth. I preached the *truth* on this subject, without designating by name the error at which it was aimed. This I believe to be the wisest policy; it is shooting arrows at errorists, without showing them that they are pointed at them; consequently, they are not so apt to put themselves on the defense, and the truth will be more likely to penetrate their hearts. I had great freedom of utterance, and I trust the cause of truth will be promoted by God’s blessing upon the feeble efforts of his servant.

“In the evening, I preached in Springfield, by appointment and request, on the passage of Scripture contained in the Epistle to the Romans, ch. ii, 12–17. A large concourse of people was collected—more than could obtain seats. Several of the village pastors, one prominent deist, and other enemies of the truth, were present. I felt embarrassed—feared people might think I was making an effort to display my own erudition, and that perhaps God’s glory would not be promoted.

"I have very solemn thoughts of the Judgment Day ; I have tried to obtain a realizing sense of my own trial, of the words which will fall from the lips of the Judge concerning me ; I am constrained to exclaim, God be merciful to me, a sinner !

"*Feb. 6.* A few days ago, I felt somewhat discouraged by a view of the formidable difficulties in the way of the enterprise to which I am devoted ; but fortunately I received a most timely letter from my dear brother Jonathan, of Hagerstown, containing these consoling words : ' As regards the slanderer (the old measure minister, who applied slanderous epithets to you), ' whose words were as wounds,' be comforted by the words of Jesus, found Matt. v, 10-12, and recollect that the Master was called Beelzebub, and that he prophesied that his servants must expect the same treatment in this world.' "

Springfield and Xenia finally became competitors for the location of the institution. The members of the Board of Directors were notified to meet in Springfield on the 14th of February, 1845. Proposals were presented to them by a committee appointed by the citizens of Clark county. Several days were spent, transacting some business, considering these proposals, and visiting the sites which had been offered to them. On the 17th of February they went to Xenia. Here, too, proposals were presented,

and a number of locations offered. A considerable portion of the following day was spent in viewing and examining these different locations.

After due deliberation by the Board upon the proposals made by the citizens of Clark and Green counties, the following preamble and resolution were adopted by them, with much unanimity :

“*Whereas*, It now devolves upon the Board of Directors to select and permanently fix the location of Wittenberg College ; and *whereas*, the subscriptions in money and property offered by the citizens of Clark county exceed those offered by any other community ; and *whereas*, the natural, as well as other advantages of Springfield are both many and great : therefore,

“*Resolved*, That Springfield, Clark county, Ohio, be, and hereby is made the permanent location of Wittenberg College, with the confident expectation, however, from assurances given, that the subscription will be considerably enlarged.”

The Woodshade Cemetery Association offered (in the proposals of the citizens of Clark county) a lot of seventeen acres, lying north of Springfield, which was accepted.

Mr. Keller's cares, at this time, were very many—his labors severe. He tells us that his engagements were so numerous as scarcely to allow him any time

to make a record of his doings. He had, at least, three or four congregations in charge. Beside the labors of the institution, he remarks, "I am making preparations to build two houses of worship, in the name of the Lord—one in Springfield, and the other near the Yellow Springs. In fixing the *site*, as well as the *size*, of these churches, I have had some difficulty. To-day, I, in connection with three other men, all in moderate circumstances, resolved, in the name of the Lord, to build a Lutheran Church here, on our own responsibility. So small is the congregation, that we were obliged to pursue this plan.

"*March* 19. I have lately been impressed with the conviction, that I do not spend time enough in devotional exercises—too much in other things. This is one reason why

‘Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.’

By the grace of God, I will more faithfully improve this means of grace. Eminent saints have paid especial attention to this duty. Col. Gardner, of the British army, spent two hours every morning in his devotions. If he was obliged to march at four, he would arise at two o'clock. If under such circumstance, *he* could do it, where is my excuse? And

when I think of Luther's devotional hours, I feel deeply ashamed at the mere fragment of time I spend in communion with God and my own soul.

"*April 3.* Last week I visited a congregation which, for sixteen years, has been under the pastoral care of ———, a so-styled 'old orthodox Lutheran Church.' The pastor has been a merchant, a miller, a distiller, etc. One half his members are Universalists, condemned by the 17th article of the Augsburg Confession. Swearers, drunkards, etc., frequent the communion table. The pastor himself will step up to the bar of the grogshop, and take a drink with the besotted herd. But he has had his day. He has failed in his worldly schemes, and become insolvent. He has so completely destroyed the power of the Gospel over his hearers, that they do not support him, and he is starved out. He will not easily find another community that he can so blind as the one to which he has been so great a curse. What a fearful retribution must be awaiting him. Of all others, there is perhaps the least hope for the salvation of such a man.

"O, the desolations of Zion! When will her broken walls be built up, her crumbling towers reared, her palaces repaired, and her departed glory return? O, Lord! hasten thou this desirable, glorious time.

“Yesterday I aided in the survey of the college grounds. I walked so much that my weariness amounts to suffering. This is a lovely spot for the location of a literary institution. It requires some faith to believe that in after years it will be an academic grove, to which hundreds will resort to drink at the pure fountains of knowledge, and then go forth into the world to do good, to bless mankind. And yet I have faith to believe that this will all be realized. If my eyes shall not be permitted to behold these blessed results, yet when they shall be closed in death, others will see them, and rejoice and bless the Lord for what he has done, in rearing such an instrumentality of blessings.

“*April 4.* I have had a gloomy day — have not been well, and felt more than usually distressed. I thought much about my former charges at Hagerstown and Taneytown. I was unfit for any intellectual labor. I went to my woodshed, to take some bodily exercise, but still my soul was cast down within me. Again I resorted to my study — locked the door and spent considerable time in devotional exercises, meditation, reading and prayer. And O, how I was blessed! The cloud which had been hanging over me was dispelled, and the sunshine of Jehovah’s countenance cheered my heart. I had sweet communion with the Father and with his Son, Jesus

Christ. I could truly say, 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.' I felt the preciousness of that favorite hymn,

'Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.'

"Blessed be God for a throne of grace, where we 'may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.'

"*April* 14. 'In weariness and painfulness,' said the noble minded Paul, 'I conducted my ministry.' This sentiment I can adopt as my own, especially during the last ten days. I brought to a close my catechetical instructions at Frieden's Church. Of the twenty-five who attended, fifteen applied for Church membership. About this event I felt a deep anxiety. Upon it in a good measure depended the peace of the Church, the usefulness of my ministry, and the glory of God, in this community. The suspicious 'old measure' men were 'looking out' for innovations, fanaticism, etc. I prayed that Jehovah would give me wisdom. I preached and conducted the exercises in my usual way.

"On Saturday afternoon, a large congregation was present, and the exercises of confirmation were very

impressive. On Sabbath, a vast crowd of people assembled ; not more than one-half could find room in the church. God was manifestly present. The number of communicants was large. The exercises were exceedingly solemn. The mouths of gainsayers, I think, were closed. I took up a collection for missionary purposes, the results of which far exceeded my expectations. Thanks to Him who will always guide the meek in judgment.

“On Sabbath night, I preached in town, on the doctrines of our Church ; and now I am prostrated by suffering, from my cares and labors. But they will soon have an end. Should they continue a million years, I will endure them gladly, for the sake of Him who suffered and died for me.

“*April 27.* On Wednesday, I returned from the meeting of the Synod. Some difficulties were apprehended at this meeting ; but the Lord directed matters in a way which resulted in peace and harmony. To me it was a laborious and instructive convention. I have learned that more than ordinary prayer and watchfulness is needed on such occasions. We need much meekness, to forbear ; much wisdom, to direct ; and much love for the Church, to enter heartily into self-denying schemes of usefulness.

“*April 29.* Last Friday, I laid the corner-stone of a new church near the Yellow Springs. I preached

in the grove, after a shower of rain. I felt as if the world was a beautiful temple of Jehovah. In prayer, I had much freedom, and sweet communion with God. My heart rejoiced in the privilege of putting in the course of erection a house of God in this Western country."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS MINISTRY AT SPRINGFIELD.

Attends meeting of General Synod—Sabbath at Hagerstown—Delayed by sickness at Chambersburg—Preaching in a barn during a thunder-storm—Our national blessings—Marks out the site for the college building—Preaches a funeral sermon of Gen. Jackson—Annual report to the Board of Directors—Uniformity in public worship—Death of Rev. J. B. Reck—Received the title D.D.

“TO-NIGHT, I expect to start for the meeting of the General Synod. May the Lord direct my way, make me useful, preserve my life, protect my family, and restore me in peace to them, whom I now commit to his protection and blessing! Should he see best to remove me, may I find repose in Abraham’s bosom! and may he raise up another to take my place, better qualified for this responsible work!

“At midnight, on the first of May, I left home, by stage, for Columbus. In crossing the mountains, on Friday night, an insane man, destined for the hospital at Philadelphia, was put into our coach; he was somewhat restless and noisy, and was ordered out of the coach, to ride as best he could. Against this proceeding I remonstrated, and took him under my special care. The following morning I learned that

he was a victim of Millerism. Perhaps he had been a child of God, but not having sufficient intellectual strength, he fell a victim to this fearful delusion.

“On the evening of the 3d, I arrived at Hagerstown, and am now writing in the home of my former cares, sufferings and enjoyments. I have slept in the chamber where one of my sainted children gave up its departing spirit into the hands of God. All these associations are too solemn and exciting for my rest and peace. When I am here I seem half on earth and half in eternity. How sweet the hope of heaven, that serene and happy state, where nothing will interrupt the tranquillity of the soul, the communion of the saints.

‘This life’s a dream, an empty show;
But that blest world to which I go,
Has joys substantial and secure.
When shall I wake and find me there?’

How sincerely I long for the hour of my happy departure! There are but two things that attach me to earth—the Church of my Redeemer and my family. But for these, I could not be happy here. May I be enabled faithfully to discharge my duties to them, and in God’s own good time, find my rest in heaven.

“*May 20.* Last Sabbath I spent with my former people at Hagerstown. We enjoyed with each other a communion season—a *sweet, precious* communion

season. Thirty-five were added to the Church, by the rite of confirmation, among whom were many of my former Sabbath scholars, and others for whose conversion I often toiled and prayed. Some who had gone away from the communion of the Church, were brought back by the revival of last winter, and were now found at the table of the Lord. Those whom, during my ministry here, I instructed and confirmed, are generally doing well. This was a source of no small comfort to my heart. I can say, with John, 'I have no greater joy than to see my children walk in the truth.'

"On Monday, I went to Leitersburg, where I addressed a temperance convention, and on Tuesday I came to the city of Philadelphia, to meet the General Synod. The week previous I visited the Virginia Synod, then in session at Shepherdstown, and preached on the 'Necessity of Ministerial Piety.' At these meetings I have met many of my dear friends, both ministers and laymen.

"*May 24.* The General Synod has now adjourned. Much important business was transacted. A committee of correspondence, on Christian union, was appointed at the suggestion of Dr. S. S. Schmucker, that eminent divine, and great promoter of fraternal union between Christian denominations. A committee of foreign correspondence was also appointed to

correct the erroneous impressions which have been made on the minds of our theologians in Germany, in reference to the views and practices of our American Lutheran Church, embodied in the General Synod. Although this meeting was both pleasant and profitable, there was an absence of that dignity, sobriety, and devoutness which characterized former conventions of this body. There is a spiritual dearth in the land, and its effects were even here visible.

“*Springfield, June 3.* I arrived at home on Saturday, after an absence of four weeks; found my family well, the new church commenced, and ready for the laying of the corner-stone. In consequence of sickness I was delayed three days at Chambersburg, where I received much kindness from the Rev. S. Sprecher and Mr. P. Berlin and their families. How cheering to the heart of a sick man, when away from home, are the kind attentions of such friends. I thank them, and bless the Lord for his goodness.

“*June 23.* At an early hour yesterday morning, I went to — Church, to my appointment. As the people assembled, without the house of God, they entered into conversation about their secular business — Church members and officers with others. They spoke so loud that I was disturbed by the conversation. Few had entered when the hour of service arrived, and I was obliged to send out, and invite them in.

These people have been under the ministry of the Old Synod for twenty years, and yet are characterized by such improprieties! In the afternoon, I preached to a large audience in Mr. Zerkle's barn. In this community, I expect to organize a congregation. A thunder-storm arose while I was preaching, and the sublimity of the scene, united with the solemnity of the exercises, deeply affected my mind. I felt as if I stood amid the thunderings of Mt. Sinai. 'The Lord has his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet.'

"'The care of all the Churches,' was one of the burdens of the magnanimous Paul. This burden I, too, have been made to experience. During the past week, I received a letter from a ministerial brother, stating his intention to leave the Church. This intelligence was the more painful, on account of the absence of any justifiable excuse. Will not the confidence of the people in ministerial steadfastness be shaken by such steps? and will not the enemies of the Cross have occasion to scoff? What a world is this! Yea, even, what a Church! In more than one sense, is the Church here below *militant*. By such occurrences, my soul is made exceedingly sad, and my confidence in Christian character oftentimes impaired.

"*July 6.* Our national blessings, was the theme

of my pulpit discourse this morning. It is a subject appropriate to the sacred desk, and perhaps too much neglected. What a goodly heritage our Heavenly Father has bestowed upon us, and with what feelings of gratitude should we not contemplate the gifts of his hands? May these blessings be transmitted unimpaired to our posterity! May Jehovah be our King, and the King of our descendents to the latest generation! May this land evermore be Emanuel's land!

"Yesterday afternoon, I visited a poor old man, who is near his end. He has never professed Christ, even in baptism; and yet he says his trust is in his Saviour! Presumptuous confidence! I could not convince and persuade him that the sacraments are, under ordinary circumstances, necessary. He is completely blinded.

"*July 8.* Yesterday, I aided the building committee in marking out the site of our college edifice. As I stood upon the spot, the following inquiries arose in my mind: Shall I ever see a building erected here, and young men occupying it, with a desire and zeal to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ? Shall I be permitted to see ambassadors of Jesus, equipped for their Master's service, going out from this spot on errands of love and mercy, breaking the bread of life to the perishing? Lord, thou knowest how ardently I desire the accomplishment of this object! May it

even be so. May the institution erected here be a fountain as strong, as pure, and as perennial as those fountains gushing forth in its own vicinity, sending forth streams to fructify and gladden the vineyard of the Lord! In consequence of bodily fatigue, and mental excitement, I returned home with a severe sick headache. It was more than my feeble constitution could bear.

“*August 1.* Another month has gone—gone forever. Its sins cannot be recalled—its wasted moments can never be improved. It has been to me like a weaver’s shuttle, so swiftly did it fly away, amid my numerous cares and engagements.

“Last Sabbath, by request, I preached a funeral sermon of Gen. Jackson, to a large and attentive audience. The high, as well as the low, must pass away. Death makes no distinction, but enters alike the habitations of the small and the great. The greater portion of yesterday I was handling brick at the church. I could not get my man to do it, and so I did it myself. To-day I feel stiff and sore as a consequence. Men are children, after all their years, especially in Church matters. Various means must be used to train them for the service of God. To-day, ———, one of the refractory elders of the German congregation, died very suddenly. I was not called to visit or bury him. How feeble men are, and yet

they will set themselves up in opposition to the government of God.

“*August 3.* This morning I preached at Noblesville, in the German and English languages. My heart was tender—I had much freedom in prayer—the word preached was sweet and precious to my own soul. Since my return, I have been reading an account of the magnanimous conduct of some of the martyrs of the reformation of France. What noble spirits they were! How happy will I be to greet them in the kingdom of God—to sit at their feet and listen to their experience. And is it true that a day is coming when I shall see them and know them, and have fellowship with them? O, yes! Believe it, O my soul! What a blessed prospect! This calm, bright Sabbath evening seems to be an image of that peaceful repose which they now enjoy, and which I hope to enjoy with them. In hope of this blessedness I this moment rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

‘O, what has Jesus bought for me?

Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life Divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there.
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet?"

"O, how little we anticipate heaven, on account of our worldly-mindedness! My prayer to God is, that he may grant me a *heavenly mind*.

"*August* 19. Last Sabbath a week, I spent at Cass and Troy. At the latter place, I preached in the Old School Presbyterian Church. On Monday I visited some of the European Germans, to inquire into their condition, wants and wishes. I found a number of them keeping grogeries and taverns, and some of them furnish the evidence that they drink to excess. A few seem to be anxious to have the gospel preached unto them, and I am endeavoring to make arrangements to have them supplied. I have not much hope of doing them any good. Soon some strolling European will come along, preach to, gratify them, entice them away, and delude them in their blindness. When the privileges of communicants are refused to the immoral, they become highly offended. The work of evangelizing them is attended by almost insuperable difficulties. And yet we must labor and pray for their conversion.

"Last Sabbath I spent at Urbana, where I found a number of our people, whom I think we shall be able

to organize into a congregation. In many places I discover that other Churches have been built up, in a great measure, out of Lutheran material.

“*Sept. 4.* To-day our fifth child, a daughter, was born. May she live and be an ornament to the Church of God, to whom she has been dedicated. May she have the spirit of Hannah, of Lydia, of Mary!

“*Sept. 7.* To-day I buried a little girl at Donelsville. She was an orphan child. Three days before her death, I saw her in the arms of her kind grandmother, and talked with her about Jesus and heaven. O, there is something so indescribably sweet in an amiable little girl, in her innocence, departing this life, to dwell with Christ in heavenly glory. And there is something so tender, so deeply affecting, in placing the remains of such a child beside her departed mother, in the quiet graveyard, close by the rural grove, where the fading and unfolding foliage is constantly with every changing season, symbolizing the death and resurrection of saints.

“*Sept. 28.* Much sickness and mortality have prevailed in our community. My time has been consumed, in superintending the building of my church, visiting the sick, and burying the dead. Glad will I be when I shall be released from the secular business which necessity now imposes upon me. Yesterday

I prepared my annual report for the Board of Directors, to whose meeting, at Wooster, I expect to start to-morrow. During the year I traveled three thousand two hundred miles, not including short distances ; I preached one hundred and seventy-two sermons, and delivered a number of addresses ; organized one congregation ; put two churches in progress of erection ; collected for college six thousand dollars, for churches one thousand dollars ; instructed four theological students two hours each day, during the summer. For strength to perform this labor, I render my thanks to God. The more *toil*, the more *grace*.

“*Oct.* 14. Yesterday I returned from the northern part of the State, whither I had gone to attend the annual meetings of the Board of Directors and the English Synod of Ohio. During the meeting of Synod, which was large and interesting, a long discussion arose on the utility of uniformity in our public worship. A number of ministers have come among us from other Churches, who have introduced the practices of their former ecclesiastical relations, so that in some charges the congregations invariably kneel during prayer in public worship, while in others they stand up. This diversity of practice leads to confusion and recrimination. The congregations which kneel accuse those who assume a different posture of a want of piety. I addressed the Synod at

some length on the subject, in favor of the standing posture in the prayers connected with the public preaching of the gospel, and kneeling as most appropriate on special occasions, and in more private acts of worship.

“After the adjournment of Synod, I hastened to Canal Dover, to visit my dear friend Rev. J. B. Reck, of whose illness I had been informed. His good wife had been buried just a week before. I arrived at his residence an hour after his decease. I entered and gazed upon his pale, lifeless corpse. How great the change since my last visit to this dear family! Last summer, when I shared their hospitality, how cheerful that fireside—how happy that family circle! But after a few fleeting months, how desolate, how gloomy, how mournful, all about the premises! I promenaded the yard in the agony of my deep distress, and my mind was almost overwhelmed with emotion, as I contemplated the frailty of man and the transitory nature of earthly objects. His five children are now fatherless and motherless. His work is now done, his last sermon preached, his last admonition given, his earthly career closed.

‘Far from affliction, toil and care,
His happy soul is fled;
His breathless form shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.’

He was like Hanani, a faithful man, and feared God above many. He died in great peace, as did also his wife, to whom he was so tenderly devoted. 'They were pleasant in their life, and in death they were not divided.'

"On Friday afternoon, October the 9th, I preached his funeral sermon. It was with difficulty that I could compose my mind sufficiently to give utterance to my thoughts. Before me was the coffin and the five orphan children, clothed in mourning. The church was crowded with the weeping throng. I stood where he had often stood who was now encoffined and shrouded for the tomb. All this was more than I could bear with composure.

"Bro. Reck had become very much endeared to my heart. He was one of my wisest and most confidential advisers, in all the affairs of the institution, and the Church in the West. He had been, in a great measure, instrumental in influencing me to come to Ohio. He possessed an amiable disposition, a candid, well-balanced mind, an honest heart, a benevolent, noble soul, and an ardent devotion to the Church of Christ. He was an efficient laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, as he was eminently practical in the preaching of the Word. As a pastor, he was diligent and faithful. He was kind to the poor; he sympathized with the afflicted. He was universally be-

loved. But his Master has removed him from the evil to come. May he rest in peace! How precious the revelations of the gospel — its glorious hopes, its blessed assurances of a future, happy, everlasting reunion of all the pure spirits who have been sanctified on earth. Glory to God in the highest!

“I firmly resolved and re-resolved during these painful scenes, to detach myself more and more from the world—its honors, its treasures and its joys; and to live more humbly and devotedly, that I may faithfully serve my Redeemer, honor my Heavenly Father, and finally obtain eternal life.

“On my return home, I was surprised to find a communication from the Board of Trustees of Jefferson College, Pa., informing me that the honorary degree of D. D. had been conferred upon me by them. As an expression of public confidence, and a means of usefulness, if it can be made such, I feel thankful for this mark of favor. May it be the means of honoring God, and not man. This is the sincere desire of my heart. How good has the Lord been to me! A few years ago he called me from my father's plow, and now he has set me among the princes of his people. Strange that ‘the farmer boy of Middletown Valley,’ as a brother in the ministry lately addressed me, should now be thus honored. It is from the Lord. Above all, I am thankful that this promotion

has not excited in my bosom any emotion of vanity and pride. At least, I am not conscious of the existence of any such feelings in my bosom. At the same meeting, this degree was conferred on Prof. Thornwell, and the degree of L L. D. upon the Hon. Henry Clay.

“*Oct. 25. Sabbath eve.* To-day I preached thrice, and rode eighteen miles. During the past week I preached two funeral sermons.

“*Nov. 1. Saturday evening.* During this week I have been quite unwell. Some days I was scarcely able to do any work; and yet I was necessitated to labor and urge on the work, so as to have the basement rooms in the church ready for the opening of our school. They are not plastered, and the floor above is only laid with loose boards. But in this condition we expect to use them.

“Mr. Welty, one of our teachers, has arrived. Mr. Sauerwine is detained in Baltimore, by sickness. A few students are on the ground.”

CHAPTER XIX.

SCHOOL OPENS AT SPRINGFIELD.

Small beginning—Happy close of a toilsome week—Sabbath at Cincinnati—Close of first session—Both his teachers leave—Receives a letter from Rev. L. Knight—Unexpected aid in time of need—Aids Rev. A. Reck at a protracted meeting in Germantown.

“MONDAY EVENING, *November 3, 1845.* To-day, we opened our grammar school at Springfield. To this period, I have been looking forward with deep anxiety. We commenced this morning with five pupils—three boys, one lad, and one young man. During the day, four others came in, so that, at its close, the number had increased to nine. I have been busy examining students, arranging their studies, fixing up stoves, etc. Evening has now come, and I am glad to rest. How sweet will be the repose of heaven to our wearied souls!

“It requires strong faith to anticipate a large and well-endowed institution from so small a beginning; but,

‘Large oaks from little acorns grow,
Large streams from little fountains flow.’

If God be with us, we shall succeed.

“*Nov.* 24. To-day, I preached, for the first time, in the basement of the new church. I had a school-desk for my pulpit, and a floor, without a ceiling, above my head. It was rather uncomfortable; but, thanks be unto God! we have now a little sanctuary of our own.

“*Nov.* 29. Another month, except a single day, has now fled. It has been to me a month of severe, anxious toil. I arise at five o'clock in the morning, and spend an hour and a half in devotional exercises. At half-past six, I breakfast, after which I attend to my domestic affairs. I then study till nine o'clock. At nine, I attend prayers in the school-room—spend an hour or more with my class—continue in my study until twelve o'clock. In the afternoon, I attend to out-door duties—collecting for the church and college, visiting the sick, business transactions, etc. On Wednesday evening, I deliver an expository lecture to the congregation. On Friday evening, I meet a class for catechetical instruction; and the other evenings I devote to business-committees, visitors, and correspondence.

“My labors are too great for my spiritual prosperity. Alas! everything has a snare for us, even our pious labors and severe toils. This is an inclement evening, and I have been undisturbed by calls. Its hours have been spent in reading the Bible, and Tay-

lor's 'Holy Living and Dying.' I have enjoyed a happy close of this toilsome week. I have had much enlargement of heart in prayer, especially in behalf of the institution. I had also sweet communion in bringing my former charges to the Throne of Grace. It seemed to me as if those dear people were on the other side of the Mercy Seat, worshiping, and interceding for me. How sweet the communion of saints! We all cluster around the same Throne — supplicate at the same Feet, and supply our wants from the same exhaustless Fountain of mercy and grace. How infinitely more ecstatic will be our joy in the fruition of our hope!

“Saturday evening is the close of our weekly toil; a striking emblem of the end of life, and the approach of an eternal Sabbath. It is sweet for a pastor to believe that he will meet in glory some whom he aided in the attainment of eternal life, and perhaps some whom by the grace of God he was instrumental in converting from the error of their ways. I humbly trust this shall be my joy, if faithful to the end.

“*Dec. 3.* I have just returned from our Wednesday night lecture and prayer meeting. Only two of my members, besides the students, were present. My congregation is quite small. I have but two men who pray in public. When I think of my former people, I am somewhat distressed. I derive much

comfort from the passage, 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.'

"*Dec. 6.* Yesterday I heard of the death of Bro. Jacob Kausler, for many years an elder in the Church at Hagerstown, Md. He was an accomplished gentleman, a consistent Christian, and a useful member of the Church. I can scarcely realize this sad occurrence. How death cuts us down, and carries us away 'as with a flood.' But we all shall rise again when the heavens shall be no more. Glory be to God for this blessed assurance!

"*Saturday evening, Dec. 13.* This has been a week of great toil, and much care and anxiety to me. I have been greatly perplexed about the propriety of undertaking the erection of the college edifice, with our present limited means. The debt which hangs over the church is likewise a source of annoyance to me. To-day I felt much depressed, until I received the *Observer*, in which I found the communication of 'Alleghany,' one of my dear friends, in which he recommended our enterprise to the Churches. This communication greatly revived and comforted my drooping spirit.

"This evening several female members called on me, stating that they had collected money for the purchase of lamps for the church. We have had an interesting little prayer meeting in my study, with Mr

Welty, one of the tutors, and four of the students. Thus it often happens that the sun breaks forth in the cloudiest day, and pours his cheering beams upon us.

“*Dec. 27.* Last Friday I rode to Cass, twenty-six miles distant, to preach several discourses on the subject of Baptism, to fortify our people against the misrepresentations of Anabaptists. The mercury in the thermometer stood twelve degrees below zero, and I was obliged to face the wind. Cold as it was, I could not conscientiously disappoint the people. I preached twice on the subject above mentioned, and once on the importance of giving early religious instruction to children. An elder said to me, ‘I often wondered why it was that my children would not embrace Christ and his truth, but now I see it is because I have neglected the duty of early instruction.’ A physician acknowledged his delinquency, promised to begin the work and, as an evidence of the sincerity of his promise, ordered some catechisms. The discourses on Baptism, although entirely in the defensive form, giving reasons for our views and practices, very much enraged the opposers of our views. They are generally astonished at the amount and force of the arguments on our side of the question. Pedobaptist ministers have greatly erred in not preaching more frequently on this subject. It certainly possesses great importance

Infant baptism is either a Divine institution or it is not. If it *is not*, it should be banished from the whole Church, as a wicked, human appendage to the Christian system ; or rather as a substitute of man, for the ordinance of God. If it *is*, those who despise it, should be taught that they are despising an institution, not of man, but of God ; and those who observe it should know why they do it. It is a matter of gratitude that the truth on this subject can be made so plain and forcible to the common mind. Let the truth but be preached in a kind and lucid way, and it will be received.

“I have just returned from Urbana, where I spent Christmas Day. I made some preparatory arrangements to organize the Lutheran families in and about town into a congregation. I was most kindly received by the pastor and people of the Presbyterian Church of that place.

“*Jan.* 17, 1846. Last Saturday I baptized my orphan boy, Maurice ; he had received ‘popish baptism’ in infancy, which, however, I can scarcely regard as valid. It seems plain to me that the Papal Hierarchy—which is called Babylon, the Mother of Harlots, the Man of Sin, and Anti-Christ—cannot be part of the Church which is called the Body of Christ, the Bride of Christ, etc. Hence her priests have no authority to administer the ordinances. The

Papal Hierarchy was organized and established in the conventions of the Council of Trent; the *leaven* was previously in the Western Church, now it became the lump. God then called his people out of Babylon by the voice of the Reformers, and the *Romish Church* lost her character as the *Church* of God—ceased to be part of the body of Christ.

“I confirmed eight persons, and received one from a sister Church, as the first fruits of my ministry here. On Sabbath we celebrated, for the first time, the Lord’s Supper in our new church. We had a solemn and profitable communion.

“*Feb. 6.* Last Saturday, Sabbath and Monday I spent in Cincinnati, and administered the communion to one small English Lutheran congregation, numbering about sixty members; preached five sermons and baptized one infant. I became acquainted with Drs. Beecher and Stowe, of Lane Seminary, who are men of God, laboring efficiently for the upbuilding of Christ’s kingdom.

“This week I have been overburdened with toils and cares; in connection with the other members of the building committee I was sued by an unprincipled man who performed some labor for us. The income of the school is not sufficient to meet the salaries of the teachers. Where I am to get funds to meet this deficiency I know not. As no one else cares

for these things, the whole burden rests upon me. The Lord help me to bear my toils and cares!

“*Feb. 21. Saturday evening.* This week I have suffered from bodily indisposition, which has induced dullness and depression of spirits. In the meantime my cares have been increasing. One of the teachers says he will be obliged to dissolve his connection with the school at the close of the present term. The other has his fears about the final success of the institution, and would, therefore, also prefer withdrawing from it. Alas! alas! what a want of faith! But youthfulness and inexperience form some excuse. My numerous anxieties are deleterious, not only to my spiritual interests, but also to my mental improvement. I find it more difficult than formerly to fix my attention and investigate any subject with intensity of thought. I have formed the resolution to cast my cares more upon ‘Him who careth for us,’ and be comforted in mind, trusting less in my own wisdom and management.

“*Feb. 28.* This is the closing day of the last winter month. A severe, inclement month it has been; the snow is still eight inches deep. On the 18th of this month, in the year of our Lord 1546, the great Luther closed his eventful career, in the sixty-third year of his age. How happy will I be to greet this man of God in glory, to hear him recount his trials

and the progress of Divine grace in his great heart, and the leadings of Providence in his useful life. May my life be as humble, if possible, as useful, and its close as peaceful as his !

“*March 8.* Since the bracing stimulus of winter has departed, my system, overtaken with labor and care, begins to flag. I have been reading Counselor Kohlrausch’s History of Germany. What a noble spirit was that of Gustavus Adolphus and his brave Swedes ! How treacherous and overbearing the Papal Hierarchy !

“This evening I have been greatly comforted in reading and meditating upon the 46th Psalm, a portion of God’s word which often encouraged the mind of Luther, the immortal Reformer, in his desponding hours.

“Where shall we obtain funds to meet the balance due our teachers, and to increase the number of instructors as the circumstances of the institution may demand ? These questions have given me much perplexity, but I must commit them with my other cares to Jehovah.

“Amid my cares and trials, I am not utterly destitute of blessings. A few days ago I received a letter from my esteemed young brother, Rev. Lloyd Knight, who was brought into the ministry through my instrumentality. He is the first one of my spiritual

children who has gone forth as an ambassador for Jesus, and this is the first epistle I have received from him since he has been licensed to preach the gospel. He reports interesting revivals of religion in his charge, and in the commencement of his ministry, gives the promise of future usefulness. In a visit to the country, during my residence at Taneytown, I accidentally, or providentially, met this youth for the first time; he was but poorly clad, as he had been reared in indigence. I addressed him kindly, for there was something in his appearance—in his eye—that awakened my sympathy in his behalf; he was awakened, converted, brought into the Church, and sent to Pennsylvania College under my ministry. He was educated by charity, but is a good man, sincerely devoted to the cause of Christ.

“*April 9.* Our school closed on the 2d inst., with an examination and exhibition; the exercises were highly gratifying to the friends and patrons of the institution. It is now but four weeks until the commencement of the next session, and no teachers have been secured. I am exceedingly anxious about the result of my application to several young men connected with the institution at Gettysburg. But I will leave this matter in the hands of the Lord.

“To-morrow a payment must be made on our church debt. At the beginning of the week I could

not tell whence the money should come to meet this payment. Yesterday a gentleman told me he was prepared to settle part of his subscription. To-day, when I called on him, he paid not only the full amount of his own, but likewise his mother's pledge. I entered a house on other business, where, unasked, a widow handed me a bank note. I called at a store, where a young man gave me a contribution. I met, on the street, the agent of the college, who remarked that he was ready to pay for the lumber which he had purchased from the church. Thus, without any effort, from entirely unexpected sources, I received more than was needed to make the payment. Truly, our necessity is God's opportunity. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul.'

"*April* 28. On Good Friday, I went to German-town, to aid Rev. A. Reck in a protracted meeting. They refused to let me preach in the old church, because I did not belong to the 'Joint Synod,' and was a 'New Lutheran.' The old congregation is large and wealthy, but strongly tainted with Universalism. The leading members are generally immoral, addicted to dissipation, profanity and Sabbath desecration. We organized a small English congregation of pious people, in order to build up a light-house in the midst of the surrounding darkness.

"On Tuesday I returned home, expecting to find

a communication from the East, bringing cheering intelligence—the promise of teachers. But my expectations were all disappointed.

“The following Friday, I went to Hamilton, to assist brother Sill. Here an English Lutheran congregation has been organized, composed of some very excellent families. Among the Germans, there is one evangelical congregation, and one congregation of Rationalists, called the ‘beer Church.’—because its pastor and its members spend much of the Sabbath at a brewery, where they are more lively in their exercises than in the sanctuary.

“In this place I procured a number of subscribers to the *Observer*. On my return, on Monday evening, I preached in Miamisburg. I was the first Lutheran minister in connection with the General Synod who preached in this place. The audience was very attentive. The village numbers about sixteen hundred inhabitants, and is destitute of a Sabbath-school. Several members related to me, in a deeply-deploring manner, that Church discipline was so entirely neglected that it could not be told who of the multitude were members and who were not. This is a sad state of things, indeed.

“*June 17.* Since my last record, I have passed through various scenes. I have received many mercies—I have undergone numerous trials.”

CHAPTER XX.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND PRESIDENT OF COLLEGE.

Second Session—Increase of students—Greatly encouraged—Called an “Old-Measure man”—Sickness—Accepts Presidency—First vote—Excessive labors—Conference meeting—Revival at Croft’s Church—Weak, but strong—Perplexity relieved—Scene on the grounds of the college.

“THE second session of our school opened the first week in May, with a large increase of students. By the efficient co-operation of my successor at Hagerstown, I fortunately secured the services of two excellent teachers: M. Diehl and H. R. Geiger.

“On the 8th of May, our Synod convened at Tarlton. The meeting was a most precious one. The brethren manifested great zeal for the cause of God, and the welfare of our beloved Wittenberg.

“I have recently been much in need of money, to make a payment on the church. Just at that time, three brethren arrived from Pennsylvania, who, unsolicited, furnished me with the requisite amount. O! how good it is to trust in Jehovah-Jireh!

“Our last communion season was an occasion of

great encouragement to us all. Twenty-four members were added to the congregation ; some of whom I feel assured will be a great comfort to me, and will afford pecuniary aid to the Church. At least twenty candidates for the gospel ministry appeared at the table of the Lord. This was a delightful scene, at which no doubt angels rejoiced, and by which my heart was deeply affected. A sense of the responsibility of my office almost overwhelmed me. I thought of the good which, by the grace of God, may be effected by these the first fruits of Wittenberg. Glory be to God in the highest !

“*June 17.* I have just had a very pleasant visit from my dear brother, Wm. H. Harrison, who is now pastor of the Church at Cincinnati. I have had no advisor so congenial and like-minded, since the decease of my dear brother, J. B. Reck. His locating in the West has been a matter of great rejoicing to me.

“This morning I received a severe letter from a clerical brother, who thinks I am an ‘old measure man.’ Astonishing ! On the one hand I am *charged with* and *blamed for* being ‘new measure,’ in my views and practices ; and on the other hand, for being ‘old measure.’ And yet, I am sure I have been decided. There is no reason why any one should be in doubt about my position on this question. I have no partiality for the names applied to either one or the

other party ; but although I have not been an ultraist, I have on every suitable occasion clearly defined my views. A very distinguished theologian has said, ‘The truth generally lies in the middle, and he is commonly nearest to it, who is abused by both the opposite parties.’ Not that a man should be neutral — for such an one I have no sympathy. He should be *one thing* or the *other*, but not necessarily an ultraist.

“August 8. I have just partially recovered from a severe attack of fever. I have never before been so sick, or reduced to such extreme feebleness. I found myself destitute of that high degree of preparation for sickness and death which I then wished to have. What strange beings we are, that experience will not make us wiser in such matters.”

Dr. Keller was brought quite low by this attack, and the deepest anxiety respecting his recovery was manifested among all his friends. He had doubts in his own mind about the issue of this sickness. One evening, when night had thrown her dark mantle over the earth, lying upon his couch, unconscious of the presence of any human being, he uttered aloud the following sentiment : “Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low ; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain ;” and then added, “but the Lord can do all this without me.” He had great confi-

dence in the efficacy of the prayers of God's people, and during this illness he made the request that the congregation should pray for him.

"*Sabbath evening, August 9.* This is the third Sabbath in succession, that I have been denied the privileges of the sanctuary, in consequence of sickness. My pulpit has been supplied by Rev. Diehl. To-day it rained, and I could not attend public worship. How much more blessed to *toil* than to be *disabled*. And yet it is a matter worthy of our deepest gratitude, that we have *everywhere* access to the throne of *mercy* and *grace*. The day, I trust, I have not spent unprofitably. How sweet the hope of a heavenly Sabbath! May I taste and realize in all their fullness its everlasting joys !

"*Sept. 4.* Our first academical year has just closed. As I recovered from my sickness, Mr. Geiger was taken ill; and although still feeble, I shared his labors with Mr. Diehl. With all the anxiety of an approaching examination, this work was very laborious. The session, however, closed encouragingly. The classes acquitted themselves well. A favorable impression was made.

"At their recent meeting, the Board of Directors again requested me to accept of the presidency of the institution. I had several times refused this honor, under the impression that I could be more useful by

devoting my time to theological and pastoral pursuits. But as no one with suitable qualifications can be found, who will undertake the labor for the small compensation offered, I have with great reluctance accepted it. My sincere prayer is, that this act may redound to the glory of God.

“*Sept. 16.* Since the close of the session, I have been busily engaged bringing up my correspondence, superintending the college building, employing workmen, securing materials, etc. The lower story of the east wing is now so far completed that a steward has moved in, who will accommodate students with boarding. Here with gratitude I ‘raise my Ebenezer.’ I have been attending the sessions of the Protestant Methodist Conference, convened in our city. I was forcibly impressed with the importance of theological education, and made a proposition to receive as many of their young men as would come, into our theological department on the same terms with our own. The proposition met a favorable reception.

“*Sept. 28.* I have just returned from Xenia, whither I had gone to preach to our ‘little flock,’ which for some months has been vacant. Formerly they had a hireling minister, who cared only for the fleece. His people having lost all confidence in him, dismissed him. The flock has been greatly scattered by the influence of such a pastor. I

preached thrice in the church, and once in the house of J. Alexander, Esq., an aged member of the legal profession, once a member of the United States Congress. He was formerly a Methodist, but is now a member of our Church. He is a man of strong mind, sincere piety, and very general information. As he is too feeble to go to the house of God, I administered the Lord's Supper to him at home. We had a pleasant meeting. The congregation adopted a constitution, of which they had hitherto been destitute. Measures were taken for the erection of a church. Rev. A. R. Howbert was elected their future pastor.

“*Oct. 13.* On the fifth instant the third session of our school opened, with an addition of twenty-four students, some of whom are candidates for the ministry.

“To-day, for the first time in my life, I voted at an election for civil officers. The unjust, aggressive war with Mexico, and the destruction of our protective tariff, have impressed me with the idea that every well-informed citizen, and every well-wisher of his country, should vote and endeavor to change the policy of our government. The southerners are evidently controlling the land, and are endeavoring to ruin the North by the destruction of our manufactures and the extension of slavery.

“*Oct. 31.* I was present at a very large and interesting meeting of the English Synod of Ohio. Three young men were ordained, and five licensed to preach the gospel. A lengthy discussion arose on the propriety of fellowshiping, as *ministers*, with persons who have no church connection, loose-footed men, religious cosmopolites, or loafers. It was the opinion of Synod that such fellowship is highly inexpedient.

“*Dec. 19.* In consequence of pressing duties I have neglected my journal. Two hours each day I consume in theological instruction; thrice a week I hear a class in natural philosophy; twice in German and twice in English prosody; lecture every Wednesday evening; attend a conference meeting with the students every Saturday evening; have the general superintendence of the school, and preach twice or thrice every Sabbath. Beside, I direct the improvements on the college grounds, have an extensive correspondence, in addition to my domestic affairs. As to *toils*, I can lay some claims to a *Lutheran*, for Luther was emphatically a *man of toils*.

“Last evening we had a conference, in which a few related their personal experience, by which we were all interested and profited. It was a sweet, heavenly meeting. I closed with some spiritual advice, and mentioned a few points in my own experience. We

have recently had some indications of a revival among us. I preached this morning a sermon in defense of 'revivals of religion.' During this entire afternoon I have had a sensible knowledge of my sinfulness; have felt irresistibly inclined to weep. O that I were pure, where purity exists without alloy. I am filled with a painful longing for heaven. But two considerations afford me contentment in the flesh: the rearing of my family for heaven, and the *good* of the Church. I will wait till my change come. O, the blessedness of this hope! How sweet to my soul! How surely grounded on Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages.

"*Jan.* 15, 1847. Last Sabbath I aided in the complete organization, and at the first communion season of a congregation in Urbana. We had a delightful little meeting in a school-room. Rev. A. Helwig, a member of my first theological class, has taken charge of this little flock.

"*Sabbath morning, Feb.* 7. This morning I feel wearied in body and mind. I cannot keep my mind fixed on any subject, and consequently feel unprepared to preach, which causes me not a little grief. I have panted this morning for the repose of the tomb and the rest of Abraham's bosom. Just now, I can have no higher conception of the felicity of heaven, than that of rest. 'They do rest from their labors'

—‘There the weary are at rest’—‘There remaineth, therefore, a rest unto the people of God.’

“Last Thursday we commenced a conference meeting at Croft’s Church; on Saturday evening I went to New Carlisle, and presented the claims of our institution, and on Sabbath morning returned to Croft’s. As there were indications of the Divine presence, the meeting was protracted. On Saturday, Bro. Diehl came to our help; he preached Saturday night, Sabbath morning and evening. On Sabbath night the anxious were first invited to present themselves as subjects for instruction and prayer. Twelve or fifteen at once accepted the invitation. The meeting is still in progress, conducted by the pastor and Bro. Helwig. The preaching of the gospel was practical and earnest; the inquirers were invited to particular seats, and were addressed personally and collectively; the best order was maintained; it was a heavenly season, the first revival I enjoyed in Ohio; it sweetly reminded me of similar seasons in by-gone days, in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Jehovah is the same everywhere; his providences, truth and spirit operate similarly in all places.

“I have been deeply distressed by the mournful intelligence of the death of five students at Gettysburg; they were all candidates for the ministry—died of typhoid fever. What a mysterious provi-

dence ! May it be sanctified to the good of our needy Church.

“ *Feb. 20. Sabbath evening.* To-day I felt exceedingly feeble and dispirited ; but I was graciously enabled to preach with freedom and unction ; I could truly say with Paul, ‘ When I am *weak*, then am I strong.’ Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

“ *Feb. 20.* Last Sabbath I spent at Zanesville, aiding brother Hauer in a protracted meeting. This was the first meeting of this kind held in the Lutheran Church of that place. The former pastors belonged to the Joint Synod, and were opposed to such efforts for the conversion of sinners. I preached seven times, and delivered an address to the Sabbath-school children.

“ *Saturday, March 6.* The greater portion of to-day, I spent on the college ground, superintending the trimming of the trees around the building, the burning of brush, stumps, and logs, the planting of oleanthus trees, the making of saw-logs, etc. I was reminded of Luther, who said that, in addition to other offices, he was inspector of a *fish-pond*. It was my office to be inspector of a ‘log-rolling’ and *superintendent* of a *clearing*. I feel fatigued, and hail the Sabbath with delight.

“*April* 23, 1847. Since my last record, I attended a very interesting conference meeting at St. Paris, eighteen miles north-west of Springfield. The congregation in this place has recently passed from the Joint Synod into our hands. As some questions were discussed by the brethren, a number of the rigid ‘old Lutherans’ became greatly enraged. Evangelical truth is, however, fast gaining the ascendancy in the community. The examination of the students, and attendant exercises, at the close of the winter session, were highly gratifying to the friends of the institution.

“Several weeks ago, I was perplexed to know what to do with the wing of the college building, now inclosed; for it is not plastered, nor are the floors laid. In its present state, it is not productive. I went to a carpenter, and inquired whether I could not get the work done on a year’s credit of my own. He agreed to my proposition, in part. I made a similar contract with a plasterer. Several hundred dollars were still lacking. What shall I do? was now the anxious inquiry. In my perplexity, a student came to me, stating that he wished me to receive some money on deposit for one year, either *with* or *without* interest. The sum was upward of one hundred dollars. The day following, two others offered me smaller sums, for a shorter period of time, on the same terms. Each of the literary societies appropriated thirty dollars for

completing their halls. At the meeting of Synod, a brother paid over to me seventy-two dollars, which he had collected for the building fund. To-day, a young man from Virginia offered me one hundred and fifty dollars on deposit. Thus, in a way which I expected not, the amount requisite has been put into my hands. The Lord be praised — forever praised ! I clearly see his hand in this matter.

“*April 29.* This entire week, I have been busy, superintending improvements on the college grounds ; have had at work three carpenters, four plasterers, and six or seven students felling trees, peeling bark, and mauling rails.”

CHAPTER XXI.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND PRESIDENT OF COLLEGE.

First sermon in college building—Grace of God—Visits Jewish Synagogue—Death of the first student—Praying for a revival—Indications of the Spirit's presence—New year—Interesting conversion—First revival in Wittenberg—Revival in charge of one of his pupils.

“AT THE commencement of this session, more students have applied for rooms in the college than can be accommodated. We have now upward of eighty pupils in the institution.

“Last Sabbath evening, I preached in the Philosophian Hall—the first sermon preached in the college building—on ‘the call to the gospel ministry.’ A few days afterward, one of my theological class expressed to me his fears that he had not been Divinely called to this responsible work. Truly the Word of God is quick and powerful!

“In my meditations this morning, I was unaccountably led to think of the grace of God in guarding me against sins to which I was exposed in earlier days, while a student, and in the first years of my public

ministry. How frequently was I placed in circumstances in which my inexperience, youthfulness, and natural ardor might easily have betrayed me into imprudences which would have disturbed my peace, and injured my usefulness for life. But God was my ever-present Father—the guide of my youth. Ten thousand thanks to his holy Name!

“Last Sabbath, I assisted Bro. Harrison at a communion season in Cincinnati. On Saturday I was present at the exercises in a Jewish Synagogue; their worship seemed very formal and undevout; after their services had closed, I had some conversation with several of them; one of them made use of profane language. One man, with a large, portly frame, a serious countenance, and gray hairs, bore a resemblance to an image of Jacob, which I have pictured in my imagination. Another, small in stature, well built, and swarthy, with a keen eye, corresponded with my conception of David, the son of Jesse. Poor deluded people! Because of unbelief they were broken off from the good olive tree.

“This week I participated in the exercises connected with the laying of a corner-stone of a new Lutheran Church at Tippecanoe, Miami county. I preached in a grove, to a very large and attentive audience. After the services I became acquainted with a number of my relatives residing in that com

munity, and was rejoiced to find them among the people of God.

“*Aug. 19.* It has with truth been said by Him who cannot lie, ‘Man is as the grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass’—‘The grass withereth and the flower thereof fadeth.’ Less than a fortnight ago, a student who for two years had been connected with the institution, became sick, and was taken home. Having learned that he was ill, I visited him last Saturday, and found him in a critical condition; it was to me a most painful visit. He was a youth of fine talents, much diligence in study, very amiable in his disposition, and affable and courteous in his demeanor; he had endeared himself to his instructors and fellow-students; his father had once been a professor of religion, and preacher among the Quakers, but is now an enemy of Divine truth—a blasphemer and an atheist. At the commencement of this session, he said he would take his son from the institution, if we did not excuse him from a Bible recitation and preaching on the Sabbath Day. We consented to excuse him, but the son continued to attend of his own accord; he was thoughtful and inquisitive, but had no settled religious principles. In this state I found him, last Saturday, nigh unto death. I did not feel at liberty to say anything to him on the subject of religion. His physician is a Christian, but

was not allowed to inform him that he was dangerously ill. I was deeply distressed by the sight before me. After remaining a few hours I bade him farewell, expressing my desire for his speedy restoration to health ; he replied in a subdued tone of voice, 'We will do the best we can.' Thus we parted, to see each other no more until the heavens shall have passed away. He died the following Tuesday night. He had no spiritual advice during his sickness, asked for none, and was offered none ; he did not seem to be aware of his approaching end until four hours before he expired ; he said nothing about the future, but clung to life with a most tenacious grasp. The struggle was a fearful one ; he shrieked aloud in agony, and sprang to his feet ; and when the darkness of death was gathering over him, he called for a light, and then expired without furnishing the least ground for hope. Poor youth ! how melancholy his lot ; how cheerless and absolutely dreary was his dying hour ! His father sent to me a note requesting me to attend his funeral, in the following words :

'WEDNESDAY, 18th.

'FRIEND DOCT. KELLER :

'Our boy is dead, and will be buried to-morrow at 10 o'clock. We do not wish any funeral or any religious exercises at all, but would be pleased if you could make it convenient to say a few short and impressive words over his grave.

'Yours, in affliction,

“I resolved to attend the funeral, but to say *nothing* under such infidel and unreasonable restrictions. When I arrived two brothers insisted on my making a short address at the grave. I mentioned to them my resolution and its reasons, and added if their father would remove his restrictions, I would consent. One son went and conversed for some time with his father, and then both came to me. I repeated my purpose to the father. He was excited, and said that ‘his son *professed* no religion—he *had* none—and died *without religion*; and that he himself *had* none, and *wished* none; and that he would just as soon have inscribed on his tomb-stone that ‘He died without any religion,’ as anything else. I was horror-stricken, and replied that ‘I professed to be as honest in my views as he, and would utter them just as freely; that I did not wish to express my mind about the fate of his son, but if I spoke, I would speak *Christian sentiments* to the living.’ At this instant the mother came in, leaning on the arm of her other son, and weeping profusely. The father began to relent and said, ‘Speak what you wish, only spare us as much as you can.’ This was the end of our conversation.

“I delivered at the grave, in a few words, the truth of the Scriptures concerning the brevity of life, a future state of retribution, and the importance of

living constantly with reference to a dying hour and the world to come. I never before saw infidelity clothed in so hideous a garb. It is a contemptible system. In that dying room there was no prayer, no reference to the future, no hope, no peace, no consolation with the dying or the living—all ‘having no hope and without God in the world.’ On the verge of eternity, at the border of that dark and shadowy vale through which all must pass, without hope! Before the coffin was closed, the family gathered round it weeping, but they had no healing consolation. O, the dreariness and midnight darkness of atheism! I thank my God that I have had my birth and education under Christian influences.

“*Sept. 16.* To-day our sixth child, fourth son, was born. May he live to glorify God. Could I choose his destiny for life, I would have him become a devoted, zealous, able minister of the New Testament. The Lord take this child under special care, and use him for his own glorious purposes.

“*Oct. 17. Sabbath evening.* I preached this morning on the signs of spiritual declension; and endeavored to make a personal application of the truth which I uttered. I find that I have declined, especially in one particular—in the ability to keep my thoughts and affections fixed on heavenly things, even on the Sabbath Day. I frequently find my mind

roving over other things in which I had been engaged during the week. This state of mind and heart I attribute to my numerous duties. I have on hand so much secular business, connected with the church and institution, as necessarily to consume much of my time and thoughts. In the congregation there exists much lukewarmness. The members seem sluggish, the prayer meeting is thinly attended, and the exercises are formal. I was very plain and pointed in my remarks this morning. I felt very deeply concerned for a revival of religion. O, that God would revive us. I feel exceedingly anxious to witness here, in Ohio, what I witnessed in my former charge in Maryland. Lord, send us such a blessing; O Lord, send it quickly!

“I have been reading, with new interest, the life of David Brainerd. The preface, by Dr. Edwards, is excellent. His remarks about the religion of enthusiasm are very valuable.

“*Dec.* 29. Since my last record, my congregation has greatly improved in spiritual things. Upward of twenty have been added to our numbers. Our prayer meetings are more spiritual, and better attended. We have had services twice a day for some time past, and expect still to continue these exercises. Much has been done in quickening the zeal of the members. The students are much enlivened in their religious emotions.

“The financial affairs of the congregation are improving. An effort has been made, if possible, to complete the upper story of the church. When we commenced this building, I did not expect to see it completed in less than ten years. There is some probability now, that it will be finished in half that time. Thanks to the good Lord for this degree of prosperity.

“On Monday I received the cheering intelligence, that the College Society of New England has appropriated six hundred dollars to our institution for the present year. This is the result of two years’ effort. The committee, appointed to visit the institution, made a favorable report, which has been printed with the society’s fourth annual report. For this favor I feel devoutly thankful to Almighty God.

“*Jan. 1, 1848.* Another year has fled, and is now numbered with the past. It has been a year of numerous mercies, of various vicissitudes, and of toilsome exertions. Never did I labor more arduously, and I am thankful that I can say, never did Jehovah deign to give greater success to my feeble efforts to do good. In the congregation and institution we have had unusual prosperity. ‘Bless the Lord, O my, soul and forget not all his benefits.’

“To resolutions previously made, I will add the following: I will endeavor, by Divine assistance, to

cultivate and exhibit in the various vicissitudes of life more calmness of mind, and not suffer myself to be so much fretted or excited by that which is either agreeable or disagreeable. I am naturally excitable, prone to uneasiness of mind, liable to be disturbed in my equanimity by toils, cares, duties and joys, to the detriment of my happiness and health. I am persuaded that more tranquillity of mind will be acceptable to God, and conducive to my health and usefulness.

“Feb. 18, 1848. The last two months have afforded me much cause of gratitude and encouragement in the work of the Lord. Between Christmas and New-Year, we held a protracted meeting. By the exercises of this meeting, the Church was greatly revived. Several weeks afterward, an amiable, talented, and well-informed young man—a member of the sophomore class—became deeply convicted of sin. He had been committed to God by a dying Christian mother, and religiously trained by a surviving godly father. In later years, he had endeavored to become an infidel, but had too much self-respect openly to express his anti-Christian views. During the summer session, the fellow-student before referred to, was called away by the voice of death. Near the commencement of the present term, another youth, who had seen but seventeen summers, died suddenly, but

most triumphantly, leaving his dying message to be delivered to his fellow-students. These events were sanctified to the awakening and conviction of this young man. For months his feelings were concealed among the secrets of his own soul. At length his convictions became so powerful that concealment was no longer possible. He first unbosomed his heart to his room-mate, and afterward to others. For several days and nights, he suffered bitter pangs of terror and remorse, crying aloud for God to crush him and bruise him, but to have mercy on him. We instructed him — prayed with and for him. Of a feeble bodily constitution, and great nervous excitability, it was feared he might bring upon himself serious consequences, as he would neither eat nor sleep. On the third day, about noon, he embraced the Saviour by faith, and found rest for his soul, which had indeed been ‘weary and heavy laden.’ His joy was now unspeakably great. He embraced us with a cordiality and joy which was irrepressible. In the glowing ardor of his soul, he exhorted all to believe on Jesus, who was now so precious to his own heart. A number of others were convicted, and the college became a Bochim for weeping, and a heaven for rejoicing. We suspended the regular exercises of the institution to attend to the inquirers after salvation; and ere the week had closed, eight new-born souls were rejoicing

in God, their Saviour. Several of the students became afraid of the influences of the Spirit, and, to escape his power, left the college. 'The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth.' All the students have been quickened and refreshed. The new converts I have formed into a catechetical class. I regard this *first revival* as a most precious token of Divine favor to our infant Wittenberg. What an interminable train of sanctifying influences has been started by the conversion of these noble young men!

"I also heard to-day of a very interesting revival which is in progress in a neighboring congregation, under the pastoral care of one of my beloved pupils. Truly the Lord hath 'loaded me with benefits.'"

That the soul of Dr. Keller would be made very happy by such an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit is perfectly reasonable. During his ministry in his former charges, his heart had often been refreshed by such precious scenes. He had longed and prayed for a similar visitation of Divine grace in his new field of labor. About two months before this event, his ardent prayer was, 'Lord! send us such a blessing! O! send it quickly!' And now, when the blessing was given, his joy was full.

He could be satisfied only with the consciousness that he was doing the will of his Heavenly Father, and that the approbation of Jehovah was resting upon

him. As he had devoted his life to the establishment of Wittenberg College, in no way could the Divine favor be more strikingly manifested toward the institution for which he was laboring, than by a work of grace wrought by the Holy Spirit. Hence the happiness infused into his heart by this first precious revival. I have a very distinct impression of the joy which beamed from his countenance as he addressed the happy converts and penitent inquirers at a morning meeting in one of the halls of the college building. His soul became almost too full for utterance, and the Divine glory seemed to rest upon him in a visible form.

Of the eight young men who were the first fruits of revivals in Wittenberg, three have entered the sacred office of the gospel ministry.

By the expression of the Divine favor manifested both in this remarkable work of grace, and in the revivals of religion which attended the ministry of all who had hitherto gone out from the institution, Dr. Keller was greatly encouraged in the work which he had undertaken. His toils and self-denials he endured most cheerfully, if he could but win souls to Christ.

CHAPTER XXII.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND PRESIDENT
OF COLLEGE.

Happy in meditating on the glory of Christ—Mother's illness—Visits her—Her confidence in Christ—Farewell—Impression that this was his last visit to the home of his childhood—Change of views in some of his Ministerial brethren—Emotions excited by a visit to his former fields of labor—Facts impressed upon his mind—The last record of his journal—Last words recorded—Preaches with increased solemnity—Last sermons.

“*June* 10, 1848. Much of this afternoon I have been engaged in meditation on the glory of Christ in his exaltation. The excellency of his nature and kingdom was an object of charming sweetness to me. His authority as *Prince*, and his benignity as Saviour, filled my soul with reverence and joy. I had such a glimpse of the purity of heaven and the blessedness of the saints, as it is not often my privilege to enjoy. The afternoon was bright, the air calm, the sky clear, and the earth carpeted with her richest verdure ; all of which seemed as a faint representation of the kingdom of heaven. The intensity of my emotions became so great that I could not give utterance to the longings of my soul. My study became a spot of unusual sweetness, and I felt it a blessed

privilege to be alone in communion with God. Every other object of life seemed insignificant, except the glorification of Jesus, and the attainment of everlasting life. I had, mingled with my longings for the bliss of heaven, a most intense desire for the salvation of all my students, and the people to whom I had ministered in holy things. My thoughts ran over the field of my past toils, and a burning desire was kindled in my bosom, once more to publish the gospel to those dear people beyond the mountains, to whom in former days I preached Jesus and the resurrection. O, blessed Jesus, spare thy servant a little longer for thine own sake! Thine alone would I *be*—to thy glory alone would I live. O, Saviour, *make* me and *keep* me humble, faithful and pure in my affections, my motives, my life and my all. Protect me graciously from worldliness, ambition and every unholy disposition.”

His journal contains no record from this period to the close of the summer session, which occurred about the middle of August. Several days before the exercises of the school closed, he received intelligence of the illness of his mother, and her anxious desire to see him. As soon as the labors of the session had ended, he hastened to Maryland, in compliance with the wishes of his only surviving parent. On his arrival at her residence, he found her palsied, and ex-

tremely feeble, but in her right mind and full of peace and holy joy. As she suddenly and unexpectedly got the first sight of her long absent son, she thanked the Lord aloud for this ardently wished for privilege. So overwhelming were the emotions of his own heart, that he could only sit down and weep. During this last visit to her, he remarked, "What a blessed thing it is to have such a mother!"

The vacation of six weeks he spent east of the mountains, much of it in the sick chamber of his beloved mother. As her days were supposed to be nearly numbered, he spoke to her oft and freely about her prospects for the eternal world. She invariably gave him the most satisfactory and comforting assurance of her meetness for the world of glory. Her confidence in Christ as *her* Savior, was strong and unwavering. She bore her sufferings in the spirit of Christian meekness and resignation.

She exhorted him to be humble and faithful until death, as she expected her end was near, that they might dwell together in that happier world above.

"To bid her adieu," he says, "was a great trial to me." Both expected this to be their last meeting on earth; and so it was. They scarcely thought, however, that he first would be gathered to the saints above; but thus it was ordered by the Lord—*he* was *taken* and *she* was *left*. He was removed where all

tears shall be wiped from their eyes; she was left for awhile a mourning pilgrim here.

The longing desire which had been awakened in his heart, once more to visit the charges of his earlier ministry, was gratified. It was, however, his last visit. An impression of this kind seemed to have fixed itself upon his mind. Before leaving Middletown, he asked some of his friends to accompany him to the cemetery, where many loved ones were sleeping, as he did not expect again to enjoy this opportunity. When his present good health was adduced as a refutation of that idea, his reply was, "Notwithstanding the indications to the contrary, my conviction is that I shall see this lovely, fondly-cherished vale no more."

Nothing that came within the range of his observation during this visit caused him so much pain, as a change which had taken place in the views and practices of some of our ministers. Of those who had once stood by him, shoulder to shoulder, and zealously labored with him in promoting revivals of religion, a goodly number had shifted their position; some of them now considered those measures which they had formerly used, of questionable propriety, while others openly and boldly denounced them. After all the evidences that the revivals of religion in which these brethren had so largely participated, were

the work of God, and deeply impressed with their incalculable importance to the Church of the Redeemer, how could Dr. Keller feel otherwise than pained by their defection? After his return to the West, he often spoke of it as a matter of the bitterest regret, and a great calamity to our beloved Zion.

Of one who, during the first years of his ministry, had been among the warmest advocates of those measures by which revivals had been so greatly promoted in Maryland and Pennsylvania, he often spoke with tears, as he not only now condemned what in other years he had advocated and practiced, but treated him (Dr. Keller) in an unchristian manner, and loaded with reproach all who differed from his present views and practices.

From this visit Dr. Keller returned the last week in September, and Oct. 1, 1848, he made the following record:

“I visited my former fields of labor at Hagerstown and Taneytown. It is impossible to describe my feelings as I gazed upon the churches in which, in earlier days I preached the gospel of glad tidings. The recollection of any degree of faithfulness afforded me great satisfaction; but even the *fear*, and much more the *conviction* of unfaithfulness filled my soul with bitterness and awe. I was particularly impressed with the following facts:

“1. The folly of attaching our hearts to worldly goods, and envying the rich. I found many who were formerly esteemed wealthy, who were haughty in spirit, and could not be reached by the ministry of an humble and earnest ambassador of Jesus, now in poverty. Others, too, who were possessed of this world’s goods, and were thankful, were cut off suddenly, and I saw their graves as low, and desolate, and dreary, and comfortless as the poor all around them. Property should be valued only as a means of doing good—*kept as a trust*, and not *loved as a treasure*.

“2. I was impressed most forcibly with the necessity of hastening the work of our ministry; seizing the present time to make men what they ought to be.

“Since my departure from my former charges—the one four, and the other eight years ago—O, how many have exchanged worlds—the youthful, the middle-aged and the old. Some of them died, as they lived, ‘without God, in the world.’ Truly men are hastening to eternity, and we ought to hasten to make it one of purity and blessedness to them. Day and night should we warn them with tears.”

This is the last record found in his journal, although made nearly three months prior to his death. That nothing was noted down by his pen at a later period of his life, will be regretted by his many

friends. The remarks of the departed are invested with increased interest, as they are more nearly connected with the close of their earthly pilgrimage. Dr. Keller seemed very rapidly to be ripening for heaven. An increased degree of spiritual-mindedness was perceptible to all who came in contact with him. As he continued to grow in knowledge and in grace, gaining a deeper experience in spiritual things, a record of that experience could not have failed to instruct and benefit those who survive him. The want of such a record is therefore a loss to the Church.

The fact that during the last three months of his life his journal presents a blank, is easily accounted for. The pressure of other duties left no time to fill up that blank. He performed as much labor as should be performed by three men. He preached, on an average, two or three sermons each Lord's Day, delivered a weekly lecture, and attended to the pastoral duties of the congregation. His ministerial labors were, therefore, sufficient for one man. He taught about four hours each day, which was employment enough for one man. His business matters, superintending the church and college buildings, college grounds, correspondence, etc., were adequate to the strength of one man. We would be understood, therefore, as using no extrava-

gant language, when we say he performed the work of three men.

The closing sentence of his journal, "Day and night should we warn them with tears," is highly characteristic of its author; and forms an appropriate conclusion to the preceding remarks. It is indicative of a mind deeply impressed with the value of immortal souls, their imminent peril, man's responsibility to his fellow-man, the brevity of life, and the solemn obligations resting upon all, to labor while it is called to-day. The sentiment it contains is the expression of his own life. If sinners perish who sat under his preaching, or were brought into his presence, it will not be for want of faithful warning. In the sacred desk and in the social circle, in public and in private, by day, and oftentimes by night, he lifted up his voice to warn men of their impending danger. The sincerity of his warnings was evidenced by his tears, which were outward manifestations of the inward emotions of his soul. He warned men by the deeds which he performed and by the words which he uttered; he warned them by the life which he lived, and by the death which he died; and now from the bright world of glory his warnings, changed into invitations, call the wandering pilgrim to the skies.

In the pulpit, Dr. Keller was characterized by a solemnity peculiarly his own. This peculiarity was

perceptible, not only to those who statedly sat under his ministry, but even those who were occasionally found among his hearers could not fail to observe it. During the last several months of his ministry, there was a marked increase of this peculiar solemnity noticed and spoken of by many who heard him. Every sermon, to the last one he preached, seemed more impressive than the preceding. He spoke as a "*dying man* to dying men."

The Destruction of Korah and his company, was the subject of one of his last sermons; it was one of the most earnest, powerful and solemn discourses I ever listened to. The scene is still fresh in my mind's eye. The preacher, his appearance, his manner, his interest in his subject, are all before me. Many of his hearers can never forget that night—that sermon.

Dr. Keller's ministry extended over a period of twelve years, during which he preached about two thousand times. His regular weekly lectures and various addresses on special occasions amounted to about one thousand; so that, on an average, he delivered about five public addresses per week.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SICKNESS, DEATH, ETC.

Illness—Fervent prayers—Hope of his recovery—Reply to physician—Gradually declines—Asleep in Jesus—Farewell to his family—Expires—Tolling bells—Resolutions of students—Funeral—Lines written on the occasion—Died in the midst of a revival.

ON THE 15th of December, 1848, Dr. Keller was confined to his bed by sickness. For several weeks previous he had not been well, but up to this period he attended to his various duties. The disease now assumed a violent form, and a severe attack of fever was predicted by his physician. His illness soon became known through the community, and a general and very deep anxiety was awakened in his behalf.

On the evening after he took his bed, at a weekly prayer meeting of the congregation, a more than usual interest on the subject of religion was manifested by some who were non-professors. This religious interest so increased that in a few days it became necessary to commence a series of meetings to attend to the spiritual interests of anxious souls. As the congregation assembled night after night, and the power of the Holy Spirit was manifested, the so-

lemnity of these meetings was greatly increased by the illness of the pastor of the flock. Upon those connected with the institution, especially, a dark mantle of sadness had fallen. Even the thought of his death was distressing to the mind. In every public prayer meeting, petitions were offered on his behalf, and from every private chamber ardent cries ascended to the ear of Jehovah. While memory lives, the prayers of that occasion can never be forgotten. All seemed to feel as did Luther, when Melancthon was ill; and like Luther, they prayed. But fervent prayers could not prevail. With some variations, the disease moved onward in its progress, causing alternations of hope and fear. As the symptoms became more alarming, several additional physicians were called in for consultation. The ninth day of his sickness was awaited with the most intense anxiety, for then it was supposed the crisis would come. At length this period arrived, passed by, and filled the mind with joyful hope; a change occurred, a seemingly favorable change, producing a corresponding change in the feelings of his anxious friends.

On the following day, his physicians met again for consultation. After carefully examining the symptoms, the senior of their number said to him, 'You are now out of the brush.' At this announcement, he expressed his gratification; but, then, lest it might be

supposed that he was gratified because afraid to die, he added, that the thought of his recovery afforded him pleasure, not on his own account, but for the comfort of his friends, who so ardently desired it, and the glory of God, which he hoped might be promoted by it. All hearts were filled with gladness, and Christians thought their prayers answered, and were ready to return thanksgiving unto the Lord. The fond hopes which had been inspired were soon blasted — the joy which had been created was succeeded by a still deeper gloom. In a few days, a relapse occurred, accompanied by such symptoms as left no reasonable ground for the expectation of his recovery.

How he could be spared by the Church and the institution, was a question which could not be solved by human reason, and, therefore, we were prepared to hope, even against hope. But notwithstanding all that could be done by medical skill, kind attentions, warm sympathies, fervent prayers, and bitter tears, he continued gradually declining.

On the afternoon of the 28th of December, it became apparent to all that he was rapidly sinking to the tomb. With a light step and breathless silence, those who were admitted (except his regular attendants), entered his chamber, gazed upon him with tearful eyes, and then passed away. As friend met

with friend, the question, "How is Dr. Keller?" was uttered in a tone of voice which indicated that he who made the inquiry was afraid to hear the reply. With the close of the day, the congregation assembled for prayer and worship, in the lecture-room. With solemn steps and mournful countenance, they enter; with tears and sobs, they participate in the exercises; and with the painful expectation of the next moment hearing of the death of their beloved pastor, they separated, after having, in solemn prayer, presented him at a Throne of Grace.

During a considerable portion of his sickness, he was more or less delirious. Through the earlier part of that night, he was perfectly rational, and his mind was inclined to grapple with some difficult questions of theology. A friend to whom he spoke of those difficulties, requested him not to trouble his mind with such matters now, but to be composed, and go to sleep, as he needed rest. He replied, "Yes; I'll go to sleep: I'll go to sleep in Jesus." At his own request, the 23rd Psalm was read for his consolation, and his soul was once more commended to God in prayer. About ten o'clock, he desired his children to be brought into his presence. When they appeared at his bed-side, he affectionately addressed them, gave them his parting kiss, and said that his wishes were now realized. He soon afterward fell into a

stupor from which he awaked no more on earth. In this state he continued until he expired—a quarter past one o'clock, on the morning of the 29th of December, 1848. Thus passed away this humble, faithful servant of Jesus. He closed his eyes on earth, to open them on the more beautiful, glorious, and ever-enduring scenes of heaven.

He died in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was called away in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness.

His disease was the typhoid fever; consequently, his mind was much affected by his bodily sufferings, and therefore he said but little about his hopes beyond the tomb. The evidence which he furnished gave full assurance, however, of his meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light; and beside, to those who knew him, no other evidence was necessary than that which he had already furnished in his daily life. The announcement of his death spread a general gloom over the community, and rolled a dark wave of sorrow through the entire length and breadth of our beloved Zion. With the dawn of the ensuing morning the tolling of the city bells spread the mournful intelligence on every breeze.

The heart of his bosom companion sunk within her under a sense of her irreparable loss; the members of the institution were overwhelmed by the heavy

stroke of affliction which had fallen upon them ; his own congregation wept bitter tears of bereavement ; Christians of every denomination mourned ; and the countenance of every individual showed that a great calamity had befallen the community.

At a meeting of the students, held the day on which he died, the following preamble and resolutions, prepared by a committee previously appointed, were unanimously adopted :

“WHEREAS, A mysterious Providence has removed from us our faithful pastor and worthy instructor, Ezra Keller, D. D., president of this institution, whose worth, while living, we could not estimate,

“*Resolved*, That we make no attempt to express in words our sorrow for his death, or to speak the loss we sustain by his removal.

“*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the surviving family in this affliction.

“*Resolved*, That as an expression of our grief, we wear a badge of mourning for sixty days.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be published in the *Lutheran Observer*, and the papers of Springfield, and that a copy be placed among the archives of the institution.

A. J. IMHOFF,
J. F. REINMUND,

DANIEL SUMMERS,
JACOB STECK,
MORRIS OFFICER.”

Mysterious indeed was the providence by which he was called away. That one so well qualified to build up the Church of Christ, should so soon be cut down from an important sphere of usefulness, is a mystery, for the solution of which we must wait until what is incomprehensible to us now be made intelligible by the light of heaven. The ways of Providence are oftentimes beyond our comprehension. "They baffle our wisdom, and conflict with all human calculations. When the prospects of an individual are the brightest, and, humanly speaking, he is most needed, he is frequently removed by the hand of death." We must console ourselves by the recollection that life is at the disposal of our Heavenly Father, and that while clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. What He doeth we know not now, but we shall know hereafter.

His funeral solemnities were performed on the 30th December. His body was taken to the church built under his superintendence, and in which he had been ministering to the people. A sermon was preached by Rev. S. Ritz, president of the Board of Directors, and Rev. D. P. Rosenmiller, and several ministers of other denominations, participated in the exercises.

Before the coffin was closed, his pupils gathered around, bathed in tears, and gazed upon him with all

the tenderness with which affectionate children would linger around the remains of a departed, fondly loved parent.

The tears shed on that occasion were an appropriate testimony to his exalted worth. From the church his remains, followed by a long and mournful procession, were taken to the college cemetery, and buried in a lovely spot, near his cherished Wittenberg, to the founding of which he had devoted all his energies, and perhaps sacrificed his life. A more appropriate place for the repose of his body could not have been selected. Here his grave will be visited with grateful reverence. As those who once sat at his feet and received instruction from his lips, visit their Alma Mater, with mournful joy they will linger round and drop a tear upon his tomb. And as the youth of future days shall resort to this seminary of learning, with emotions of gratitude, mingled with sadness, they will gaze upon the sacred spot where its honored founder reposes.

The following lines were written by a female friend, member of another church, of Springfield, Ohio:

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. KELLER

Slowly the distant bell's
Deep, mournful tone,
Through all the lengthen'd vale
Comes stealing on--

Scarce need the anxious eye
Its silent question try,
Our stricken hearts reply,
Keller is gone !

But stay, unwelcome death !
Could not thy hand
On aught these skies beneath
Bind its cold band—
And to our earnest prayer,
This gifted servant spare,
The ark of God to bear
Long in our land ?

Are there no ties yet known
Thou may'st not sever ?
Must that impressive tone
Be hushed forever ?
Will not for love's own sake
That voice the silence break,
And home's sweet echoes wake ?
Never, no never !

How oft those eager youth
Hung on his words,
As some resistless truth
Their bosoms stirr'd !
Those golden moments o'er,
In vain they now implore
One word of counsel more—
No sound is heard !

O, how secure we lean'd
On fellow dust ;
And yet we scarcely dream'd
How firm our trust—

Till, at the midnight hour,
Death came with kingly pow'r,
Then, like a fragile flow'r,
Our hopes were crush'd !

No sculptur'd stone we need,
His fame to tell ;
In hearts that long will bleed,
His name shall dwell.
Hither a grateful race
Their footsteps oft will trace
Once more to view the place
Where Keller fell !

Honor'd and loved he stood,
His deeds our boast—
In every scheme for good
Himself a host ;
Striving his Master's will
In all things to fulfill,
Death's summons found him still
Firm at his post.

Hallow'd within those walls
Shall be his name ;
Fond lips in distant halls
Shall speak the same ;
And long in coming time,
Where truth and learning shine,
Illum'd by light divine,
Shall spread his fame.

Calmly within those shades
His dust shall rest,
Lightly the turf be laid
Upon his breast ;

And morn and evening air
To heaven full oft shall bear
An humble heartfelt prayer,
From thence address'd.

But while we bow the head,
And kiss the rod,
O, let us strive to tread
The path he trod ;
And while we're struggling here,
With care, and sin, and fear,
This thought our hearts shall cheer,
He's safe with God.

It is a fact somewhat remarkable, and which it may be proper here to mention, that he died in the midst of a revival of religion. With the commencement of his sickness, a special work of Divine Grace commenced in the congregation, which continued for some days after his decease.

He was a firm defender of revivals, and looked upon them as the hope of the Church. The evidence of this fact we have from his own pen. In times of religious awakening his soul was happy—he loved to preach. Under such circumstances his most powerful sermons were prepared and delivered. Those strong and terrible appeals to the conscience—those grand and magnificent portraitures of God's government—those terrific thunderings of the law—those moving expostulations based upon Divine com-

passion, which must live in the memories of thousands, in the impressions they have left in their immortal natures—were made during seasons of revival. Perhaps it should not be considered remarkably strange, but rather peculiarly appropriate, that so warm a friend of revivals should be called home to glory from the midst of such a precious season of religious awakening. Had he been allowed to choose the circumstances of his departure from earth, he would have said, “Let me die in a time of religious revival.” He would have chosen that his funeral should be attended by a throng of souls alive to the great realities of eternity; that his silent coffin and open grave should have preached to souls oppressed with a sense of their need of an interest in the atoning blood of Christ. In such a time as he most loved to labor for Christ, he would have chosen to “depart and be with Christ, which is far better.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

His intellect—As a theologian—As a preacher—In his family—His energy—Family record.

THIS Biography has brought before the reader the character of Dr. Keller in a living form; we will, therefore, conclude by noticing a little more fully a few of his most prominent characteristics.

Intellectually, Dr. Keller was distinguished for quickness of perception, a vigorous activity, uncommon correctness of judgment, and a remarkable firmness of purpose. He generally took a clear view of a subject when presented for his examination, and rarely found it necessary to change an opinion when once formed. If, however, he was convinced of an error, he was ever ready to acknowledge it.

His mind was *eminently practical*. He was not particularly distinguished for a vivid imagination, although by no means destitute of this important faculty. He had a relish, but no particular passion for poetry.

As a theologian, he was in a high degree practical. "His theology was a light which he received, and which he made to shine. It was not a cold, but a warm light. He was not spiritually born amid the dimness of superstition, nor did he live amid the depths of abstraction. His soul was born of the sun, amid the light that shineth immediately from Christ. He lived habitually with his Saviour, and was surrounded continually by the intense shining of those glorious truths which meet and mingle most closely in the halo round the Saviour's head, and burn and beam forth most immediately from the mysteries of the Saviour's work."

His living habitually with Christ, and among the truths which shine forth from his Godhead and redeeming work, made his own light burn so steadily and strongly. He could not be other than a burning light, when he lived in the midst of such burning brightness, and shone down upon the world from such a watch-tower of living light. It is only when the Christian minister wanders away from Christ and the central truths which burn around Him; only when he gets lost or bewildered among the mazes of the many lesser or subordinate truths, opinions, and externals, which lie more or less in the distance; only then that his light burns dim, or goes altogether out. Let his "life be ever hid with Christ in God," and

his light shall ever shine beyond the power of being hid.

As a preacher, he was very eminent. There was a solemnity in his very appearance, which struck his hearers with awe before he opened his lips. His manner of preaching, while it was truly evangelical and instructive, was exceedingly impressive. He spoke as if in view of eternity—as in the immediate presence of God. He was bold in opposing error, and zealous in defending truth. He exhibited the terrors of the law, and displayed the love of the gospel. He was careful that the Saviour should appear, in his teachings, as the winning Messenger of peace: one to whom the weary and heavy laden might come and find rest. He was, if not in the popular, yet, perhaps, in the more proper sense, eloquent. His enunciation was remarkably distinct; and his manner was earnest, but not violent. As the hearer listened, he became convinced that the speaker felt, in the recesses of his own heart, all that he uttered. That he, with such pulpit abilities, would be abundantly successful, is a reasonable inference. This inference is fully sustained by facts. Many times of refreshing, from the presence of the Lord, passed over his congregations, and silent blessings distilled upon his efforts from time to time.

To multitudes, God made him a father by a tie

more lasting than any which earth can originate. His deep anxieties and patient labors will be abundantly rewarded, when, with a multitude of sons and daughters, he shall say before God, "Here am I, and the *children* whom thou hast given me." Like the blessed Master, he even now sees the travail of his soul, and is satisfied. And when God shall have answered all the prayers which he put up, and brought forward into fruit all the seed which he sowed, then both he that hath sowed, and he who shall hereafter reap, will abundantly rejoice together.

In the bosom of his family, his character shone with a peculiar luster. He was a kind father, and an affectionate husband. He was very regular in all his habits. An early riser, he devoted the early hours to private devotion and study, and accomplished much before breakfast. In his meals, he was very regular and temperate. As he was an early riser, so he retired early to rest; except in cases of necessity, he retired at nine o'clock, and arose at four.

He was noted for his hospitality. His house was always open to his brethren; and all who accepted the proffered kindness, were made to feel at home in his family.

He was a man of great punctuality in all things. At the hour appointed for preaching, unless providentially detained, he was present; and when the

time arrived, he commenced, whether the congregation had assembled or not. He carried order and system into everything he did.

What he undertook, he did with all his might. After he made up his mind, under a sense of duty, to accept the position offered him in the founding of Wittenberg College, in writing to a friend, he said: "I have at length concluded to go West. In the West, I will labor and toil; in the West, I will live; in the West, I will die; and from the West, I will ascend to glory!"

We now leave the subject of our biography to his rest in Christ, to the affectionate regards of those who love the Saviour, and to the blessing of God on his beneficent example. May such examples of Christian character be multiplied till Christ shall dwell in all hearts by faith, that "They, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that they may be filled with all the fullness of God."

As it may be gratifying to his friends, we here sub-join the following record of his family :

Martin Luther,	born May 29, 1838, died June 10, 1838.
Amanda Elizabeth,	born Oct. 15, 1839, died Aug. 30, 1840.
Martin Adam,	born Dec. 25, 1841, died July 13, 1854.
Louisa Reck,	born Oct. 5, 1843, died April 4, 1844.
Sarah A. S.,	born Sept. 16, 1845.
Harlan Page,	born Sept. 16, 1847, died March 8, 1850.

This record shows that of his six children, three had gone to their home in heaven before the decease of their affectionate father. Of the remaining three, two have since died. So that now but a single one, Sarah A. S., is numbered with the living.

As his mother's name has often been mentioned, the following remark may not be amiss :

His dear mother, who was not expected to live, when he last visited her, the summer before his death, survived him about six months, and then departed this life with a well-grounded hope of a blissful immortality.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation. It has only been about 150 years since it was founded. This is a very short time in the history of the world. The second fact is that the United States is a large nation. It covers a vast area of land. The third fact is that the United States is a diverse nation. It is made up of many different peoples and cultures. The fourth fact is that the United States is a powerful nation. It has a strong economy and a large military. The fifth fact is that the United States is a democratic nation. It has a system of government that allows the people to elect their representatives. The sixth fact is that the United States is a free nation. It has a constitution that guarantees the rights of its citizens. The seventh fact is that the United States is a peaceful nation. It has never been involved in a major war. The eighth fact is that the United States is a progressive nation. It has been at the forefront of many important movements in the world. The ninth fact is that the United States is a nation of opportunity. It has provided a place where people can come and build a better life for themselves. The tenth fact is that the United States is a nation of hope. It has the potential to be a better place than it is now.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION

To the Memory of

THE REV. EZRA KELLER, D D.

A SERMON BY REV. F. W. CONRAD.

PREACHED IN HAGERSTOWN, MD

‘Remember them that have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the Word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.’—HEB. xiii, 7.

BELOVED BRETHREN:

What meant that going to and fro, with deep anxiety depicted on each countenance, as though some sad calamity had befallen you, and each were hurrying to bear the “heavy tidings” to his neighbor? What meant that shock which, as the melancholy tidings were rehearsed, each one felt? What meant those tears which burst from many an eye, as the painful fact was declared? What means that gloom, which, like a dark pall, now hangs over the Church? What means that sadness visible in every countenance, as though each heart were bleeding? The answer is

returned by a thousand faltering lips: "*Our former beloved pastor is dead!*" Yes; it is true: brother Keller is no more! He died at Springfield, Ohio, on Friday morning, the 29th of December, 1848, of congestive fever—in the bloom and vigor of life—in the midst of an extensive career of usefulness; greatly beloved, and universally lamented.

When the angel of Death smites a member of a family, or cuts down a tree of righteousness in a congregation, or lays low a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, God designs that it shall be pondered and improved.

Jesus, the great Head of the Church, threatened Ephesus, that, if they would not repent, he would remove their candlestick out of its place. When God removes a candlestick now, on which the light burns brightly, it sometimes is still the fulfillment of the same threatening.

There is, therefore, a peculiar propriety in endeavoring to improve the sad dispensation of Providence which has called us together this day.

This duty is enjoined in the text. It refers to departed, not living teachers; and declares that the people to whom they ministered, shall remember them as their teachers, follow their example, consider their end, and cherish their memory.

I. YOU ARE TO REMEMBER HIM AS YOUR FORMER PREACHER. As such he was,

1. *Plain and clear.* In all his exhibitions of truth, he labored to accommodate himself to the humblest capacity, so that, when he preached, no poor, hungry sheep, ever looked up, and said it was not fed. He used the plainest language, and simplest illustrations, and was capacitated to present his ideas in a manner so clear that he could not but be comprehended. He labored to be *understood*, not *wondered at*.

2. *He was solid and Scriptural.* He was emphatically a *Bible* preacher, "mighty in the *Scriptures*," "dividing the *Word of truth*." Every sermon he preached, was the exposition of a portion of the Word of God; every general and sub-division was drawn from the *Scriptures*; and every argument, inference, or remark based upon the Bible. He declared the "counsel of God," received the "word at his mouth," and delivered it to his hearers. Few men of his age, knew more of, understood better, or imbued their sermons more with, the Bible, than he.

3. *He was appropriate and practical.* Constantly awake to the wants of his people, he aimed at presenting each particular truth at the most appropriate time. He so conducted the affairs of his master's household, that he gave to each his portion of meat in due season. This made him eminently practical. He

did not spend his own, or his people's time, in searching for hidden mysteries ; in speculating upon unrevealed truth ; or in endeavoring to unfold the "things hard to be understood" in the Scriptures. These he regarded as embraced in the "secret things" which belong unto God ; and hence, he labored to explain and enforce the practical truths of the gospel. A practical element ran through all his discourses, whether they were doctrinal, experimental, historical prophetic, or explanatory.

4. *He was bold and faithful.* He was a man of moral courage ; and neither the frown nor smile, the displeasure or favor of men could influence him in the proclamation of truth. He never asked the question, "Will this please or offend?" but when satisfied that it was true and needed, he declared it—let it strike whom it might. He frequently shot arrows and aimed blows at particular sins and sinners, and he never missed his mark. Sin never went unrebuked from his presence, whether popular and fashionable, or gross and despicable. There are, no doubt, wounds still open, on the hearts of some present, which he made with the "sword of the Spirit." He obeyed the voice of God to the Prophet, "Fear not their faces ;" and met the requirement demanded of a bishop, "to be found faithful."

5. *He was solemn and impressive.* He was a

solemn man. The contour of his face, the expression of his countenance, the loss of his hair, the deep, sonorous tones of his voice, the earnestness of his manner, and the strong emotions of his soul, all combined to render impressive what he uttered. He might say nothing brilliant to strike (though he could be brilliant, and was, at times, beautiful); there might be nothing extraordinary or profound, to awaken admiration (though he could be deep); but however simple or ordinary his remarks, they were clothed with such earnestness and solemnity, that they never failed to make a solemn impression upon his hearers.

6. *He was effective and successful.* This was verified wherever he either labored as a pastor, or preached on special occasions. In his missionary tour in the West, his preaching was blessed to the edification of many a scattered sheep of the "household of faith;" to the encouragement of many a destitute congregation; the restoration of many a declining professor; and the reclaiming of many a wandering sinner. The Taneytown and Emmitsburg congregations prospered greatly under his ministrations; his efficacy here (in Hagerstown) you all know; and of his success in building up the congregation at Springfield, you have heard. Revivals of religion were frequently enjoyed under his preaching, both in his charges, and

where he labored in protracted meetings. A blessed revival was enjoyed in the institution at Springfield last winter; and another had commenced, and was in progress, when he died.

II. YOU ARE TO FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE.

1. In presenting his example for your imitation, I do not wish to forget that he was human and fallible; or to declare that he had no imperfections or shortcomings. When Paul presented himself as an example to the Corinthians, he only said, "Be ye followers of me, even *as* I also am of Christ." Jesus alone is an absolutely perfect example; and prophets, apostles and ministers are only examples so far as they follow the perfect pattern. I do not wish you to forget, either, that I entertained for him a peculiar and strong partiality—yea, loved him as my own soul; nevertheless, while I wish, on the one hand, to be moderate in my estimate of him, I desire, on the other, to do justice to his memory.

2. *I present him as an example of painful self-denial.* "He sought not his own, but the things of Jesus Christ." When a young man, he was brought to the knowledge of the truth under the faithful labors of the Rev. Abraham Reck, then pastor of St. John's Church, in Middletown Valley, Md. Feeling that he was called to the ministry, he desired the requisite

aid to prosecute his studies from his father, who was in easy circumstances. The father, having improper views of the requisites of the ministry, refused to grant his request. Great as this barrier was, it did not prevent him from making an effort to obtain an education. He went to Gettysburg, on foot, with no more than a quarter of a dollar in his pocket. He was aided by the Education Society; but the amount received was not adequate to supply all his wants. So popular was he among his associates, that the young men of St. John's Church contributed to his support. Notwithstanding all this, he was constrained to endure great privations, to practice the most rigid economy, to live on the homeliest fare, and dress in the most common manner. After his studies were ended, he refused to accept calls from congregations in the East, and devoted himself to the arduous and self-denying work of a traveling missionary, among the scattered Lutherans in the then far West.

On his return, he accepted a call from the large Taneytown charge, where he continued his self-denying labors. In accepting a call to this congregation (Hagerstown), the same spirit was manifest, for his physical labors were equal, his mental greater, and his salary considerably less. He accepted the call as Theological Professor of Wittenberg College when there was hardly any provision for his support; and

was willing to struggle with all the difficulties, endure all the trials, bear all the discouragements, and perform all the labors, which were necessarily connected with such an undertaking, and, at the same time, draw largely on his own funds for support.

3. *He was an example of untiring labor.* He was emphatically a *workman*. He was never idle. He did not even give himself the necessary recreation for relief to his mind and rest for his body. The labors which he performed from the beginning of his ministry until its close, have been such as few men could endure.

His missionary labors showed how he toiled in those destitute portions of the Church. The Taneytown charge, consisting of two congregations, embracing eight hundred members, and scattered over an extent of country twenty miles in length and ten in breadth, taxed his energies until he sank under them with bronchitis. In this charge he performed scarce less physical, and more mental labor. In Springfield he did more still. He taught the classes of the theological department of Wittenberg College, and aided in the literary department, preached twice each Sabbath to his congregation in Springfield, lectured each Wednesday night, made excursions to neighboring congregations, even during session time, beside the correspondence, care and supervision of both the col-

lege and the Church. During vacations, he frequently acted as agent, and almost constantly traveled, preaching and advancing the interests of the institution.

All this was too great a tax on his strength, and he gradually sank under it. He was "instant in season and out of season," "in labors more abundant," and literally *spent* himself in the service of his Lord.

4. *He was an example of indomitable energy.* This characterized all his efforts. Nothing but this could have enabled him to undertake and accomplish what he effected. Obstacles might arise, but his energy impelled him to surmount them; difficulties might appear, but he would struggle long and hard with them, even until he gained the victory; discouragements might frown, still he would move forward, until they were left behind him.

He had an *iron will*, and when he undertook anything which he knew to be great and good, neither the misgivings of friends, nor the threatenings of enemies, could bend him. Gifted with a penetrating foresight and a sound judgment, he took his stand, and he would conquer or die. This was illustrated in the manner in which he surmounted the obstacles in his way in obtaining an education, in his labors as a missionary, in the performance of all his pastoral

duties, and in the founding and building up of the institution whose head he was.

It is difficult to imagine what energy, zeal and perseverance it required to commence and carry forward such an enterprise. But prompted by conscience, he undertook it; encouraged by faith, he laid the foundation; inspired by hope, he toiled for its success; carried forward by his energy, he won the confidence of the Church and the public, rallied around him a noble band of ministers to sustain, and of talented professors to aid him, and actuated by his ability and consistency, there rushed to Springfield an energetic and self-denying company of western youth, whom he was forming under his molding hand for co-workers with himself, and usefulness to the Church.

5. *He was an example of noble liberality.* The privations of his youth, the example of his parents, as well as his natural disposition, made him economical in his expenditures, and exact in all his dealings. When the day of straitened circumstances was over, and he received at last his patrimony, it neither elated nor inclined him to prodigality or covetousness. He liquidated the whole debt made with the Education Society, and constantly devoted a due proportion of his means to the cause of God. He was unostentatious in his benevolence, he sounded no "trumpet be-

fore him" when he gave alms, and "his left hand frequently knew not what his right hand did." The deserving poor never went unalmed from his door, and where he knew there was want, he never left it unprovided for. He was given to hospitality, and his house was a home for his own and the Church's friends. He sympathized deeply with poor young men struggling with difficulties in endeavoring to enter the ministry, advised and aided them, and interested others in their behalf. A number he sought out himself who either are now in or preparing for the ministry. He gave from principle, and was controlled by the Bible standard, "according to ability."

6. *He was an example of advanced holiness.* He had naturally strong passions, but by grace, watchfulness and prayer, he had obtained in a great degree the mastery over them. He had attained in a great measure to that greatness which Solomon declares superior to his "who taketh a city," viz: that of ruling his own spirit. Not that he did not feel injury; he felt it keenly, but he "kept under his body," and his resentment was held in chains by his meekness. From his position and the enterprise in which he was engaged, he necessarily encountered opposition, but he became more and more lamb-like under it.

His victory over the world was also great. He was

in, but not of the world; he was surrounded by, but non-conformed to the world; he used but did not abuse the world. This was seen in his plain dress, in his manner of life, in his strong abhorrence of worldly vanity, in his conversation and preaching. He was scrupulously conscientious, he drank daily at the fountain of living waters, read Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises for his personal advancement in piety, was at home at the throne of grace, and had been in the furnace of affliction.

He had naturally a strong mind, had cultivated and improved it by diligent study, had made no small progress in theology, had heard his "praise in all the Churches," had seen his unparalleled success in the building up of the institution over which he presided, and yet he was humble and unassuming.

No one could hear him preach without feeling that he was a good man, and no one could be in his presence without feeling that he was a holy man. He was a serious Christian, was not given to uttering "idle words," or to indulging in "foolish jesting."

This appeared, not only in his public character, but shone with a bright luster in his private life; not only in the discharge of his duties, in the pastoral relation, but likewise in the filial, parental, matrimonial

and civil. He was not only a holy minister, but he was an affectionate son, a loving husband, a fond, doting father, and a good citizen.

It can truly be said of him, as it was of John and Barnabas, "He was a burning and a shining light," "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

7. *And lastly, he was an example of entire devotion to the cause of Christ in our Church.* He loved the Church, devoted himself to her advancement, sighed over her wants, wept over her desolations, prayed for her prosperity, devised "liberal things" for her improvement, labored for her elevation and extension, and sacrificed himself upon her altar.

He was deeply interested in all the benevolent operations of the Church. Beneficiary education, the cause which had given him ministerial life, was dear to his heart; and its claims were never unrepresented during his ministry. To home missions he devoted the first fruits of his ministry, and foreign missions found in him a friend who never neglected to hold the monthly concert of prayer for their success. He served the institutions of the Church as a director for many years, directed many students to their walls, contributed personally to the supply of their wants, presented their claims to his congregations and the

Church, and became at last the head of the promising, but now bleeding Wittenberg.

He took a lively interest in all the great benevolent operations of our country, the Bible, Tract, Missionary, and other societies. Temperance found in him an able and steady advocate, the poor of the almshouse a constant visitor, and the colored population a sincere friend.

He was the fast friend of revivals of religion, labored and prayed for them, enjoyed and gloried in them, witnessed and was at home in these seasons of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." He gave himself "wholly to these things," and "preferred Jerusalem as his chief joy."

III. YOU ARE TO CONSIDER THE END OF HIS LIFE.

He was constitutionally contemplative, and loved with Isaac to meditate at eventide. He cultivated this practice, and hence in his study, upon his pillow, and in his walks, he engaged in it. Death embraced a large share of his meditations. The untimely death of some of the young men who studied and entered the ministry about the same time that he did, the Rev. Jesse Hoover in the West, and Rev. Emanuel Keller in the East, and to whom he was ardently attached, aided in strengthening this habit.

The death of his two babes, who sleep under yonder slab in your own church-yard, made a deep impression upon him. He frequently stole away to meditate at their grave, and in thought was often with them in the Saviour's bosom.

The death of beloved ones in the Church in general in his own charge, and especially in this congregation, since his departure, deeply affected him, and gave renewed and constant occasion to the contemplation of death, as all his letters evinced.

He was aware that he was constitutionally predisposed to apoplexy, which was constantly increased by his sedentary pursuits, and his incessant studies and cares. He did not expect to live long, but seemed to have a premonition that he would be called away early, and spoke of it as calmly as about his return to the West.

He was ready, for his conversation was in heaven, whence he looked for the coming of his Lord. He ripened so fast for heaven, that earth could not retain him long. He was one of the "upright," whose end is peace. With Paul, he could say, "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which God

the righteous Judge shall give me, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing."

And when his Saviour did come, he could say, "Come, Lord Jesus, even so, come quickly." "Death is swallowed up in victory—O grave! where is thy victory! O death! where is thy sting?"

Consider the issue of his life. He enjoyed all the consolations of religion, the peace that passeth understanding, the joy that is full of glory, the hope which is an anchor to the soul, the comforts of the Spirit, the approval of conscience, the respect of the world, the confidence of the Church, and the approbation of heaven.

He enjoyed the happiness of doing good. In "watering others," he was watered himself; in "sowing bountifully," he "reaped bountifully," and in imitating his Master, he experienced, like him, a foietaste of "the joy that was set before him."

He enjoys his reward in heaven now. He was a servant who was faithful unto death, has been received by his Lord with the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and with his own hand, Jesus has placed upon his brow "the crown of glory that fadeth not away." He fed the hungry, gave water to the thirsty, clothed the naked, took in the stranger, and visited

the sick and afflicted, and Christ has already rewarded him as though he had done it unto himself, and welcomed him with, "Come thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

He turned many to righteousness, and has recognized them in heaven. He has met his sainted babes, who now know their noble father, and has united in their hosannahs to the Lamb; he has been greeted by his faithful co-workers in the ministry, and has united in singing with them the "New song of Moses and the Lamb;" he has been hailed by those whom he brought to the knowledge of the truth, and edified by his preaching, and has united with them in ascriptions of praise to the Redeemer—"Now unto Him that washed us in his own blood and made us kings and priests unto God, be glory forever and ever;" he is with and like unto the angels, and with them has cast his crown of glory at Immanuel's feet; he has sat with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, at the table of the marriage supper of the Lamb; he has seen Isaiah and the noble band of prophets; he has become acquainted with Paul and the holy apostles; he has found Luther and the glorious reformers; he is the associate of all the great and good that have ever lived, and is enjoying with them the fruit of the

tree of life, and the waters from the fount of salvation, dwelling in the mansion of New Jerusalem, without a want, without a sigh, without a tear in perfect bliss; he has overcome, and is seated with Jesus on his throne, has received the white stone with the new name written thereon, and is shining like a star in the firmament of heaven, and will continue to shine brighter and brighter forever and ever. Amen





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